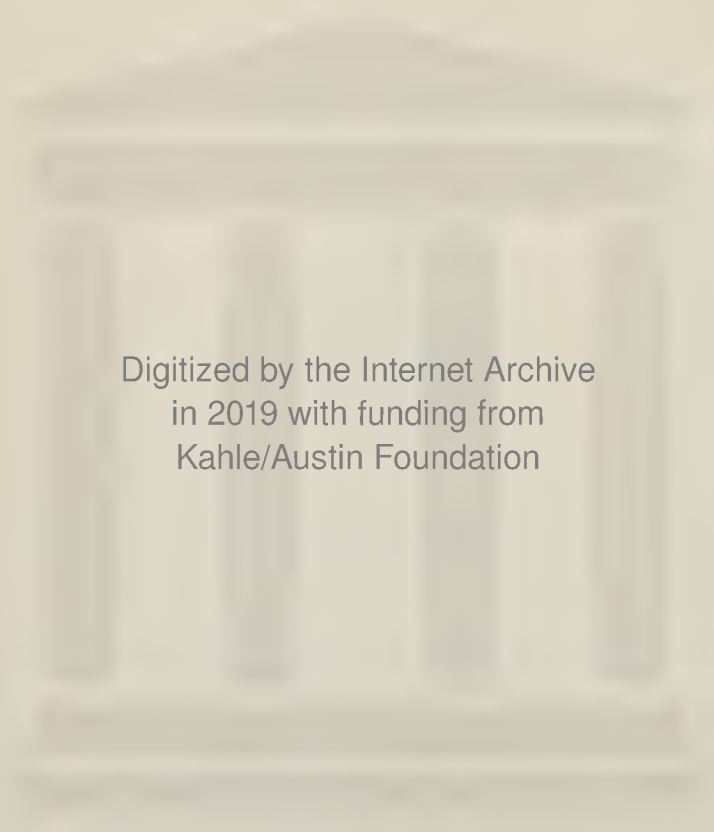


NUNC COGNOSCO EX PARTE



TRENT UNIVERSITY
LIBRARY



Digitized by the Internet Archive
in 2019 with funding from
Kahle/Austin Foundation

TRANSACTIONS
AND
OTHER PUBLICATIONS
OF
THE BRONTË SOCIETY.

EDITED BY
THE BIBLIOGRAPHICAL SECRETARY.

VOL. I.
(PARTS I. TO VIII. INCLUSIVE.)



REPRINTED 1965 FOR
Wm. DAWSON & SONS Ltd., LONDON
WITH THE PERMISSION OF
THE BRONTË SOCIETY

PR4168 .A4 v.1-2
1855-1906

Originally printed in Great Britain by
M. Field & Sons, Godwin Street, Bradford
Reprinted by Jos. Adam, Brussels — Belgium

PREFACE.

The first volume of "Transactions" published by the Brontë Society is now completed with the issue of Part VIII., and a title-page and list of contents have been prepared for those who may desire to bind the parts together. For various reasons each issue has been paged separately, and consequently there are no continuous numbers running through the volume. It is probable however that the paging will be consecutive throughout the succeeding parts of the next volume.

In its completed form the work gives some indication of what the Society has been doing during the first three years of its existence, while the literary matter contained in its pages, from the pens of such eminent authorities as Sir T. Wemyss Reid, Mr. Clement Shorter, Dr. Wm. Wright, and others, should prove interesting and instructive to all admirers of the Brontë writings.

B. W.

CONTENTS.

PART I.

- Bibliography of the Works of the Brontë Family ;
by Mr. Butler Wood 34 pages.

PART II.

- Haworth : Home of the Brontës ; by Mr.
Claude Meeker 44 pages.

PART III.

- Report of Proceedings at the Dewsbury and
Haworth Meetings, and papers read before
the Society, containing :—
- | | |
|---|--------|
| First Annual Meeting at Dewsbury . | page 5 |
| Brontës at Dewsbury : paper by Mr.
W. W. Yates | „ 8 |
| Brontë Nomenclature : paper by Dr.
J. A. E. Stuart | „ 13 |
| Opening of Brontë Museum at
Haworth | „ 19 |
| Address by Sir T. Wemyss Reid . | „ 22 |

PART IV.

- Transactions : including Report of Proceedings
at Keighley, and other Contributions,
containing :—
- | | |
|--|--------|
| Second Annual Meeting at Keighley . | page 5 |
| Morton Village in “Jane Eyre” :
paper by Rev. T. Keyworth . | „ 7 |
| Charlotte Brontë and the East Riding :
paper by Mr. P. F. Lee | „ 20 |
| Hathersage and “Jane Eyre” : paper
by Mr. J. J. Stead | „ 26 |
| Note on Mr. Clement Shorter’s
“Charlotte Brontë and her
Circle,” by the Editor . | „ 28 |

PART V.

- Chronology of the Principal Events in the
Lives of the Brontë Family; by Mr. J. J.
Stead 11 pages.

PART VI.

- A Supplement to the Bibliography of the
Works of the Brontë Family; by Mr.
Butler Wood 19 pages.

PART VII.

- The "Shirley" Country, with map and illus-
trations; by Mr. J. J. Stead 16 pages.

PART VIII.

- Transactions: including Report of Proceedings
at the Bradford and Haworth Meetings,
containing:—

Third Annual Meeting at Bradford, with resumé of papers by Dr. Wm. Wright and Rev. J. B. Lusk	page 5
Re-Opening of Museum at Haworth	„ 8
Address by Mr. Clement Shorter .	„ 10
Address by Rev. Dr. Robertson Nicoll	„ 20
Reminiscences of Miss Nussey; by Mr. W. Scruton	„ 23
Note on recent Exhibits in the Museum	„ 43

-
- A Descriptive Catalogue of Objects in the
Brontë Museum at Haworth 36 pages.

FULL-PAGE ILLUSTRATIONS.

PART II.

Main Street, Haworth	<i>frontispiece</i>
Portrait of the Author	page 5
Haworth Old Church	„ 11
Birthplace of the Brontë Sisters	„ 14
The “Black Bull” Inn, Haworth	„ 19
Branwell Brontë’s Chair	„ 22
The Waterfall on the Moor	„ 27
Haworth Parsonage	„ 30
Samuel Feather	„ 35
Haworth New Church	„ 40

PART III.

Dewsbury Parish Church and Vicarage	page 8
---	--------

PART IV.

Hathersage Church	<i>frontispiece</i>
Village Street, Hathersage	page 12
Easton House, near Bridlington	„ 20
Moor Seats, Hathersage	„ 27

PART VII.

Map of the “Shirley” Country	<i>frontispiece</i>
--	---------------------

PART VIII.

Portrait of Miss Nussey. - - -	<i>frontispiece</i>
--------------------------------	---------------------

CATALOGUE OF ARTICLES IN BRONTË MUSEUM..

Portraits of Council of Brontë Society	<i>frontispiece</i>
The Brontë Museum (exterior)	page 8
The Brontë Museum (interior)	„ 17
Fac-simile of Brontë MS.	„ 24

BRONTË SOCIETY PUBLICATIONS.

PART I.

A

BIBLIOGRAPHY

OF THE WORKS OF

THE BRONTË FAMILY,

INCLUDING

A LIST OF BOOKS AND MAGAZINE ARTICLES ON THE BRONTËS,
TOGETHER WITH A NOTICE OF WORKS RELATING
TO HAWORTH.

BY

BUTLER WOOD,

Bibliographical Secretary of the Brontë Society.

PRINTED FOR THE SOCIETY BY
CHARLES GREENING, ALBION COURT, KIRKGATE, BRADFORD.

—
JANUARY, 1895.

PREFACE.

IN presenting this attempt towards a Bibliography of the Brontë Literature to the Members of the Society, the Compiler feels some diffidence in doing so, inasmuch as he is aware, perhaps better than anyone else, of how far it falls short of that fulness and accuracy which is so essential in a work of this character. But whatever may be its short-comings in this respect, the Members may rest assured that no pains have been spared to make it as complete as possible, and that every available source of information has been brought under contribution to this end.

Amongst these it is needless to say that the Catalogues of Messrs. Smith, Elder & Co. take the foremost place, but the Compiler is under a further obligation to the present members of this eminent firm, not only for much additional information of a valuable character, but also for the great courtesy with which it has been tendered. Mr. J. P. Anderson's "Bibliography of Charlotte Brontë," appended to Augustine Birrell's Monograph, has also been of service, and its utility is freely acknowledged. Messrs. C. A. Federer, F. C. Galloway, L. Hainsworth, William Law (of Littleborough), W. E. B. Priestley, and J. Horsfall Turner have greatly assisted the Compiler in his work, and to them he tenders his most sincere thanks for services very willingly rendered.

Turning to the subject-matter of the work, it may be mentioned that, as many of the editions of the Brontë Works are merely reprints of previous issues, it has not been thought desirable to indicate more than a few of these, nor have collations of many of the ordinary editions been given, but all the important ones are entered, and the collations given wherever possible.

For convenience of reference the entries are divided into nine sections, which are placed in the following order:—(1) Reverend Patrick Brontë. (2) Collected Works, and Poems. (3) Charlotte Brontë. (4) Emily Brontë. (5) Anne Brontë. (6) Complete Books on the Brontës. (7) Books partly on the Brontës. (8) Magazine Articles on the Brontës; and lastly, (9) A List of Books relating to Haworth. The Magazine Articles have been reduced to some degree of order by grouping together those on given subjects, and the Compiler hopes this arrangement will be found useful by students of the Brontë Literature. Much still remains to be done, especially in the direction of recording articles which have appeared in the various newspapers and weekly periodicals, but this, and other work of the kind, must be dealt with in the future.

B. W.

BRONTË BIBLIOGRAPHY.

The entries are arranged in the following order:—

- I. REV. PATRICK BRONTË.
 - II. COLLECTED WORKS, AND POEMS.
 - III. CHARLOTTE BRONTË.
 - IV. EMILY BRONTË.
 - V. ANNE BRONTË.
 - VI. COMPLETE BOOKS ON THE BRONTËS.
 - VII. BOOKS PARTLY ON THE BRONTËS.
 - VIII. MAGAZINE ARTICLES ON THE BRONTËS:
(a) Patrick Brontë. (b) Charlotte. (c) Emily.
(d) Branwell. (e) Brontë Sisters. (f) Brontë Home.
 - IX. LIST OF BOOKS RELATING TO HAWORTH.
-

I. REV. PATRICK BRONTË, A.B.

COTTAGE POEMS, by the Rev. Patrick Brontë, A.B., Minister of Hartshead-cum-Clifton, near Leeds, Yorkshire. Halifax, P. K. Holden, for the Author, 1811. 12mo, pp. xv., 136.

THE RURAL MINSTREL, a Miscellany of Descriptive Poems, by the Rev. P. Brontë, A.B., Minister of Hartshead-cum-Clifton, near Leeds, Yorkshire. Halifax, P. K. Holden, 1813. 12mo, pp. xii., 108.

THE COTTAGE IN THE WOOD; or the Art of becoming Rich and Happy, by the Rev. P. Brontë, A.B., Minister of Thornton, Bradford, Yorkshire. Bradford, T. Inkersley, 1815. 18mo, pp. 68.

— extracted from this edition, and inserted in the *Cottage Magazine*, vol. 6, June, 1817.

THE COTTAGE IN THE WOOD; or the Art of becoming Rich and Happy, by the Rev. P. Brontë, A.B., Minister of Thornton, Bradford, Yorkshire. Frontispiece, second edition. T. Inkersley, Bradford, 1818. 16mo, pp. 69.

THE COTTAGE IN THE WOOD ; or the Art of becoming Rich and Happy, by the Rev. P. Brontë, A.B., Reprinted by permission from the second edition of 1818. Bradford, M. Nelson, 1859. 12mo, 16 pp. The cover often bears the date 1860.

Only the prose portion is reprinted.

— another reprint, by J. Harrison & Son, Bingley, 1865. Crown 8vo, 16 pp.

THE MAID OF KILLARNEY; or Albion and Flora, a modern tale, in which are interwoven some cursory remarks on Religion and Politics. Baldwin, Cradock and Joy, London, 1818, small post 8vo, pp. vi., 166.

Although the title bears the imprint of Baldwin, Cradock & Joy, the book was printed and published by Thomas Inkersley, Bank Street, Bradford.

A SERMON preached in the Church of Haworth, on Sunday, the 12th day of September, 1824, in reference to an Earthquake, and extraordinary Eruption of Mud and Water, that had taken place ten days before, on the Moors of that Chapelry. By the Rev. P. Brontë, A.B., Incumbent of Haworth, near Keighley. Price 6d. T. Inkersley, Bradford, 1824. Demy 8vo, 16 pp.

THE PHENOMENON, or an Account in verse of the Extraordinary Disruption of a Bog, which took place in the Moors of Haworth, 2nd Sept., 1824. By the Rev. P. Brontë.

THE SIGNS OF THE TIMES ; or a Familiar Treatise on some Political Indications in the year 1835, by P. Brontë, A.B., Incumbent of Haworth, near Bradford. Keighley, R. Aked, 1835. (6d.) Post 8vo, 21 pp.

A BRIEF TREATISE on the Best Time and Mode of Baptism, chiefly in answer to a Tract of Peter Pontifex, alias the Rev. M. S —, Baptist Minister, by P. Brontë, A.B., Incumbent of Haworth, Yorkshire. Price 3d. Keighley, R. Aked, 1836, 12mo, 24 pp.

A FUNERAL SERMON for the late Rev. William Weightman, M.A., preached in the Church of Haworth,

on Sunday, 2nd of Oct., 1842, by the Rev. Patrick Brontë, A.B., Incumbent. The profits, if any, to go in aid of the Sunday School. Halifax, J.. U. Walker, 1842. (6d.) Demy 8vo, 16 pp.

Reprint of Two SERMONS preached in Haworth Church by the Rev. P. Brontë. Mr. Weightman's Funeral Sermon, and the 1824 Earthquake or Bog Disruption. Also a Phenomenon, or Account in Verse of the Disruption of a Bog. Haworth, R. Brown 6d. Crown 8vo, 41 pp. n.d.

IN AN EARTHQUAKE CHASM. Page 5 of *Leeds Mercury Supplement*, 13th October, 1894 Referring to Rev. P. Brontë on the Bursting of the Crow Hill Bog.

II. COLLECTED WORKS, AND POEMS.

LIFE AND WORKS OF CHARLOTTE BRONTË AND HER SISTERS. An illustrated edition in seven volumes. London. Smith, Elder & Co. Large crown 8vo, green cloth covers.

1. Jane Eyre. pp. xii., 483. 5 illustrations.
2. Shirley. pp. vii., 576. 5 illustrations.
3. Villette. pp. vii., 519. 5 illustrations.
4. The Professor, by Currer Bell. Emma; a Fragment, with introduction by W. M. Thackeray. Poems, by Currer, Ellis and Acton Bell. Selections from Poems by Ellis and Acton Bell. Cottage Poems, by the Rev. Patrick Brontë, B A.: pp. xii., 506. 5 illustrations.
5. Wuthering Heights, by Ellis Bell; and Agnes Grey, by Acton Bell. (Preface to Wuthering Heights by Currer Bell, and Biographical Notice of Ellis and Acton, by Currer Bell.) pp. xxii., 488. 5 illustrations.
6. The Tenant of Wildfell Hall, by Anne Brontë. pp. iv., 460. 5 illustrations.
7. Life of Charlotte Brontë, by Mrs. Gaskell. pp. xi., 452. 8 illustrations.

This complete edition of the works of the Brontë sisters was first issued in 1872-3, at 7/6 and 5/- each volume, but different

volumes of the set have appeared at various dates from that time to the present. Most of the illustrations are by E. M. Wimperis, to whom the actual localities were indicated by an intimate friend of Charlotte Brontë. The artist has been particularly successful in interpreting the spirit of the West Riding scenery.

LIFE AND WORKS OF CHARLOTTE, EMILY, AND ANNE BRONTË. Popular edition, in seven volumes. Small post 8vo. 2s. 6d. each. Smith, Elder & Co. (1894 Catalogue.)

1. Jane Eyre.
2. Shirley.
3. Villette.
4. Professor; and Poems by Rev. P. Brontë, and his daughters Charlotte, Emily, and Anne.
5. Wuthering Heights, by Emily Brontë; Agnes Grey, by Anne Brontë. With Preface and Memoir of both authors by Charlotte Brontë.
6. Tenant of Wildfell Hall. Anne Brontë.
7. Life of Charlotte Brontë, by Mrs. Gaskell.

— Pocket edition. Small foolscap 8vo. Each with a frontispiece. Smith, Elder & Co. 1s. 6d. per volume. 1888-9.

1. Jane Eyre.
2. Shirley.
3. Villette.
4. Professor, and Poems.
5. Wuthering Heights.
6. Tenant of Wildfell Hall.
7. Life of Charlotte Brontë.

BRONTË WORKS. The Tauchnitz Collection of British Authors. Leipzig, 1850-57. Small 8vo.

Jane Eyre, 1850, 2 vols. in 1; vol. I., pp. 334; vol. II., pp. 358.

BRONTË WORKS. Tauchnitz Collection—*continued*.

Shirley, 1849. Vol. I., pp. vi., 405 ; vol. II., pp. vi., 412.

Villette, 1853. Vol. I., pp. vi., 352 ; vol. II., pp. vi., 372.

Professor, 1857. pp. viii., 360.

Wuthering Heights, and Agnes Grey, 1851.
Vol. I., pp. 336 ; vol. II., pp. 317.

BRONTË WORKS. Belle Sauvage Library. Issued by Cassell & Co. Crown 8vo. (1894 Catalogue.) 2s. each.

Jane Eyre.

Shirley.

Wuthering Heights.

BRONTË WORKS, Published by G. Routledge & Sons. Crown 8vo. (1894 Catalogue.)

Shirley. 2s.

Jane Eyre. 2s.

Jane Eyre and Shirley, in one vol. (paper), 1s.

Wuthering Heights and Agnes Grey, in one vol.

THE WORKS OF CHARLOTTE, EMILY, AND ANNE BRONTË, in 12 volumes, at 2/6 per volume, small 8vo, embellished with etchings and photogravures.

Vol. I. Jane Eyre, vol. I., pp. xxiii.. 312, 1893, (contains a brief Memoir of C. B. by F. J. S.) Portrait and three other illustrations.

Vol. II. Jane Eyre, vol. II., pp. 288, 1893. Three illustrations.

Vol. III. Shirley, vol. I., pp. viii., 363, 1893. Three illustrations.

Vol. IV. Shirley, vol. II., pp. 352, 1893. Three illustrations.

Vol. V. Villette, vol. I. pp. viii., 327, 1893. Three illustrations.

An Appendix gives translations of the numerous French sentences.

BRONTË WORKS. Dent's Edition—*continued*.

Vol. VI. Villette, vol. II., pp. 322, 1893. Three illustrations.

Vol. VII. Professor, pp. ix, 292, 1893. Three illustrations.

Vol. VIII. Poems of Currer, Ellis, and Acton Bell, with Cottage Poems by Patrick Brontë, pp. viii. 246, 1893. Three illustrations (Thornton Parsonage, Haworth Church, Brontë Waterfall).

Vol. IX. Wuthering Heights, by Emily Brontë; and Agnes Grey, by Anne Brontë, in two vols., vol. I., pp. xxiv.. 279, 1893. Three illustrations.

Vol. X. Wuthering Heights, and Agnes Grey, vol. II., pp. 307, 1893. Three illustrations.

Vol. XI. Tenant of Wildfell Hall, vol. I., pp. vii., 267, 1893. Three illustrations.

Vol. XII. Tenant of Wildfell Hall, vol. II., pp. 268, 1893. Three illustrations.

This edition was published by J. M. Dent & Co., London. Two hundred and fifty large paper sets were issued, one hundred of which were destined for America. The illustrations in the large paper edition are on India paper, and an extra page, containing three fac-simile autographs is inserted in the first volume.

POEMS BY CURRER, ELLIS, AND ACTON BELL. London, Aylott & Jones, 8, Paternoster Row, 1846; fcap 8vo., pp. iv., 165.

This, the first edition, was published as above, but as few copies were sold, the remaining stock was transferred to Messrs. Smith, Elder, & Co., in 1848, and was issued with their own title-page, which bears the date of the original issue, 1846.

No separate editions of the "Poems" have appeared since this date, except those hereunder mentioned; but a selection of the poems of Ellis and Acton Bell was included in the 1850 edition of "Wuthering Heights" and "Agnes Grey." All the poems have been included in the editions of the "Professor," published by Smith, Elder & Co., after 1860.

— another edition. Philadelphia, 1848. 16mo.

POEMS OF CURRER, ELLIS, AND ACTON BELL, with Cottage Poems, by Patrick Brontë. 1893; fcap 8vo., pp. viii., 246. London, Dent & Co.

Contains illustrations of Thornton Parsonage, Haworth Church, and the Brontë Waterfall. 250 large paper copies issued.

III. CHARLOTTE BRONTË.

JANE EYRE, an Autobiography, by Currer Bell, 3 vols., 1847. Vol. I., pp. 304; vol. II., pp. 304; vol. III., pp. 311, post 8vo. London, Smith, Elder & Co.

Issued without preface in October, 1847. Price, 31/6.

JANE EYRE, an Autobiography, by Currer Bell, 3 vols., 1848, post 8vo. London, Smith, Elder & Co.

The second edition, issued in January, 1848, with a Preface, in which the Author dedicates the work to Thackeray.

— third edition, 3 vols., post 8vo, 1848. London, Smith, Elder & Co.

Issued in April, 1848. It contains a note by the Author, in which she disclaims the authorship of some other productions which had been attributed to her.

— fourth edition, in 1 vol., post 8vo, 1850. London, Smith, Elder & Co.

The first one volume edition; issued at 6/-.

— another edition, in 1 vol., post 8vo, 1855. London, Smith, Elder & Co.

— another edition. 1 vol., small post 8vo, 1857. London, Smith, Elder & Co. 2/6.

— Library edition, large crown 8vo, 5 illustrations, 1872. London, Smith, Elder & Co.

For a collation of this edition, see *Collected Works*, vol. I. Numerous re-issues have been published. but the collation is the same in all.

— Popular edition, small post 8vo. Smith, Elder & Co. (1894 catalogue.)

— Pocket edition, small f'cap. 8vo. London, Smith, Elder & Co. (1894 Catalogue).

— another edition, demy 8vo, paper covers, price 6d. London, Smith, Elder & Co., 1889.

— Tauchnitz edition. 2 vols. in 1. Leipzig, 1850. Small 8vo. Vol. I., pp. 334; vol. II., pp. 358.

— another edition, in 2 vols., demy 8vo, only 300 copies printed, 1892. Vol. I., pp. xii., 313; vol. II., pp. 421. W. Paterson & Co., London.

This edition contains an etched portrait, five full-page etchings, and two vignettes.

JANE EYRE. Dent's Edition. In 2 vols., with a brief memoir of Charlotte Brontë, by F. J. S., 1893, fcap. 8vo.; vol. I., pp. xxiii., 312; vol. II., pp. 288. London, J. M. Dent & Co.

Vol. I., contains portrait and three other illustrations; vol. II., three illustrations. In the large paper copies of vol. I., an extra page of fac-similes of autographs is inserted.

- Scott Library. Edited by C. K. Shorter, London. Walter Scott. pp. xxi., 383, n.d.
- Crown Library. 2s. Crown 8vo. F. Warne & Co. (1894 Catalogue.)
- Standard Novels. 6d. Medium 8vo. F. Warne and Co. (1894 Catalogue.)
- Belle Sauvage Library. Cassell. (1894 Catalogue.) Crown 8vo.
- another edition. Routledge & Sons. (1894 Catalogue.) Crown 8vo, 468 pp.
- Select Library. Ward, Lock. (1894 Catalogue.) Crown 8vo.
- Royal Library. Ward, Lock. (1894 Catalogue.) Crown 8vo.
- Sixpenny Series. Ward, Lock. (1894 Catalogue.) Demy 8vo.
- another edition. Royal 8vo, pp. 189, double columns. Routledge & Sons, London. Price 6d. 1893.
- another edition. Royal 8vo, pp. iv., 136, double columns, woodcut, paper covers. W. H. White & Co., Manchester. 1891.
- another edition. 16mo. Nicholson & Son, Wakefield.
- another edition. F'cap. 8vo. Halifax, Milner and Co. 1894.
- Haworth edition. 2 vols., illustrated, 1884, 8vo. Philadelphia.

JANE EYRE, ou Mémoires d'une Institutrice. Roman, traduit par Mme. Lestazeiller Souvestre. Paris, 1856, 12mo, fr. 2.40.

— second edition of the above, 1864. fr. 1.30.

— German Edition. Hartleben's Collection, 3 vols., fr. 3. Also an edition, bound, at fr. 8.

— Johanna Eyre. Die Waise von Lowood. Vienna, Carl Prochaska. Printed at Teschen, in Silesia. 3 vols., Imperial 16mo. n.d. Vol. I., pp. 207; vol. II., pp. 212; vol. III., pp. 183.

There are two plates in each volume. The word "Bell" is misprinted "Rell" on the plates in vol. I.

— Die Waise von Lowood, eine Autobiographie von Currer Bell, tr. from the English by M. Von Borch. Leipzig, Philipp Reclam, Junr., 16mo, pp. 725, being No. 2376-2380 of Reclam's Universal Library, 5 parts in 1.

— Die Waise aus Lowood, Frei bearbeitet nach Dr. C. F. Grieb's Uebersetzung (C. B.'s Jane Eyre), 1867, 8vo.

— Et Vaisenhuusbarn. Folkecomedie, Efter en fri Bearbeidelse of Romanen "Jane Eyre" (by C. Brontë). Kjobenhavn, 1859, 8vo.

— L'Orfanella di Lowood, Dramma, etc. by R. Michely (founded on "Jane Eyre," by C. B.) Napoli, 1874, 8vo.

— a Drama, in five acts, adapted from C. Brontë's novel, (French's American Drama, No. 136), by John Brougham. New York, 1869, 12mo.

SHIRLEY, a Tale. Smith, Elder & Co., London, 1849. Post 8vo., 3 volumes, vol. I., pp. iv., 303; vol. II., pp. iv., 308; vol. III., pp. iv., 317.

Published at 31/6.

— another edition. Post 8vo, 1852, 6/-. Smith, Elder & Co.

— another edition. Post 8vo, 1857, 2/6. Smith, Elder & Co.

— another edition. 8vo, 1860. Smith, Elder & Co.

— another edition. 8vo, 1862. Smith, Elder & Co.

SHIRLEY, a Tale. Library edition. Large crown 8vo, 5 illustrations, 1872. Smith, Elder & Co.

For a collation of this edition, see vol. II. of the Collected Works. Numerous re-issues have been published, but the collation is the same in all.

— Popular edition. Small post 8vo. Smith, Elder and Co. (1894 Catalogue.)

— Pocket edition. Small fcap 8vo. Smith, Elder and Co. (1894 Catalogue.)

— a new edition. London, Edinburgh. Printed 1853. 8vo.

— Dent's edition, in 2 vols, 1893; fcap 8vo. Vol. I., pp. viii., 363. Vol. II., pp. 352. London, J. M. Dent & Co.

There are three illustrations in each volume. 250 large paper copies issued.

— Tauchnitz edition. Leipzig, 1849. Small 8vo, vol. I., pp. vi., 405; vol. II., pp. vi., 412.

— Minerva Library. Crown 8vo, pp. xii., 557. Ward, Lock. (1894 Catalogue.) 5 illustrations.

— Select Library. Crown 8vo. Ward, Lock & Co. (1894 Catalogue.)

— Royal Library. Crown 8vo. Ward, Lock & Co. (1894 Catalogue.)

— Sixpenny Series. Demy 8vo. Ward, Lock & Co. (1894 Catalogue.)

— Crown Library. Crown 8vo. F. Warne & Co., London. (1894 Catalogue.)

— Standard Novels. Medium 8vo. F. Warne & Co. 6d. (1894 Catalogue.)

— another edition, crown 8vo, pp. vi., 578. G. Routledge & Sons. 1892

— another edition, royal 8vo, double columns, pp. 217, paper covers, 6d. G. Routledge & Sons.

— another edition, fcap 8vo. n.d. Halifax, Milner.

SHIRLEY. Shirley et Agnes Grey. Roman Anglais traduit par MM. C. Romet et A. Rolet, f. 4.50. 1859, 12mo.

— German Translation by Drugulin & Grimma, f. 10.

— another German edition without translator's name, f. 6.45.

VILLETTE. In three volumes. 1853. Post 8vo. Smith, Elder & Co. Vol. I., pp. 324; vol. II, pp. 319; vol. III., pp. 350.

Published in January, 1853, at 31/6.

— another edition, 1855; 8vo. Smith, Elder & Co.

— another edition, 1857; small post 8vo, 2/6. Smith, Elder & Co.

— another edition, 1860; post 8vo.; 6/-. Smith, Elder & Co.

— another edition, 1861; crown 8vo.; pp. iv., 478. Smith, Elder & Co.

— another edition, 1886; crown 8vo; pp. iv., 478. Smith, Elder & Co.

— Library edition. 1872-3. Large crown 8vo. Smith, Elder & Co. 5 illustrations.

For collation, see Collected Works, vol. 3. Numerous editions have been issued, but the collation is the same in all.

— Popular edition. Small post 8vo. Smith, Elder and Co. (1894 catalogue.)

— Pocket edition. Small fcap 8vo. Smith, Elder and Co. (1894 catalogue.)

— Dent's edition, in 2 vols. 1893. F'cap 8vo. Vol. I., pp. viii., 327; vol. II., pp. 322. London, J. M. Dent & Co.

Three illustrations in each volume; 250 large paper copies issued.

— Tauchnitz edition, Leipzig, 1853; small 8vo. Vol. I., pp. vi., 352; vol. II., vi., 372; f.8.0.

PROFESSOR, a Tale, by Currer Bell; in two volumes; post 8vo. Smith, Elder & Co., 1857. Vol. I., pp. viii., 294; vol. II., pp. 258. 21/-.

Contains a preface by her husband, the Rev. A. B. Nicholls, dated September 22nd, 1856.

PROFESSOR; another edition, containing also the Poems of Currer, Ellis and Acton Bell. 1860; post 8vo. Smith, Elder & Co. 2/6.

— and Poems by Charlotte Brontë, and Poems by her sisters and father. Library edition, 1872-3. Large crown 8vo. Smith, Elder & Co. 5 illustrations.

For collation see Collected Works. Many editions have been issued, but the collation is the same in all.

— another edition, 1885; crown 8vo. Smith, Elder and Co.; pp. iv., 436.

— another edition, 1888; crown 8vo. Smith, Elder and Co.; pp. iv., 436.

— Popular edition. Small post 8vo. Smith, Elder and Co. (1894 Catalogue).

— Pocket edition. Small fcap 8vo. Smith, Elder and Co. (1894 Catalogue.)

— Dent's edition, 1893; fcap 8vo., pp. ix., 292. London, J. M. Dent & Co.

Three illustrations. 250 large paper copies issued.

— Tauchnitz edition. Leipzig, 1857; sm. 8vo. pp. viii., 360.

— German translation by Büchelche. Stuttgart, 1858.

— French translation by H. Loreau. Paris, 1858; 12mo., f. 230.

MINOR PIECES BY CHARLOTTE BRONTË.

THE PARTING. Ballad written by Currer Bell (*i.e.*, Charlotte Brontë). Begins "There's no use in weeping"; music by J. E. Field. London, 1853, fol.

LOVE AND FRIENDSHIP. Song; the Poetry by C. Brontë, the Music by Einna. London, 1879. fol.

EMMA. A fragment of a story by the late Charlotte Brontë; preceded by a short notice by W. M. T. (*i.e.*, W. M. Thackeray), entitled, "The Last Sketch," in Vol. I., of the "Cornhill Magazine," pp. 485-498. 1860.

UNPUBLISHED LETTERS of Charlotte Brontë. See
 "Hours at Home," vol. II., 1870, pp. 101-110.

EXTRACTS FROM SOME UNPUBLISHED LETTERS of Charlotte Brontë. (E. B. Williams.) "Macmillan's Magazine," vol. 64, pp. 119, 226, 279. Same articles in "Living Age," vol. 190, pp. 241-819.

UNPUBLISHED POEMS by Charlotte Brontë. See
 "Critic," vol. 22, p. 100.

MANCHESTER ATHENÆUM ALBUM. 1850. 4to.

Currer Bell contributed a poem of four pages, entitled "The Orphans" (translated from the French), "'Twas New Year's Night," &c.

CORNHILL MAGAZINE.

Vol. II. contains a poem by C. B. (p. 741), "Oh! would I were the golden light."

IV. EMILY BRONTË.

WUTHERING HEIGHTS, a Novel, by Ellis Bell, in 3 vols.
 Vol. I. : London—Thomas Cautley Newby, publisher, 72, Mortimer Street, Cavendish Square; 1847; post 8vo, pp. 348. Vol. II : Title as above; pp. 416. Vol. III. : Agnes Grey, a Novel, by Acton Bell; imprint as above; pp. 363.

Although the titles of Vols. I. and II. state "Wuthering Heights" to be in three volumes, it will be seen that Vol. 3 contains "Agnes Grey," and has a title to that effect.

WUTHERING HEIGHTS and Agnes Grey, by Ellis and Acton Bell. London, 1850. Post 8vo, 6/-

A new edition, revised, with a biographical notice of the authors, a selection from their best literary remains, and a preface by Currer Bell (*i.e.*, Charlotte Brontë).

— another edition. Small post 8vo, 1858. Smith, Elder & Co.; 2/6.

— Library edition; large crown 8vo, five illustrations, 1872. Smith, Elder & Co.

For a collation of this edition, which includes "Agnes Grey," see Vol. V. of the Collected Works. There have been many re-issues, but the collation is the same in all.

WUTHERING HEIGHTS; another edition, including "Agnes Grey." Crown 8vo, 1885; pp. xix., 466. Smith, Elder & Co.

— Popular edition. Wuthering Heights, by Emily Brontë; Agnes Grey, by Anne Brontë. With a Preface and Memoir of both authors by Charlotte Brontë. Sm. post 8vo, 1894. Smith, Elder & Co.

— Pocket edition, including "Agnes Grey"; sm. fcap 8vo, 1894. Smith, Elder & Co.

— and Agnes Grey. Tauchnitz edition, Leipzig, 1851; sm. 8vo. Vol. I., pp. 336; Vol. II., pp. 317.

Contains a biographical notice of the authors, a selection from their literary remains, and a preface, by Currer Bell.

— by Emily Brontë, and Agnes Grey, by Anne Brontë; in 2 vols., fcap 8vo; 1893. Vol. I., pp. xxiv., 279; vol. II., pp. 307. Dent & Co., London.

Three illustrations in each volume; 250 large paper copies issued.

— Belle Sauvage Library; crown 8vo. Cassell & Co. 1894.

— another edition; crown 8vo, pp. 382. G. Routledge and Sons. 1892.

— another edition; royal 8vo, double columns; paper covers, 6d.; pp. 185. G. Routledge & Sons. 1892.

— German Translation (Wutheringshöhe); tr. by Grimma. 1851. 3 vols., f. 6.0.

— UNPUBLISHED ESSAY, reproduced in fac-simile from manuscript in possession of the Héger Family in Brussels: "Woman at Home," September, 1894, p. 445.

BRONTË, EMILY. The Complete Works of Emily Brontë, forming Vol. II. of the "Bookman's Library." Ed. by W. Robertson Nicoll, M.A., LL.D.

550 copies in crown 8vo, 50 copies in large paper. Announced by Hodder & Stoughton, 1894.

V. ANNE BRONTË.

THE TENANT OF WILDFELL HALL, by Acton Bell, in 3 vols. London: T. C. Newby, publisher, 72, Mortimer Street, Cavendish Square. 1848. Large post 8vo. Vol. I., pp. 358; vol. II., pp. 366; vol. III., pp. 342.

— Second edition. 3 vols., post 8vo. London, 1848.

— another edition. 1854.

— Parlour Library, vol. 106.

— another edition. Small post 8vo, 1859. 2/6. Smith, Elder & Co.

This is the first edition published by Smith, Elder & Co.

— Library edition. Large crown 8vo, five illustrations, 1872-3. Smith, Elder & Co.

For collation see Collected Works, vol. VI. There have been many re-issues, but the collation is the same in all.

— another edition. Crown 8vo, pp. 371, 1887. Smith, Elder & Co.

— Popular edition. Small post 8vo. Smith, Elder and Co. (1894 Catalogue.)

— Pocket edition. Small fcap 8vo. Smith, Elder and Co. (1894 Catalogue).

— Dent's edition, in 2 vols., 1893, fcap 8vo. Vol. I., pp. vii., 267; vol. II., pp. 268. London: Dent and Co.

Three illustrations; 250 large paper copies issued.

AGNES GREY. Shirley et Agnès Grey. Romans Anglais traduits par MM. C. Romey et A. Rolet, 12mo, 1859.

AGNES GREY.

This novel by Anne Brontë has not, to the compiler's knowledge, been issued as a separate book. It was first published with "Wuthering Heights" in 1847, and has been included in most of the subsequent editions of that work.

VI. COMPLETE BOOKS ON THE BRONTËS.

THE LIFE OF CHARLOTTE BRONTË, author of "Jane Eyre," "Shirley," "Villette," &c. By E. C. Gaskell. London: Smith, Elder & Co. 1857. Large post 8vo. Vol. I., pp. viii., 352; vol. II., viii., 327.

Illustrations:—Vol. I.. Portrait of Charlotte, to face title, and a fac-simile of page of Manuscript to face page 84. Vol. II., view of Haworth Church and Parsonage, to face title.

Strong protests having been raised against some portion of this, the first edition, by persons referred to in the work, it was decided to stop the sale, and another edition was issued, from which the passages referred to were expunged.

— Second edition. 1857. Large post 8vo., in 2 vols., three illustrations. Smith, Elder & Co.

An exact reproduction of the first edition *minus* the expunged passages.

— Third edition. Revised and Corrected. 1857. Large post 8vo., in 2 vols., three illustrations. Smith, Elder & Co.

Collation as first edition.

— Fourth edition. 1858. Large post 8vo., in one vol., pp. xi., 486. With portrait of Charlotte, and vignette on title depicting Haworth parsonage. Smith, Elder & Co.

— another edition. 1860. 8vo., pp. viii., 441. Smith, Elder & Co.

— Library edition. 1873. Large crown 8vo., pp. xi., 452, with 8 illustrations. Smith, Elder & Co.

Numerous re-issues have been published, but the collation is the same in all.

— Popular edition. Small post 8vo. Smith, Elder and Co. (1894 Catalogue.)

— Pocket edition. Small f'cap 8vo. Smith, Elder and Co. (1894 Catalogue.)

— Tauchnitz edition. 1859. 16mo, in 2 vols., vol. I., pp. vii., 314; vol. II., pp. 298.

These volumes form Nos. 384 and 385 of the Tauchnitz Collection of British Authors, and are an exact reprint of the 1857 edition.

CHARLOTTE BRONTË: a Monograph. By T. Wemyss Reid. 1877. Crown 8vo., pp. xv., 236. Eleven illustrations and fac-simile letter. London, Macmillan & Co.

— Second edition. 1877. Macmillan & Co.

An exact reprint of the above.

— Third edition. 1878. Macmillan & Co.

An exact reprint of the above.

A NOTE ON CHARLOTTE BRONTË. By Algernon Charles Swinburne. 1877. Crown 8vo., pp. iv., 97. Chatto and Windus.

— Second edition. 1894. Chatto & Windus.

An exact reprint of the first edition.

AN HOUR WITH CHARLOTTE BRONTË; or, Flowers from a Yorkshire Moor. By Laura C. Holloway. 1883. Crown 8vo., pp. 144., with steel-plate portrait. New York: Funk & Wagnals.

Also issued in paper covers, without portrait.

LIFE OF CHARLOTTE BRONTË. By Augustine Birrell. (Great Writers Series.) 1887. Demy 8vo., pp. xvii., 186. London: Walter Scott.

With a bibliography by J. P. Anderson. It is also issued in small 8vo. size.

LIFE OF CHARLOTTE BRONTË, the famous authoress of "Jane Eyre." Large 8vo, pp. 16. Ward and Lock's "Penny Series," 1882.

BIRTHPLACE OF CHARLOTTE BRONTË. By William Scruton. With two etchings (Thornton Chapel and Parsonage), by the author. 1884. 24mo., pp. 58, paper covers. Leeds, J. S. Fletcher & Co.

Reprinted from the "Yorkshire Illustrated Magazine." There was only one edition, but on the paper covers, the words second, third and fourth edition often appear.

EMILY BRONTË. (Eminent Women Series). By A. Mary F. Robinson. 1883, 8vo., pp. vii., 235. W. H. Allen & Co.

— Second edition. 1883, pp. vii., 235. W. H. Allen and Co.

CURRER BELL AND HER SISTERS. Reprinted from the *Bradford Advertiser*, 1855. Keighley: C.W. Craven. 12mo, 16 pages. [1888.]

JOTTINGS ON CURRER, ELLIS, AND ACTON BELL. By W. P. P. Paper covers, 1856, demy 8vo., pp. 45. Longman & Co.

THE BRONTË FAMILY, with special reference to Patrick Branwell Brontë. By Francis A. Leyland. In 2 vols., crown 8vo. 1886. Vol. I., pp. xvi., 312; vol. II., pp. ix., 302. Hurst & Blackett.

THE STORY OF THE BRONTËS: Their Home, Haunts, Friends, and Works. By J. Horsfall Turner. Crown 8vo. n.d.

Part I. Patrick Brontë and his Works (a full reprint); pp. 300.

Part II. Charlotte Brontë's Letters (printed verbatim); pp. 380.

HAWORTH PAST AND PRESENT: A History of Haworth, Stanbury, and Oxenhope. By J. Horsfall Turner. Twenty illustrations. Brighouse: J. S. Jowett, 1879. Crown 8vo., pp. 184.

A DAY AT HAWORTH. Reprinted from the *Yorkshire County Magazine* (price 3d.). Idel: J. Horsfall Turner. Demy 8vo, pp. 16. Fourteen illustrations. [1894.]

THE INFLUENCE OF THE MOORLANDS ON CHARLOTTE AND EMILY BRONTË. A paper read before the Bradford Scientific Association by Butler Wood. Reprinted from the *Bradford Argus*, January, 1894. 12mo, 14 pages, with illustrations.

THE BRONTË COUNTRY: Its Topography, Antiquities, and History. By J. A. Erskine Stuart, L.R.C.S. Post 8vo, pp. xiv., 241, 33 illustrations, 1888. Longmans & Co.

THE BRONTËS IN IRELAND; or, Facts Stranger than Fiction. By the Rev. Dr. William Wright. 1893. Post 8vo., pp. xix., 308, 18 illustrations. Hodder and Stoughton.

— Second edition. 1894. Hodder & Stoughton.

Collation as above.

A VINDICATION OF THE CLERGY DAUGHTERS' SCHOOL, and of the Rev. W. Carus Wilson, from the Remarks in "The Life of Charlotte Brontë" (Mrs. Gaskell). By the Rev. H. Shephard, M.A., Incumbent of Casterton, Hon. Chaplain and Secretary of the Clergy Daughters' School. 1857. Demy 8vo; 31 pages. Kirkby Lonsdale: R. Morphet.

REV. W. CARUS WILSON, M.A., Vicar of Tunstall.

The above-named gentleman, who was Secretary of the Clergy Daughters' School at Casterton, wrote many things for children, amongst which were the following:—

A Diminutive Annual. 5 inches by 3, called "The Children's Friend," with crudest little woodcuts. 1824, vol. I., monthly parts; 1827, vol. IV.; pp. 288. Printed at Kirkby Lonsdale.

A Collection of Tracts, originally published separately, and in the *Christian Guardian*. Kirkby Lonsdale. 1824. 12mo, pp. 134.

VII. BOOKS PARTLY ON THE BRONTËS.

(I.)—CHARLOTTE BRONTË.

ADAMS, W. H. DAVENPORT. Women of Fashion and Representative Women in Letters and Society. 2 vols. London, 1878, 8vo.

Charlotte Brontë, vol. ii., pp. 265-342.

— Celebrated Englishwomen of the Victorian Era. 2 vols. London, 1884, 8vo.

Charlotte Brontë, pp. 119-188.

— Child-life and Girlhood of Remarkable Women. Second edition. London, 1885, 8vo.

Charlotte Brontë, pp. 57-77.

BADEAU, A. The Vagabond. New York, 1859, p. 158.

BALFOUR, C. L. Work-women, p. 385.

BAYNE, PETER. Essays in Biography and Criticism. Boston, 1857, 8vo.

Ellis, Acton. and Currer Bell. First Series, pp. 392-426.

— TWO GREAT ENGLISHWOMEN, Mrs. Browning and Charlotte Brontë, etc. London, 1881, demy 8vo.

Charlotte Brontë and her Sisters, pp. 157-340. Originally appeared in the "Literary World."

CHAMBERS, ROBERT. Chambers's Cyclopædia of English Literature, etc. Third edition. 2 vols. London, 1876, 8vo.

Charlotte Brontë, vol. ii., pp. 530-534.

CONE, H. G., and J. L. GILDER. Pen Portraits. New York, 1887, 2 vols. : vol. ii., p. 179.

DOBELL, SYDNEY. The Life and Letters of Sydney Dobell. 2 vols. London, 1878, 8vo.

Correspondence with Miss Brontë, 1851. Vol. i., pp. 209-222.

FORSHAW, C. F. Poets of Keighley, Bingley, Haworth and District. 8vo, 1891. See pp. 58, 167.

— Yorkshire Poets, Past and Present. 8vo, 1888. 4 vols. See vol. i., pp. 17, 145; vol. ii., pp. 101, 137.

GOODRICH, F. B. Women of Beauty, p. 353.

GRISWOLD, H. T. Home Life of Great Authors, 1887, p. 286.

HALE, Mrs. Biography of Distinguished Women.

Charlotte Brontë, p. 597.

HOLROYD, ABRAHAM. A Garland of Poetry, by Yorkshire Authors, or relating to Yorkshire. Saltaire, 1873, 16mo.

"On the Death of Currer Bell" (three verses), by Benjamin Preston, 1857, p. 23.

JEAFFRESON, J. C. Novels and Novelists, 1888. 2 vols. Vol. ii., p. 282.

KNIGHT'S ENGLISH ENCYCLOPÆDIA (Biography).

Charlotte Brontë, p. 935.

MCCARTHY, JUSTIN. A History of Our Own Times. 4 vols. London, 1882, 8vo.

Charlotte Brontë, vol. ii., pp. 259-261.

MARTINEAU, HARRIET. Biographical Sketches, 1852-1875. Fourth edition. London, 1876, 8vo.

Charlotte Brontë ("Currer Bell"), pp. 360-366.

MASON, E. T. Personal Traits of British Authors. 4 vols., 1885. Vol. iv., p. 233.

MONTEGUT, EMILE. *Ecrivains Modernes de l'Angleterre.*
Première Série. Paris, 1885, 8vo.

Charlotte Brontë. *Portrait Général.* First Series, pp. 183-354.

SELDEN, CAMILLE, (pseud.) *L'Esprit des Femmes de notre temps.* Paris, 1865, 12mo.

Charlotte Brontë et la Vie Morale en Angleterre, pp. 83-218.

SHORTER, C. K.

See Introduction to "Jane Eyre." London, Walter Scott, 1889.

SKELTON, JOHN. *Essays in History and Biography, etc.*
Edinburgh, 1883, 8vo.

Charlotte Brontë. pp. 296-311. Appeared originally in *Fraser's Magazine*.

STEPHEN, LESLIE. *Hours in a Library.* London:
1879, 8vo.

Charlotte Brontë, third series, pp. 325-364.

— *Dictionary of National Biography.* London, 1886,
8vo.

Charlotte Brontë. Vol. vi., pp. 406-413.

WALSH, W. S. *Pen Pictures of Victorian Authors.*
New York, 1882, p. 159.

WOTTON, M. E., *Word Portraits.* 1887, p. 24.

EMINENT MEN AND POPULAR BOOKS. From "The
Times." London, 1859, 8vo.

Charlotte Brontë, pp. 185-206.

ENGLISH ESSAYS, Hamburg. 1869. 12mo.

Charlotte Brontë, vol. I., pp. 137-168. Reprinted from the
North American Review, October, 1857.

FIFTY FAMOUS WOMEN. London, 1879, 8vo.

Charlotte Brontë pp. 249-255.

WOMEN OF WORTH.

Charlotte Brontë, or the Worthy Daughter. pp. 1-32.

(2).—EMILY AND ANNE BRONTË.

CONE AND GILDER. *Pen Portraits.* 2 vols.

Emily Brontë, vol. ii., p. 179.

- FAWCETT, M. G. *Eminent Women.* 1889.
Charlotte and Emily Brontë, p. 99.
- GOSSE, E. W. (*Ward's English Poets.*) 4 vols, 1880.
Emily Brontë, vol. iv., p. 581.
- ROBERTSON, E. S. *English Poetesses.*
Emily Brontë, 1883, p. 321.
- SWINBURNE, A. C. *Miscellanies.* 1886.
Emily Brontë, p. 260.
- BAYNE, PETER. *Essays.* 1857, 2 vols.
Anne Brontë, vol. ii.

(3.)—THE BRONTË FAMILY.

- ALLIBONE'S *DICTIONARY OF ENGLISH LITERATURE.* 1872.
For references to the Brontës, see vol. i, p. 220.
- ARNOLD, MATTHEW. *Lyric and Elegiac Poems.* London, 1885, 8vo.
"Haworth Churchyard: April, 1855." Originally appeared in *Fraser's Magazine*, vol. li., 1855, pp. 527-530.
- CLARK, F. L. *Golden Friendships, &c.* London, 1884.
The Brontës and their Friends, pp. 128-159.
- Another Edition. 1889.
- CLAYTON, E. C. *Celebrated Women.* F'cap 8vo, 1860.
Dean & Sons, London.
- DAWSON. *A Day at Haworth; the Village, the Church, and the Brontë Family.*
This article occupies a large portion of "*Dawson's Todmorden and Hebden Bridge Historical Almanack for 1880.*" Todmorden. Cr. 8vo.
- FEDERER, C. A., L.C.P.
See Forshaw's *Poets of Keighley, Bingley, Haworth, etc.* Bradford, 1891, cr. 8vo, for an admirable article on the Brontës.
- GRAINGE, W. *Poets and Poetry of Yorkshire.*
Vol. ii., pp. 385, 469, 473 and 475.
Contains short notices and extracts from poems.
- GRUNDY, FRANCIS H. *Pictures of the Past.* London, 1879, 8vo.
Patrick Branwell Brontë, pp. 73-93.

KINSLEY, WILLIAM W. *Views on Vexed Questions.* Philadelphia, 1881, 8vo.

The Brontë Sisters, pp. 303-380.

— The Brontë Sisters. Lakeside. Vol. I., 1869, pp. 154-157.

MORLEY, HENRY. *English Literature in the Reign of Victoria.* (Tauchnitz Edition, vol. 2,000.) Leipzig, 1881, 12mo.

The Brontës, pp. 386-389.

ROSCOE, WM. CALDWELL. *Poems and Essays by the late Wm. C. Roscoe.* 2 vols. London, 1860, 8vo.

The Misses Brontë, vol. ii. (July, 1857), pp. 309-353.

SMITH, GEORGE BARNETT. *Poets and Novelists. A Series of Literary Studies.* London, 1875, 8vo.

The Brontës, pp. 209-250. Reprinted from the Cornhill Magazine.

SPEIGHT, HARRY. *Pleasant Walks Around Bradford.* 8vo. 1890.

Contains notices of Haworth and the Brontës.

SPEIGHT, HARRY. *Through Airedale, from Goole to Malham.* 8vo, 1891.

Contains notices of Haworth and the Brontës.

STUART, J. A. ERSKINE. *Literary Shrines of Yorkshire.* 8vo. 1892.

Contains notices of Haworth and the Brontës.

TOMLINSON, J. *Some Interesting Yorkshire Scenes.* Doncaster, 1865.

Contains references to Haworth and the Brontës.

TURNER, J. HORSFALL. *The Story of the Brontës; their Home, Haunts, Friends and Works.* Cr. 8vo. Idel, Yorks.

Part I.—Patrick Brontë and his Works, a full reprint, pp. 300, 1000 copies printed.

Part II.—Charlotte Brontë's Letters, printed verbatim, pp. 380, 1,000 copies printed.

All the copies of this work have been disposed of.

VIII. MAGAZINE ARTICLES ON THE BRONTËS.

- (a) PATRICK BRONTË.
- (b) CHARLOTTE BRONTË.
- (c) EMILY BRONTË.
- (d) BRANWELL BRONTË.
- (e) BRONTË SISTERS.
- (f) BRONTË HOME.

(a) REV. PATRICK BRONTË, A.B.

On Halley's Comet in 1835. See BRADFORDIAN, August 1st, 1861, p. 176.
For other references see BRADFORDIAN, Sept. 1st, 1861, p. 177.
The TIMES, 7th August, 1860, p. 12, col. 5. The same for 10th June, 1861, p. 5.
GUARDIAN, for 15th August, 1860, p. 734, col. 2.
The ILLUSTRATED LONDON NEWS, 22nd June, 1861, pp. 585-597.
LIFE OF JABEZ BUNTING, vol. 1.

(b) CHARLOTTE BRONTË.

BLACKWOOD'S EDINBURGH MAGAZINE, vol. 82, 1857, pp. 77-94.
BRITISH QUARTERLY REVIEW, vol. 25, 1857, pp. 218-231; same article, with portrait after Richmond, ECLECTIC MAGAZINE, vol. 42, pp. 145-153.
LITTELL'S LIVING AGE, vol. 45, 1855, pp. 396-397.
NATIONAL REVIEW, vol. 5, 1857, pp. 127-164; same article, LITTELL'S LIVING AGE, vol. 54, 1857, pp. 577-598.
LITERARY WORLD, Peter Bayne, vol. 21, N.S., 1880, pp. 232-234, 248-250, 264-266, 281-283, 296-298, 312-314, 328-330, 344-346, 360-362, 376-378, 392-394, 406-408; vol. 22, N.S., 1880, pp. 8-10, 24-26.
SATURDAY REVIEW, vol. 3, 1857, pp. 313-314.
ENGLISHWOMAN'S DOMESTIC MAGAZINE, vol. 2, 3rd series, pp. 136-140, 165-169; vol. 26, 3rd series pp. 159-164, and 214-217.
NATIONAL MAGAZINE, vol. 13, p. 548, etc.
HARPER'S NEW MONTHLY MAGAZINE, vol. 11, 1855, p. 128.
UNSERE ZEIT, LEOPOLD KATSCHER, 1880, pp. 734-752.
PALLADIUM, Sydney Dobell, Sept. 1850, pp. 161-175; afterwards reprinted in his Life and Letters, vol. 1, 1878.
NORTH AMERICAN REVIEW, Mrs. M. J. Sweat, vol. 85, 1857, pp. 293-329.
NEW MONTHLY MAGAZINE, vol. 95, 1852, pp. 295-305; same article, LITTELL'S LIVING AGE, vol. 34, pp. 417-422.
HOGG'S INSTRUCTOR, vol. 4, N.S., 1855, pp. 425-436; same article ECLECTIC MAGAZINE, vol. 35, 1855, pp. 407-418.
LITTELL'S LIVING AGE, vol. 45, pp. 723-732.
CATHOLIC WORLD, G. Cerny, vol. 3, 1866, pp. 836-841.
HOURS AT HOME, R. W. Gilder, vol. xi, 1870, pp. 183-187.

- GALAXY, A. B. Harris, vol. 24, p. 41, &c.
- MACMILLAN'S MAGAZINE, T. W. Reid, vol. 34, 1876, pp. 385-401, and 481-499; same article, LITTELL'S LIVING AGE, vol. 130, 1876, pp. 801-816, and vol. 131, pp. 289-306, 611-627.
- ECLECTIC MAGAZINE, vol. 24, N.S., pp. 699-715, and vol. 25, N.S., pp. 83-97, 192-212.
- FRASER'S MAGAZINE, J. Skelton, vol. 55, 1857, pp. 569-582; same article, ECLECTIC MAGAZINE, vol. 41, pp. 532-545.
- CORNHILL MAGAZINE, Leslie Stephen, vol. 36, 1877, pp. 723-739; same article, ECLECTIC MAGAZINE, vol. 90, pp. 178-189, and LITTELL'S LIVING AGE, vol. 136, pp. 23-24.
- CORNHILL MAGAZINE, W. M. Thackeray (a short paper signed W.M.T. prefixed to Emma, a fragment of a story by the late Charlotte Brontë). vol. 1, 1860, pp. 485-498.
- AMERICAN PRESBYTERIAN REVIEW, B. J. Wallace, vol. 6, p. 285, etc.
- THE BRADFORDIAN, Gerald Massey on Charlotte Brontë, January 1st, 1861, page 63.
- THE BRADFORDIAN, The Critics at Fault, June 1st, 1861, page 143, "Welcome Guest."
- SCRIBNER'S MONTHLY, Reminiscences of Charlotte Brontë, vol. 2, 1871, pp. 18-31.
- OXFORD AND CAMBRIDGE MAGAZINE, Brontë, Charlotte, and Thackeray, 1856, pp. 323-335.
- MODERN REVIEW, Brontë, Charlotte, and Jane Austen, A. Armit, vol. 3, p. 384; same article, LIVING AGE, vol. 153, p. 368.
- LIPPINCOT, Charlotte Brontë in Brussels, T. Wolfe, vol. 36, p. 542.
- LITERARY WORLD (Bost.), Charlotte Brontë's Novels, M. L. Henry, vol. 14, p. 276.
- MCCLURE'S MAGAZINE, On the track of the Reviewer: a true story of revenge, connected with the first publication of "Jane Eyre," Dr. Wm. Wright, July, 1893, p. 174.
- CORNHILL MAGAZINE, Poem, entitled "Memory," vol. 20, February, 1893, p. 185;
- GOOD WORDS, Andrew Lang, vol. 30, p. 236.
- MACMILLAN'S MAGAZINE, Mrs. Ritchie, vol. 63, p. 251.
- CRITIC, Defamation of Charlotte Brontë, M. V. Terhune, vol. 16, p. 313.
- HARPER'S NEW MONTHLY MAGAZINE, by Susan M. Waring, vol. 32, 1865, pp. 368-371.
- GENTLEMAN'S MAGAZINE, Reminiscences of Charlotte Brontë, F. H. Candy, N.S., vol. 43, p. 414; same article, LIVING AGE, vol. 183, p. 297.
- HOURS AT HOME, June to September, gives "Unpublished Letters by Charlotte Brontë." These have been incorporated in J. Horsfall Turner's volume on Charlotte's Letters.
- GREAT THOUGHTS, September 1st, 1894.
- HUMAN NATURE, A Phrenological Appreciation of Charlotte Brontë, San Francisco, October, 1894.
- SUNDAY MAGAZINE, June, 1894, p. 387.

(b2) MAGAZINE ARTICLES ON "JANE EYRE."

- QUARTERLY REVIEW, Jane Eyre and Vanity Fair, vol. 84, 1849, pp. 153-185; same article, LITTELL'S LIVING AGE, vol. 20, pp. 497-511.

- BOOKMAN, vol. 2, September, 1892, p. 176, The Quarterly Criticism on "Jane Eyre." Who wrote it?
- NORTH AMERICAN REVIEW, vol. 67, 1848, pp. 354-357, Jane Eyre.
- NORTH BRITISH REVIEW, vol. 11, 1849, pp. 475-493.
- WESTMINSTER REVIEW, vol. 48, 1848, pp. 581-584.
- FRASER'S MAGAZINE, G. H. Lewes, vol. 36, 1847, pp. 690-694.
- CHRISTIAN REMEMBRANCER, vol. 15, N.S., 1848, pp. 396-409; same article, LITTELL'S LIVING AGE, vol. 17, 1848, pp. 481-487.
- DUBLIN REVIEW, vol. 28, 1850, pp. 209-233.
- DUBLIN UNIVERSITY MAGAZINE, vol. 31, 1848, pp. 608-614.
- TAIT'S EDINBURGH MAGAZINE, vol. 15 N.S. 1848, pp. 346-348.
- REVUE DES DEUX MONDES, Eugène Forcade, tom. 24. série 5, 1848, pp. 470-494.
- SPECTATOR, November 6th. 1847, pp. 1074-1075.
- AMERICAN CHURCH REVIEW, Jane Eyre and the Rev. F. W. Robertson, by G. G. Hepburne, vol. 28, 1876, pp. 252-260.
- WIT AND WISDOM, April, 1887, The Story of Jane Eyre, 5 columns.

(b3) MAGAZINE ARTICLES ON "SHIRLEY."

- EDINBURGH REVIEW, vol. 91, 1850, pp. 153-173; same article, LITTELL'S LIVING AGE, vol. 24, pp. 481-489.
- LITTELL'S LIVING AGE, vol. 23, 1849, pp. 535-536 (reprinted from the EXAMINER).
- WESTMINSTER REVIEW, vol. 52, 1850, pp. 418-419.
- ECLECTIC REVIEW, vol. 26, N.S., 1849, pp. 739-749.
- DUBLIN UNIVERSITY MAGAZINE, vol. 34, 1849, pp. 680-689.
- DUBLIN REVIEW, vol. 28, 1850, pp. 209-233.
- ATHENÆUM, November 3rd, 1849, pp. 1107-1109.
- SPECTATOR, November 3rd, 1849, pp. 1043-1045.

(b4) MAGAZINE ARTICLES ON "VILLETTE."

- PUTMAN'S MONTHLY MAGAZINE, vol. 1, 1853, pp. 535-539.
- UNIVERSITY QUARTERLY, W. W. Kinsley, vol. 2, p. 233, etc.
- EDINBURGH REVIEW, vol. 97, 1853, pp. 380-390.
- CHRISTIAN REMEMBRANCER, vol. 25, N.S., 1853, pp. 401-443.
- ECLECTIC REVIEW, vol. 5, N.S. 1853, pp. 305-320.
- WESTMINSTER REVIEW, vol. 3, N.S. 1853, pp. 474-491.
- NEW QUARTERLY REVIEW, vol. 2, 1853, pp. 237-240.
- LITTELL'S LIVING AGE, vol. 36, 1853, pp. 588-592.
- ATHENÆUM, February 12th, 1853, pp. 186-188.
- SPECTATOR, February 12th, 1853, pp. 155-156.

(b5) MAGAZINE ARTICLES ON THE "PROFESSOR."

- DUBLIN UNIVERSITY MAGAZINE, vol. 50, 1857, pp. 88-100.
- LITTELL'S LIVING AGE, vol. 54, pp. 680-683.

(b6) MAGAZINE ARTICLES ON MRS. GASKELL'S "LIFE OF CHARLOTTE BRONTË."

- CHRISTIAN REMEMBRANCER, vol. 34, N.S. 1857, pp. 87-145.
- NEW QUARTERLY REVIEW, vol. 6, 1857, pp. 222-228.
- ECLECTIC REVIEW, vol. 1, N.S. 1857, pp. 630-642.
- WESTMINSTER REVIEW, vol. 53, N.S., 1878, pp. 34-56.

- AMERICAN CHURCH MONTHLY, vol. 2, p. 113, etc.
 CHRISTIAN OBSERVER, vol. 57, 1857, pp. 487-490.
 NEW MONTHLY MAGAZINE, vol. 110, 1857, pp. 317-335.
 LITTELL'S LIVING AGE, vol. 53, 1857, pp. 385-402 and 777-780;
 vol. 55, pp. 385-421.
 TAIT'S EDINBURGH MAGAZINE, vol. 24, N.S. 1857, pp. 292-295.
 FRASER'S MAGAZINE, J. Skelton, vol. 55, 1857, pp. 569-582, reprinted
 in 1883; same article, ECLECTIC MAGAZINE, vol. 41, pp. 532-545.

(c) MAGAZINE ARTICLES ON EMILY BRONTË.

- ACADEMY, J. A. Noble, vol. 23, pp. 340-368.
 SPECTATOR, vol. 56, p. 678.
 LITERARY WORLD (Bost.), vol. 14, p. 156.
 ATHENÆUM, A. C. Swinburne, 1883, vol. 1, p. 762.
 TEMPLE BAR, A. M. Williams, July, 1893, p. 431.
 BOOKMAN, A New Identification of "Wuthering Heights," T.
 Keyworth, illustrated, vol. 3, March, 1893, p. 183.
 ATLANTIC MONTHLY, "Wuthering Heights," vol. 60, p. 705.
 TEMPLE BAR, vol. 81, p. 562.
 POET LORE, "A Modern Stoic," A. L. Salmon, vol. 4, February,
 1892, p. 64.
 SUNDAY AT HOME, Poetry of E. Brontë, Florence Glover, November,
 1890, p. 106.

(d) MAGAZINE ARTICLES ON BRANWELL BRONTË.

- AMERICAN, vol. 10, p. 312.
 ACADEMY, J. A. Noble, vol. 28, p. 316.
 SATURDAY REVIEW, vol. 61, p. 25.
 THE MIRROR. An article by January Searle, December, 1872,
 pp. 278-279.

(e) MAGAZINE ARTICLES ON THE BRONTË SISTERS.

- CORNHILL MAGAZINE, Geo. B. Smith, vol. 28, 1873, pp. 54-71; same
 article, ECLECTIC REVIEW, vol. 18, N.S., pp. 287-299.
 LITTELL'S LIVING AGE, vol. 118, pp. 307-318.
 EVERY SATURDAY, vol. 15, p. 97, etc.
 TAIT'S EDINBURGH MAGAZINE, Currer, Ellis, and Acton Bell, vol.
 22; second series, 1855, pp. 416-423.
 LADIES' EDINBURGH MAGAZINE, vol. 4, N.S., pp. 433-445.
 SUN, Dr. A. H. Japp, vol. 4, August, 1891, p. 663.
 BOOKMAN, Brontë Portraits, illustrated, vol. 1, November, 91, p. 62.
 YOUNG WOMAN, W. J. Dawson, vol. 1, February, 1893, p. 173;
 March, p. 199.
 BOOKMAN, Brontës in Ireland, illustrated, vol. 5, November, 1893,
 p. 48.
 MCCLURE'S MAGAZINE, Stranger than Fiction, Unpublished
 Chapters from "The Brontës in Ireland," by Dr. Wm. Wright,
 vol. 1, August, 1893, p. 277; September, p. 341; October,
 p. 451; November, p. 535.
 NATION, A. Webb, Brontës in Ireland, Dr. Wm. Wright, vol. 57,
 p. 468.
 ACADEMY, J. A. Noble, vol. 44, p. 523.
 SPECTATOR, vol. 71, p. 873.
 BAPTIST MESSENGER, March, 1891, Anne Brontë's Hymns.

NEW REVIEW, April, 1894, W. W. Yates, Some Relics of the Brontës, p. 480-487.

DEARDEN'S MISCELLANY, June, 1861, contains an article on the Brontës.

(f) MAGAZINE ARTICLES ON THE BRONTË HOME.

LONGMAN'S, Home of Charlotte Brontë, L. B. Walford, vol. 15, p. 306; same article, LIVING AGE, vol. 184, pp. 424; same article, CRITIC, vol. 15, p. 271.

MONTHLY RELIGIOUS MAGAZINE, Visit to Home of Charlotte Brontë, vol. 31, p. 41, etc.

HOURS AT HOME, J. D. Sherwood, vol. 5, pp. 243-245.

ST. JAMES' MAGAZINE, Winter's Day at Haworth, W. H. Cooke, vol. 21, 1868, pp. 161-171.

CHAMBERS'S JOURNAL, 1868, fourth series, pp. 124-128.

LIPPINCOTT'S, The Brontës and Haworth, E. F. Wheeler, vol. 35, p. 496.

SCOTS MAGAZINE, Haworth and the Brontës, The Offspring of the Moors, James Wilkie, vol. 8, August, 1891, p. 196; September, p. 270; October, p. 356.

TEMPLE BAR, On the Yorkshire Hills about Haworth, vol. 19, 1867, pp. 428-432.

BROADWAY, The Brontës and their Home, vol. 3, third series, 1871, pp. 23-30; same article, PUTNAM'S MAGAZINE, vol. 6, N.S., pp. 278-286.

PEOPLE'S MAGAZINE, Haworth and the Brontës, June, 1867.

YORKSHIREMAN, Haworth and the Brontës, Bradford, 1879, pp. 312, 329, 343, 356, 388, 405.

CANADIAN MONTHLY, Birthplace of Charlotte Brontë, Georgiana M. Craik, vol. 9, 1876, pp. 264-267; same article, ECLECTIC MAGAZINE, vol. 23, N.S., pp. 183-186.

SCRIBNER'S MONTHLY, Visit to Charlotte Brontë's School at Brussels, vol. 3, 1871, pp. 186-188.

WOMAN AT HOME, Brontës at Brussels, by Fredericka Macdonald, with portrait of Emily Brontë, and other illustrations, July, 1894, p. 279.

ATALANTA, Dr. Japp, January, 1895.

SUNDAY MAGAZINE, Musings in a Yorkshire Valley, October, 1868.

CRAVEN HOUSEHOLD ALMANACK, 1868. Skipton. Edmondson & Co. Meeker, Claude, U.S. Consul, Bradford. An interesting article on Haworth and the Brontës, by Mr. Meeker, will shortly be published.

BRONTË REFERENCES IN "NOTES AND QUERIES."

Vol. XII.—Second Series, page 147.

„ IX.—Fifth „ „ 6.

„ XII.— „ „ „ 65, 234.

„ I.—Sixth „ „ 135.

„ I.—Seventh „ „ 170.

„ IV.— „ „ „ 152, 253, 505.

„ XI.— „ „ „ 125.

„ II.—Eighth „ „ 107, 179, 215.

„ IV.— „ „ „ 204.

„ V.— „ „ „ 487.

IX. BOOKS RELATING TO HAWORTH.

Although many of the following works have no absolute connection with the Brontës, the compiler has ventured to mention them here, as he believes that Brontë students may look with some interest on the books which relate to this neighbourhood.

BROWN, R. & F. A Descriptive Catalogue of the Brontë Relics in the possession of R. & F. Brown, 123, Main Street, Haworth. Cr. 8vo, pp. 12, N.D.

FAWCETT, JOHN (afterwards M.A., D.D.) Death of Eumenio. A poem with elegiac verses on the death of Mr. William Greenwood, late of Oxenhope, near Haworth, died 1779. Leeds, G. Wright, 1779, pp. 40, 6d.

FAWCETT & CRABTREE. The Reign of Death, a Poem on the Decease of the Rev. James Hartley, late of Haworth, by John Fawcett, with a Funeral Sermon on the same occasion by William Crabtree. Leeds. G. Wright, 1780, pp. 104.

GRIMSHAW, REV. WM., Haworth. An Answer to the Rev. George White's Sermon against the Methodists.

Reprinted in Myles' Life of Grimshaw.

HARDAKER, JOSEPH, Haworth. Poems, Lyric and Moral. 1822. Bradford, T. Inkersley, pp. 151, small 8vo.

— The Aeropteron, or Steam Carriage. 1830, Keighley, R. Aked.

— The Bridal of Tomar. 1831, Keighley, C. Crabtree, pp. 144, cr. 8vo.

HARDY, R. SPENCE. Life of William Grimshaw, Incumbent of Haworth. 1860, 8vo, London.

HARTLEY, REV. JAMES (Haworth). Two Discourses on the Death of Mr. Joseph Greenwood, at Bridge House, Haworth. 8vo., pp. iv, 44. 1755.

— Haworth. The Trial of Two Opinions Tried. 1767.

— A Sermon on the Death of Mrs. Beatson. 1774.

JENNINGS, WOOLLER. Sale Catalogue of the effects of Benjamin Brown, brother of Martha Brown, nurse in the Brontë family.

A large number of Brontë books, drawings, autographs, etc., were sold at this sale, which took place on 26th Jan. 1886. 4to, pp. 15. Bradford.

MYLES, W. Life and Writings of W. Grimshaw. 8vo, 1813.

NEWTON, JOHN. Memoir of Rev. Wm. Grimshaw, A.B., Minister of Haworth. pp. 187. 1799.

POWLEY, REV. MATTHEW, M.A., Vicar of Dewsbury. A Sermon preached in Haworth Church, May 23rd, 1791, occasioned by the death of the Rev. John Richardson, M.A., late Minister of that Church, 8vo. Leeds, J. Binns, 1791. 6d. Pp. 24.

SLEE, REV. ISAAC, Baptist Minister, Haworth. See "Reasons for Dissent," by the above. Hull, 1831, pp. 34, demy 8vo.

SMITH, REV. ISAAC, Incumbent of Haworth. Letter to Parishioners on his Suspension, 1737.

VENN, HENRY, A.M., Vicar of Huddersfield. Substance of a Sermon preached April 10th, [1763] in Haworth Church, on the death of the Rev. Mr. Wm. Grimshaw, A.B., Minister of that parish, with sketch of his Life and Ministry. Leeds, G. Wright, 1763, 8vo, pp. 36.

WHALLEY, REV. JAMES, Oxenhope The Wild Moor. 1869, pp. 104.

Descriptive of the Moor, and of Haworth people.

HAWORTH;
HOME OF THE BRONTES.





MAIN STREET, HAWORTH. THE "BLACK BULL" IN
THE DISTANCE.

BRONTË SOCIETY PUBLICATIONS.

PART II.

Haworth ;
Home of the Brontës.

BY

CLAUDE MEEKER

(UNITED STATES CONSUL, BRADFORD, ENG.)

WITH A PREFACE BY

BUTLER WOOD,

BIBLIOGRAPHICAL SECRETARY OF THE BRONTË SOCIETY.

*Reprinted from the "Cincinnati (Ohio, U.S.A.) Times Star," of
February 14th, 1895, by order of the Brontë Society.*

PRINTED BY

F. TREWEEK & Co., HORTON LANE, BRADFORD.

1895.

List of Illustrations.



FULL PAGE.

The "Black Bull" in the distance	..	Frontispiece
The Author		To face page 5
Haworth Old Church	..	„ 11
Birthplace of the Brontë Sisters		„ 14
The "Black Bull"	..	„ 19
Branwell Brontë's Chair and Corner		„ 22
The Waterfall on the Moor	..	„ 27
Haworth Parsonage	..	„ 30
Samuel Feather, the Brontë Postmaster		„ 35
Haworth New Church	..	„ 40

ILLUSTRATIONS IN THE TEXT.

				Page.
The Rev. Patrick Brontë	..	..	..	17
Old Flagons	..	..	..	33
Charlotte Brontë	..	..	..	37
"Keeper"	..	..	..	39



Preface.

THE following able and interesting article on Haworth and the Brontës was written originally for the "Cincinnati Times-Star," and appeared in the pages of that journal on the 14th of February last.

We are enabled to reprint it for the benefit of the members of the Society, and to issue it as Part II. of the Transactions. The article having thus appeared in newspaper form it was of course impossible to embellish it with plates, but thanks to the Author, illustrations representing localities and objects of interest mentioned in the text have been added; many of them being from drawings made specially for the purposes of this Paper.

The author, Mr. CLAUDE MEEKER, before his appointment to the important post of United States Consul at Bradford, was long and honourably connected with American

Journalism. He commenced his press career at eighteen, at twenty-one he was Editor and part proprietor of a successful weekly journal devoted to literature, art, and the drama; and since then has been a regular contributor of vigorous political and social articles to the "New-York World," "Boston Globe," "Washington Post," "Chicago Tribune," "St. Louis Republic," and other influential newspapers in the States. It is, however, with the Cincinnati journals that he has been most intimately connected, being at different times on the staff of the "Cincinnati News-Journal," "Enquirer," "Post," and "Times-Star."

Coming from the pen of such an experienced journalist as Mr. MEEKER, these pages are sure to prove interesting to admirers of the Brontës and their home, inasmuch as they present to us in graphic language the impressions of an exceptionally keen observer, and of one, who, as a sojourner amongst us, brings an absolutely open mind to bear on the men and things around him. He, however, like all who have previously visited the Brontë home, has fallen under the irresistible spell of the moorlands among

which he wandered. He has caught the true spirit of the heather-clad hills, and has consequently imparted some of its influence in his pages. We do not wonder at this. The moors in their loneliness and mystery, and the children of the soil, with their sturdy independence and strong individuality, were bound to excite his interest and arrest his attention; and although we naturally look for the appreciation which the case demands, this tribute to the genius of the three sisters cannot fail to be grateful to all interested in this remarkable family.

Mr. MEEKER's description of his visit to Haworth brings home to us the fact that the American people have been amongst the first to recognise and appreciate the writings of the Brontës. This appreciation has been growing steadily from that time to the present, and there is every indication that it will continue to do so. It is evinced not only in admiration of the Brontë writings, but in the frequent pilgrimages to Haworth by American visitors, and has been shown recently in a more tangible manner by the beautiful Memorial Window which has been placed by an American gentleman in the

new church to the memory of Charlotte Brontë. Mr. MEEKER, in the following pages tells that he has been enabled to trace the gift to the late Mr. George W. Childs, of Philadelphia, a gentleman widely known for his philanthropic work, and also for his efforts to provide fitting memorials for some of our great men of letters. We therefore welcome this contribution to the already extensive literature which is growing round the Brontë name, and venture to express the hope that the readers of this paper will be stimulated to encourage the efforts of the Society formed for the study of the Brontë works, and the preservation of the Relics of this gifted family.

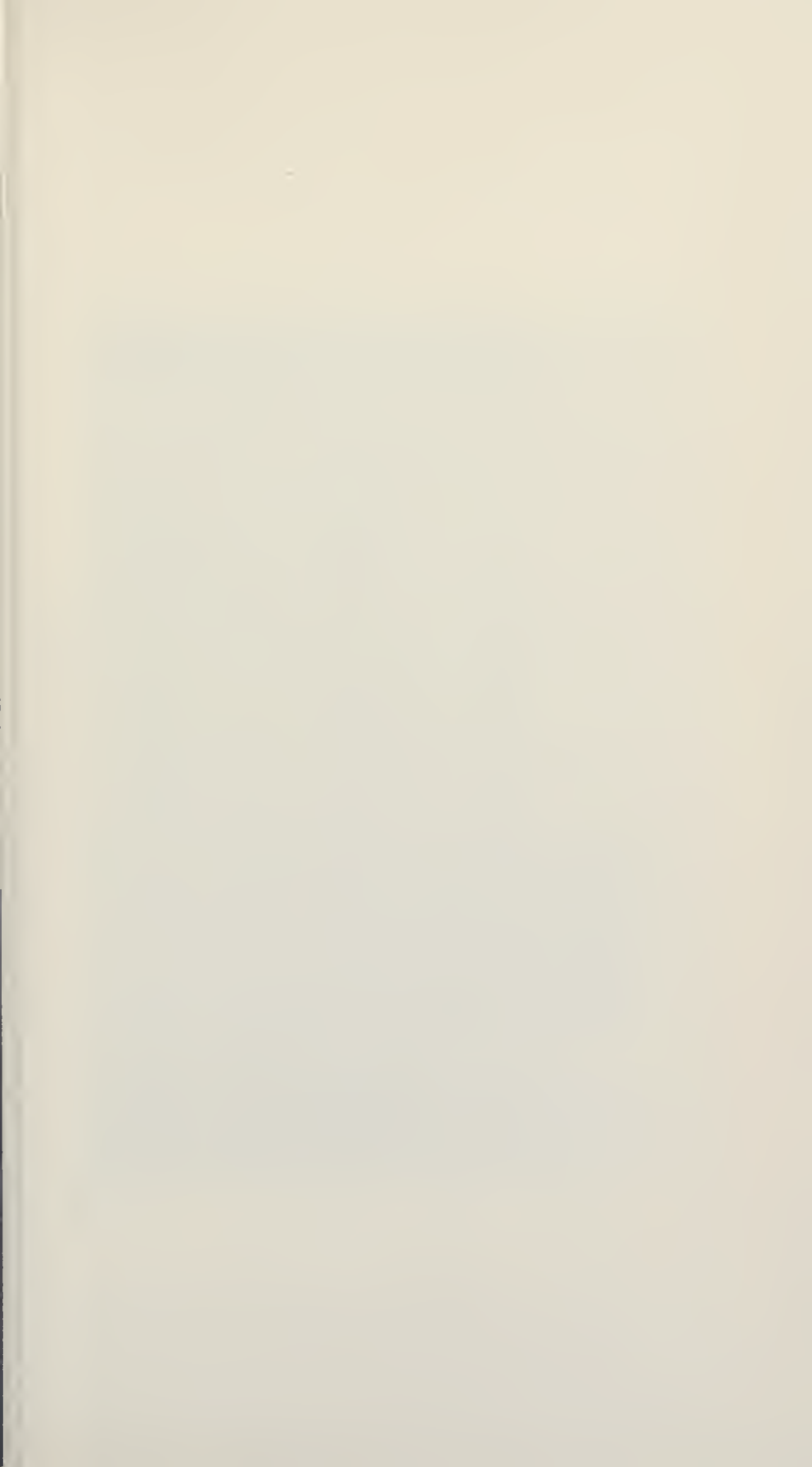
In a leaderette on the day the article was originally published, the following appeared :—

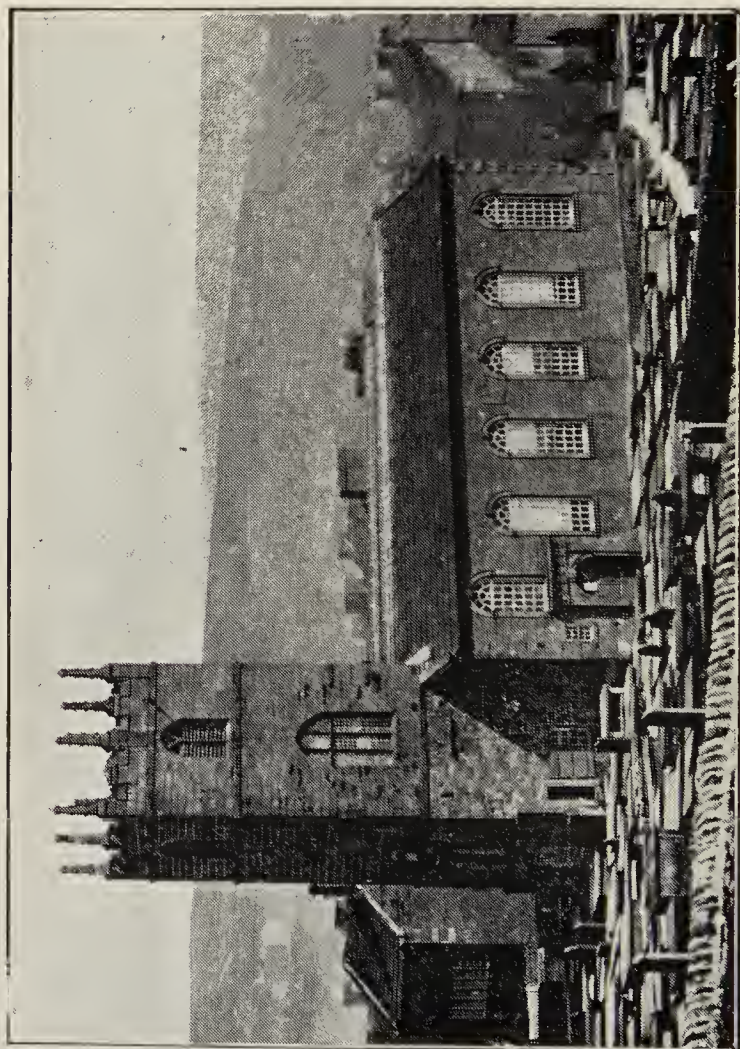
“On another page of the ‘Times-Star’ appears an elaborate article on Haworth, the home of the Brontës, from the pen of Mr. CLAUDE MEEKER, United States Consul at Bradford. It will be read with keen interest by all lovers of literature, who have been entranced by the pages of “Jane Eyre,” “The Professor,” “Wuthering Heights,” “The Tenant of Wildfell Hall,” “Villette,” “Shirley,” and other works of the immortal

sisters, and also by the generation that has thrilled under the spell of Maggie Mitchell's impersonations. What adds value to Mr. MEEKER's paper, which was written especially for the 'Times-Star,' is its geographical and historic accuracy as well as its rich literary flavour. Doubtless many readers of the article will instinctively draw a comparison between the Brontës and Cincinnati's famous sisters, Alice and Phœbe Cary, who were also products of the hills."



*The Author is indebted to Mr. J. J. Stead of
Heckmondwike, for permission to reproduce some of
the illustrations in the following pages.*





HAWORTH OLD CHURCH

Haworth ;

Home of the Brontës.

ONE of the attractions of Yorkshire is Haworth. It divides attention with the ruins of old abbeys, and many scenes linked with the historic past. Visitors to this mountain village home of the Brontës are attracted at all seasons of the year ; but it is perhaps most impressive in autumn, for then the surrounding moor is clothed in the purple glory of the heather, and you see it as Charlotte Brontë loved to see it, to talk of it, and write of it.

Bradford, the metropolis of the woollen and worsted industries, lays claim to being the capital of the Brontë country. A vicar of Bradford, at the beginning of the present century, was responsible for the meeting between the Rev. Patrick Brontë and the Cornish lady who became his wife; it was here the unfortunate Branwell Brontë studied art and was visited by his relatives. It was from this point that the sisters started on their stage coach journeys, and it was in Bradford parish that for half a century the Rev. Patrick Brontë performed his labor as a minister of the Church of England. It is Bradford, too, which claims the honor of forming the Brontë society, which, together with the recent publication of Dr. Wright's book, "The Brontës in Ireland," has aroused new interest in the celebrated sisters and their homes.

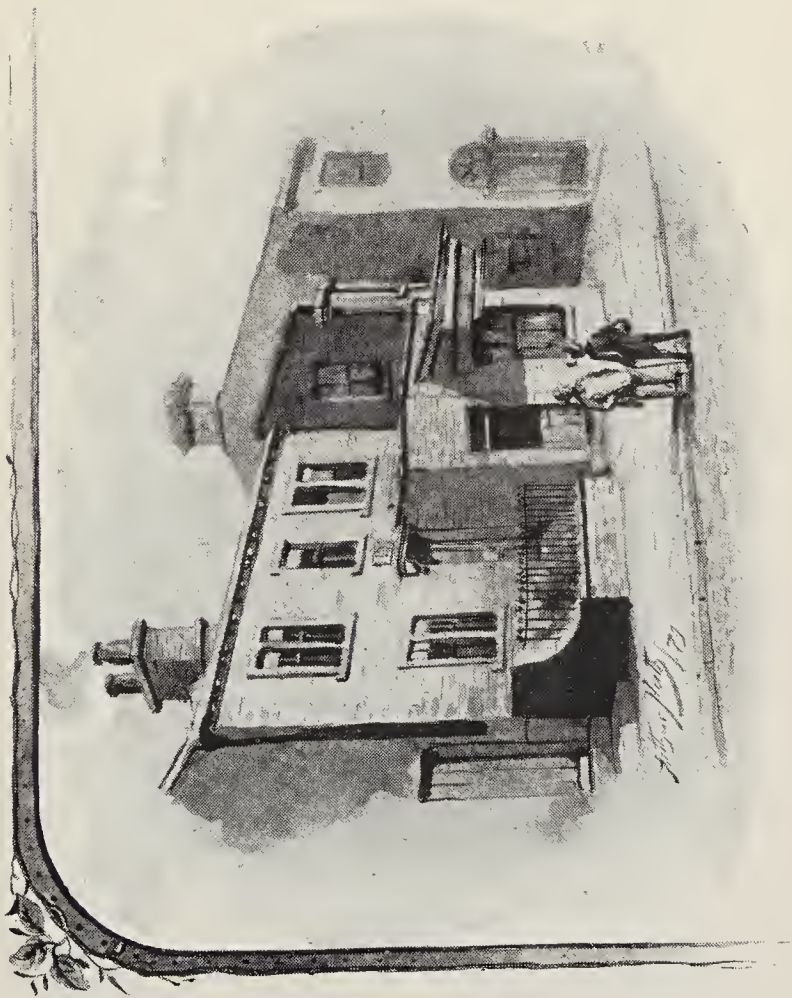
The fact that the Brontë country is not on the route of the tourists, is off the main line of travel, and almost free from the hurrying men with the red guide books, may lend an additional interest to the statement that a large sprinkling of the pilgrims to the Brontë shrine are Americans. Many of these devotees are not highly cultured nor of fine literary

tastes. Some of them pronounce the name as though it was spelled "Bront," but neither of these facts detract from the tribute they pay to genius. The strong pictures in "Jane Eyre," "Shirley" and "Wuthering Heights" have left lasting impressions on their minds. It is acknowledged, too, that the Americans have assisted Yorkshire and all England for that matter, to a more just appreciation of the Brontës and their works. A young lady from Boston, visiting an old county family, was impressed with this view. She desired to visit Haworth. The family coachman knew the place very well, but neither the hostess, her daughter, nor a young lady who accompanied them had the slightest idea who the Brontës were, though they resided within ten miles of the moorland home. At the same time the host, who laughingly told me this story, remarked that the complete Brontë works had been in his library for many years. The incident is suggestive of Mr. W. D. Howell's visit to New England and his search for the residence of Lowell.

There are many ways of reaching Haworth from many points. You can start from Bradford or Leeds and reach it by rail in a

short time. But if the reader cares to see a picturesque and charming country and to enter into the romance and sentiment of the occasion, let him take an hour or two in midsummer and drive the ten or twelve miles. My first visit to Haworth under these conditions was as escort to a party of ladies, one of them being the wife of a representative abroad of the United States Government. She has since declared though she has visited historic places in Great Britain and on the continent, though she has lingered at the tombs of great men—authors and statesmen, she has never been so impressed as with this drive through Yorkshire hills and dales and the sight of the barren and bleak old world village.

The country is hilly or mountainous—all up hill and down. Leaving Bradford it is bracing to drive over Cottingley moor. The cool air of the hill tops comes to you churned through the heather and more invigorating than any tonic. The blackened walls of the manufacturing town are left behind. You find green pastures where lazy sheep and gentle kine are partaking of the rich and juicy grasses. In the air there is the scent



BIRTHPLACE OF THE BRONTË SISTERS. THORNTON.

of new mown hay not yet gathered in. Now and then you see a quaint old-fashioned farmer's cottage, and his well tilled garden plot, and window decorations of potted flowers. Anon at a turn in the road a moss covered stone dwelling of modest proportions presents a pleasing variety to the eye. Rooks are playing about uttering their peculiar cries in the trees that overspread the old dwelling with their branches. The usual legend over the door informs the traveller that the wholesome looking elderly woman now in evidence is a "licensed victualler" and is also licensed to sell malt and other liquors. Saltaire is passed on the way. It is famous as the "Model Village" created by the late Sir Titus Salt. Its clean white stone paved streets; its famous schools and hospitals; its rows of substantial cottages inhabited by the Salt textile workers bespeak progress and an approximate contentment. To the right, nestling amongst the beeches, oaks and elms, is the Salt residence, noted at one time as a seat of hospitality. The Prince of Wales, Lord and Lady Coleridge and others have been entertained there. One can kill two birds with one stone by passing through

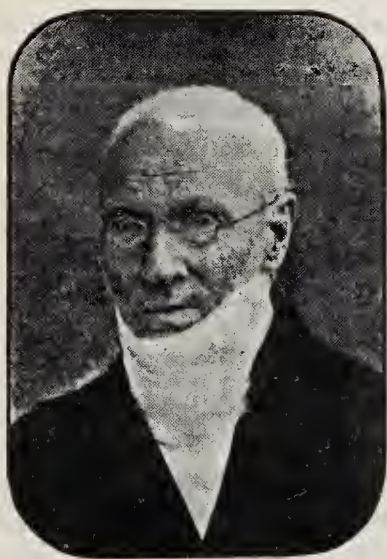
Thornton. Here the Brontë sisters were born. The driver, be he to the manner born, points out to you the site of the old church. The birth-place dwelling still stands, but its glory has departed. The front room is now a butcher's shop. The village itself has lost the rural air that at one time made it unique. The overflow of a great manufacturing town has deprived it of the individuality for which it was noted some eighty years ago when the little cavalcade of carts bearing the Brontë children and the Brontë possessions wound up its narrow street and over the hills to Haworth.

The residents have, however, a realizing sense of the importance attaching to their town on account of the association. Many of them have little trinkets and mementoes from the old dwelling.

A gentleman residing at Thornton offered as an extra inducement beyond the well understood age and quality of his wine, and fame of his Sunday roasts of beef, a sight of the genuine stone font at which Charlotte Brontë was christened.

Thornton is itself a village of antiquity. In its early history, according to the Domes-

day book, its name was spelled "Torenton," and is derived from the circumstance that the locality was once covered with brambles and thorns. In ancient times the turf of the surrounding moors furnished the inhabitants of Thornton with fuel, and there were laws preventing any but residents of the village from enjoying the privilege of gathering it.



REV. PATRICK BRONTË.

The Rev. P. Brontë took up his clerical duties here in 1814, when there were only twenty-three houses in the main street, three of which were inns. Much has been said of the bleak, desolate appearance of the landscape about Thornton, which is kept up pretty

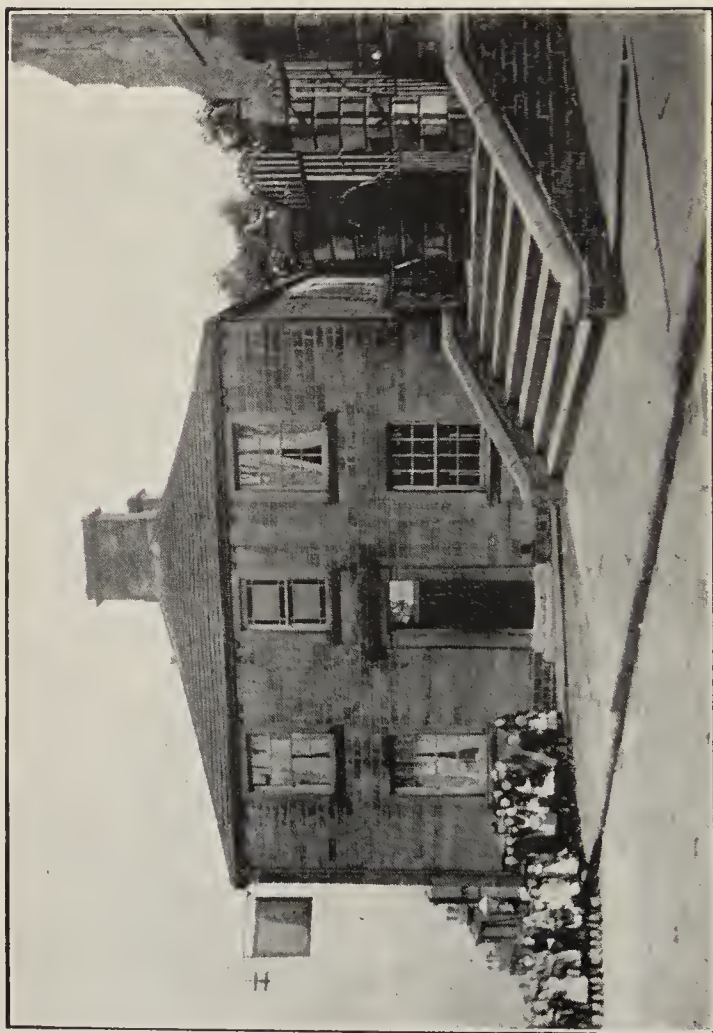
much all the way to Haworth. As you proceed on the journey the houses become fewer. There are some rich pastures in the

dales here and there, but the general outlook is dreary. The great black hills succeed each other in unbroken chains; on their slopes you may now and then see the bending form of a woman or child plucking bilberries, the one edible product of the moor, wild game, of course, excepted.

Houses are now few and far between, and of a most humble character. Crowds of children surround them, and one is reminded of the "Cotter's Saturday Night." The young barbarians seem to regard a carriage and pair as highly sensational and run with shouts to notify their elders. Mothers, usually with a child or two in arms, join them at the door.

As we near Haworth and come into sight of the narrow straggling village you feel from the general outlook you are approaching a town of no ordinary type; distinctiveness seems to be written on the humble houses, the queer shops, the very shape of the place. There is a certain eccentricity even in the zig-zag stone paved street extending from door to door on each side.

The character of these rough, rude, but not inhospitable people, as so graphically



THE "BLACK BULL."

portrayed in Mrs. Gaskell's pleasing history of the Brontës, indelibly impresses you. A survey of the scene verifies her story of the locality and the people.

In no place in England or elsewhere has Haworth a counterpart. It is a very old town. It has been said it was an Anglican township before the Norman Conquest, and has been attached to Bradford parish since that time. So far as I know there is no historic record of Haworth till A.D. 1296, when Godfrey de Haworth is mentioned as joint owner of four oxgangs of land in Haworth. The church is possibly of Norman origin, but there is no ground for the assumption that it was founded in A.D. 600, a mistake which has arisen from an obvious misreading of an inscribed stone in the tower of the church. The tower is not older than Henry VII.'s time.

A local antiquarian has found records of Haworth dating from the thirteenth century, and through wills and deeds on file at York many of the families of present residents can be traced back 400 years. Near it passes one of the highways of the county, once a Roman road, over which

the Roman Emperor Severus possibly swept with his legions on his way to York. Evidences of the Roman occupation are found hereabouts, and on the mountains are discovered remains of the ancient Britons known to Julius Cæsar.

Though a spur of the Midland railway now connects Haworth with the outer world, it has not taken from it its indescribable charm of extreme rusticity, of simplicity, of genuine unaffected ruggedness. New blood is seldom introduced to old Haworth. The advent of many factory operatives in the new portion of the town, next the great textile manufactories which here abound, have not robbed its people of their pristine Yorkshire vigor of speech, sturdiness of form and slowness of action. The river Worth, a mere babbling brook, surging and sighing and leaping over its rocky bed, was a crystal beck in Charlotte Brontë's time, and thousands of trout disported themselves in its sparkling waters. Now it rushes past the railway station, its waters of an inky blackness from the refuse of mills and dyeworks, and with an odour of chemicals arising from it. The speckled beauties have long since

disappeared from the poisoned stream. Long before the town is reached, the church looms up—a guide post—a beacon light leading you to the spot where the fated Brontë family lived, loved, sorrowed, and died.

The feeling of interest is intensified as you enter new Haworth under the walls of great manufactories, the ancestors of whose present proprietors, it is alleged, were characters in some of the Brontë novels. But the business was managed differently then. The product, instead of being whisked away in goods trains on the railway, was carried to market by pack horses or in lumberous carts over rough roads. You enter the village by the one narrow street which makes many curves before landing you at the goal. This street, except for the church and parsonage, is the curiosity of the place, and you travel it perhaps half a mile up hill all the way to the centre of the village where the church and inn stand together.

The fact may suggest to the followers of Lady Henry Somerset and Miss Frances E. Willard, Daniel De Foe's oft-times abused lines :

“Wherever God erects a house of prayer,
The Devil always builds a chapel there;
And 'twill be found on examination,
The latter has the largest congregation.”

The ascent of this street is so steep that it is with considerable effort even the pedestrian makes his way.

Our party was compelled to walk while the driver, with much difficulty, led his horses, which, stumbling, slipping and causing sparks to fly at every step, painfully drew the vehicle up the slope.

The shops along the street on either side are small and queer, none of them are over eight or ten feet square; the upper and some of the lower portions of the buildings being used for residential purposes. The street is paved with stone blocks edges up, and this pavement extends from wall to wall or door to door. In some places it is but six paces wide. There is no regular sidewalk.

The inhabitants take to the middle of the street and the honest carter converses with his neighbour as he leads his horse, drawing a load of coals, wood or fresh meat. At the last turn you see the sign of the “Black Bull” in the distance, and just to



BRANWELL BRONTË'S CHAIR AND CORNER.

the right of that, not a dozen feet away, is the entrance to the church.

Ah! the stories this old "Black Bull" could tell of royal revellers, of humbler spend-thrifts, of great dinners, of countless bumpers of beer and flagons of wine.

The history of the "Black Bull" seems interwoven with that of the village and church. It has been in the family of the present proprietor for a century, and he remembers "old man Brontë" well. The people of the inn conduct visitors to the bar parlour, as one of the rooms is termed, and there point out the chair in which Branwell Brontë used to sit. It is a heavy, uniquely carved piece of oak. It remains in Branwell's own corner. An empty glass stands on a little shelf, by it is an empty pipe, and a dangling bell cord and tassel within reach of the chair make the picture highly suggestive. It was in his own corner, with this chair as a throne, that Branwell Brontë, as oracle of the village, held forth. He was bright, witty, genial and reckless. His fame as a raconteur spread. People came from afar to hear his conversation, and he would be sent for on occasion to enter-

tain travellers with his lively sallies. What mattered it that he was breaking his sisters' hearts, crushing the proud spirit of his father, drowning his own abundant talents, and hurrying his body to an early grave? But Branwell Brontë is the patron saint of the "Black Bull." Though the landlord is not a rich man antiquarians may as well take notice that the chair is not for sale.

A visit to Haworth is incomplete without a dinner at the inn, where you will be served with a rare roast of beef cooked on a jack before the open fire, and by no means overlook mine host's old port. If in the season, you would do wrong if you omitted to order one of the hostess' bilberry pies or tarts, rich in red juices beyond my power of language to describe.

The "Black Bull" was doubtless the very inn which good Parson Grimshaw occasionally invaded, horsewhip in hand, to employ the lash as an argument in compelling his convivial parishioners to desert the shrine of Bacchus for the one over which he presided himself. And he usually succeeded, for he was held in terror, and at his approach the gay crowd at the inns fled in

every direction, while his appearance at the Sabbath horse races caused the jockeys to test the speed of their animals in a manner and direction far different from that anticipated at the outset. Yet his methods, eccentric as they may seem in the present times, were peculiarly adapted to his day and the vicinity in which he worked. He became known and respected by all England, and when he died in 1763 his funeral sermons were preached in both Haworth and London. It was to such a charge ruled by such a man that the Rev. Patrick Brontë in time succeeded.

Only the tower of the Church now remains intact otherwise the church has been torn down and entirely rebuilt. And in all the parish nothing has created more excitement. It was averred that the church was unhealthy; that the bodies buried under its floor made it a death trap; that it was ill-smelling, and redolent with poisonous vapours. However that may be, when the work of demolition was begun it could not have been more unpleasant for those responsible for the change, had a thousand buildings been torn down and involved them

hopelessly in the ruins. Brontë lovers assailed them. The press opened upon them vials of wrath; letters and telegrams came to them; antiquarians protested; churchmen ridiculed.

* * * * * The storm finally aroused the staid, stolid villagers, who protested against having obliterated the relics of those geniuses who had made their out-of-the-way mountain hamlet famous, and still attracted so many visitors from nearly all climes. An attempt was made to lull the storm by proposing to put a tablet in the New Church to Charlotte Brontë's memory. More vociferous, more continuous and higher pitched was the indignant chorus from across the Atlantic than from any other quarter. For that reason, perhaps, those persons responsible for the demolition of the old church, entertain or are said to entertain, feelings the reverse of agreeable towards Americans, who might, it is suggested, better employ their time in erecting some suitable Memorial to the Brontës, than by criticising the demolition of the old building.

There is an American memorial to Charlotte Brontë in Haworth Church however. It is the most prized of them all, and is



THE WATERFALL ON THE MOOR.

in the form of a window. The sexton's wife, who shows visitors through the church, stops before this window with a reverential expression on her face, and her voice is solemn and impressive as she says: "This window was presented by a rich American gentleman, on the condition that his name should never be known. Hundreds of people have tried to discover who he is, but his identity has never been revealed." The window is very pretty and in good taste. As one stands under it in the mellow light of the stained glass and in the all-pervading stillness of the church a feeling of awe steals over one not unlike that, perhaps, which animates the sexton's wife.

It has been my fortune to learn, quite by accident, how this appropriate and graceful tribute from the United States came to adorn Haworth church. A lady of literary attributes, whose husband held a position abroad under the United States Government, made a trip from a famous European city purposely to worship at the Brontë shrine. She was stricken with regret that, with thousands of Brontë readers and admirers in the United States, there was no little

memento from them in the church where Charlotte lay buried. It has been said that whenever there was some generous and noble deed to be done that the late George W. Childs could be depended upon. This lady made known to him the fact that the admiration of the readers of the great republic was not represented by any token in what might be called the Brontë mausoleum. As usual, in a good cause, the Philadelphia philanthropist accepted the responsibility and the expense, exacting but one condition—that his name should not be exploited as the donor.

His statue to Shakespeare at Stratford-on-Avon and the statue of Cowper at Westminster Abbey, have made his name known and honoured in England, but I venture to say that no purer and sweeter thanks have gone out to him for those generous gifts than from the humble devotees of the Brontës, who, gazing at the painted window in the little church at Haworth, say: "God bless this American citizen." And who can say their prayers have not been answered?

At the base of this window are inscribed these words;

"To the glory of God and the pleasant memory of Charlotte Brontë, by an American citizen."

The window is in three sections, each containing two subjects, one above the other, with a panel between containing this inscription :

"Inasmuch as ye have done it unto one of these my brethren, ye have done it unto Me."

The figures illustrate the following :

"I was hungered, and ye gave me meat ;

Thirsty, and ye gave Me drink.

I was a stranger, and ye took Me in ;

Naked, and ye clothed Me ;

I was sick, and ye visited Me ;

I was in prison, and ye came unto Me."

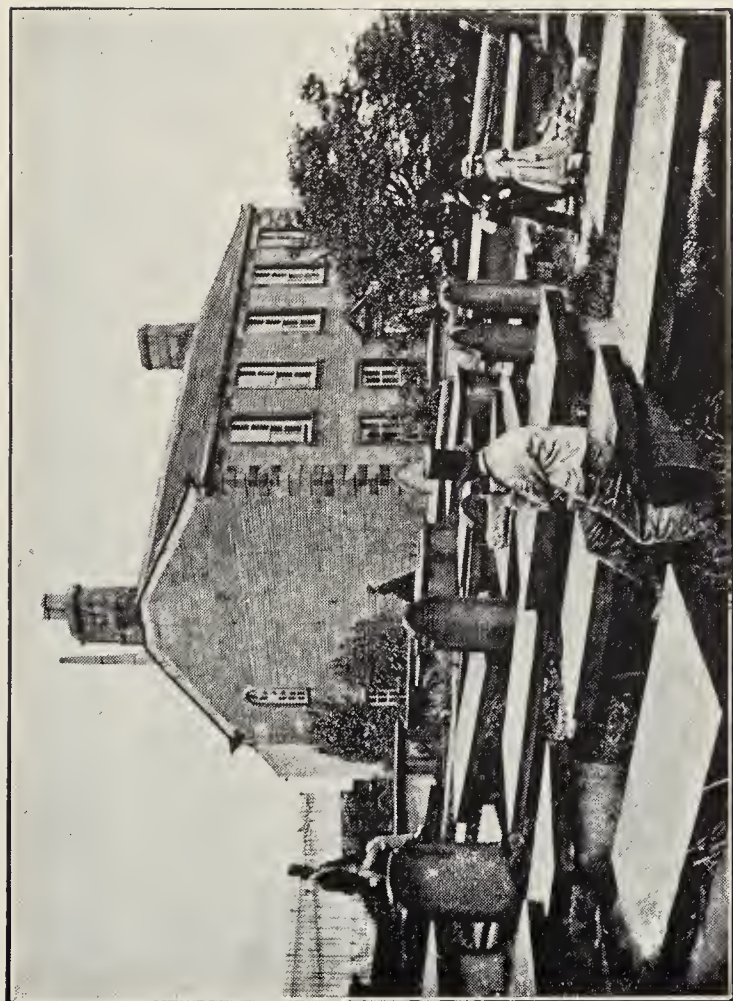
The tower of the old church stands as it did for years during the incumbency of Patrick Brontë, with a little added to its height. The lines in the masonry plainly show where the old and the new join. I have a picture of the old church that was sketched in 1879, previous to the destruction. The artist had chosen for his work the twilight hour of day, just as the shadows were stealing down from the brown moors and enveloping all in their mantle. It was twilight for the old church in a

double sense. It may be interesting to note that the last name on the visitors' record, where the artist recorded his own name on that occasion was "Bret Harte." The following epitaph on a slab in the old tower of the church related, no doubt, to one of the curates caricatured in "Shirley," and represented by a biographer as having at one time paid his addresses to Charlotte Brontë:

"This monument was erected in memory of the late Wm. Weightman, M.A., September 6th, 1842. He was three years curate at Haworth, and was greatly respected for his orthodox principles, active zeal and moral habits, learning, mildness and affability. His useful labours will long be remembered by the congregation, Sunday school leaders and scholars."

On the north side wall of the tower is fixed a marble tablet bearing these quaint references to the charitable deeds of the long ago:

"To the memory of the benefactors to the Haworth parish. Abraham Kitching of the parish aforesaid left 10s. per annum forever, to be divided yearly among the said poor. David Midgley, lord of the manor of Howarth, left a farm forever to clothe yearly ten poor children in blue, belonging to the said parish. Mr.



HAWORTH PARSONAGE.

Richard Pollard, of Stanbury, in the parish of Haworth, left £2 10s. per annum forever, to be divided on Christmas Day amongst the poor of the townships or hamlets of Haworth and Stanbury."

Adjoining the tower corner at the west end of the church on the south wall is the Brontë family tablet, showing the age of each and date of death, as appended :

Maria, wife of the Rev. P. Bronte, A.B., died September 17th, 1821 ; aged thirty-nine.

Maria, daughter, died May 6th, 1825 ; aged twelve.

Elizabeth, daughter, died June 15th, 1825 ; aged twelve.

Patrick Branwell, son, died September 24th, 1848 ; aged thirty-one

Emily Jane, daughter, died December 19th, 1848 ; aged thirty.

Annie, daughter, died May 28th, 1849 ; aged twenty-nine.

Charlotte, daughter, wife of the Rev. A. B. Nicholls, B.A., died March 31st, 1855 ; in the thirty-ninth year of her age.

Rev. P. Brontë, A.B., died June 7th, 1861 ; aged eighty-five, incumbent nearly forty-one years.

What a story this simple inscription tells of the total extinction of a family. Upon

the whole this little church, seating about 700 has a wealth of rich furnishings, memorials and stained glass, as well as of old associations.

A window with an interesting history has been dedicated by a gentleman locally known as "The Australian King," for the reason that he had gone to that far off country and made his fortune. It bears this inscription :

"To the glory of God and the memory of the Horsfalls and Sutcliffes of this parish. Erected by John S. Horsfall, of Melbourne, Australia,—, 1885.

Immediately in front of the chancel of the church, over the spot where the remains are supposed to be buried, is a brass or copper plate bearing this inscription :

"In memory of Emily Jane Brontë, who died December 19th, 1848; aged thirty years, and of Charlotte Brontë, born April 21st, 1816, and died March 31st, 1855."

This plate, I am informed, was placed there by the present vicar.

The white marble communion rail and pulpit were the gifts of the late George Firth, Esq., of Bradford, a gentleman well-known in the American trade.

A magnificent brass eagle with wings outstretched forms a Bible stand from which the clergyman reads the lessons. It was a gift to the Rev. Patrick Brontë in 1845 from Michael



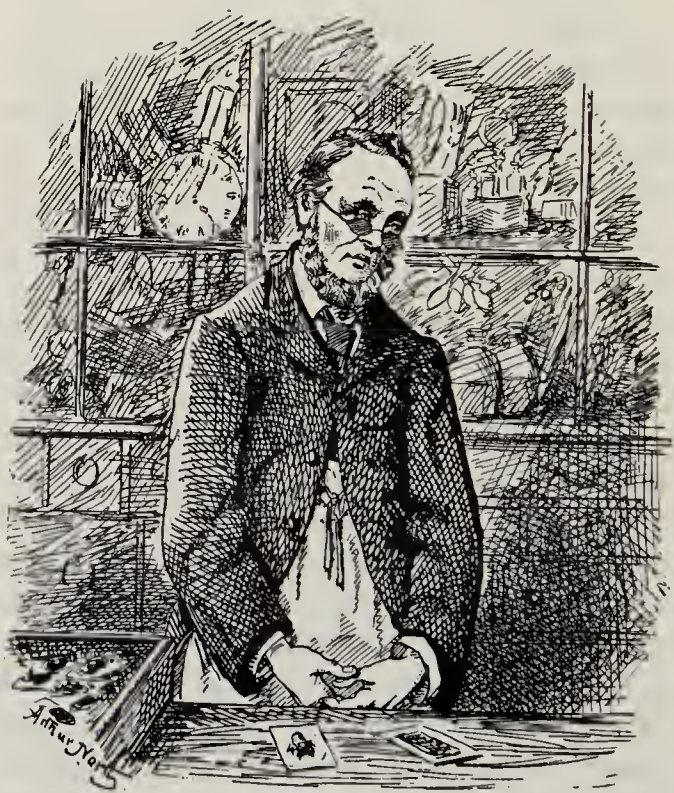
OLD FLAGONS.

Merrall, whose textile products were then, as are still the fabrics of his successors, largely consumed in the United States. A number of the memorial windows of the church have to do with various deceased members of the

Merrall family, one of them being a testimonial from Michael Merrall's workpeople.

One of the most imposing windows in the church is in the old tower, and contains portraits of the Butterfield family, members of which have for sixty years been noted as amongst the most enterprising of New York's importers.

Many wander through the churchyard groping among the old slabs searching for the tombs of Tabitha Aykroyd, who died in 1855, aged eighty-four, and Martha Brown, servants of the Brontë family, both of whom acquired reflected greatness through Charlotte's letters and her biographer's work. How weird seem these old churchyards with their crowded population of gravestones — their bench-shaped or coffin-like monuments. One is typical of all the rest in England, and a suggestion of them is to be found in Trinity churchyard, at Broadway and Rector streets, in New York. There is a mournful satisfaction in groping about amongst the prostrate slabs or coffin-shaped stones endeavouring to figure out the good qualities of loved ones of a century or two ago, though green moss in the chiseled lines and lichens help to



SAMUEL FEATHER, THE BRONTË POSTMASTER.

blot out many an adjective. One can wander out of the churchyard straight upon the moor. To drink in the sentiment of the occasion to the fullest depths one of the ladies of our party, who had purchased a copy of "Shirley" in a little Haworth shop, read a chapter seated on a rock along the path the authoress had travelled so many times when creating her characters. We walked some distance on this moor past stone quarries, and where there was no living thing in sight save now and then a wandering pewit calling its mate as it swept the heather with its wings.

A mile or two out is a waterfall, a miniature Niagara, and here it was Charlotte would often come to enjoy sweet solitude and to think. In this quiet retreat, with no sound, save the fall of the water, she loved to spend hours at a time, and work on her books. What was the influence of these moors, these bleak, desolate plateaus or mountain tablelands, upon the Brontë character?

Dr. Wright's work maintains that their power of narrative was inherited as a rich legacy from their story-telling grandfather,

old Hugh Brontë, and that their marvellous tales are his vivid stories, as he used to tell them in his corn kiln after nightfall, in new and finer raiment. Mr. Butler Wood, who can be considered an authority, in an address before the Bradford Scientific Association, advanced the proposition that the moorlands gave to the sisters' work the distinctive character for which it is noted. He quoted freely from their works to demonstrate this and observes: "We who have been reared in these remote valleys of the West Riding need not to be reminded of the potent yet undeniable fascination which the moorlands wield over us. The wide rolling tracts of heather are like the ocean in their apparent boundlessness, the bracing, vitalizing breezes, and the sense of freedom one feels in wandering over them, all contribute to this powerful attraction. We have roamed them from childhood and learned to look upon their wildest moods with a grim kind of pleasure."

Describing Charlotte's love for the moors Emily Brontë makes her say: "I dreamt once that I was in heaven, but it did not seem to be my home, and I broke my heart

with weeping to come back to earth, and the angels were so angry that they flung me out into the middle of the heath on the top of Wuthering heights, when I woke sobbing for joy."

Charlotte says of Emily's love for the moors: "Flowers brighter than the rose bloomed in the blackest of the heath for her, out of a sullen hollow in a living hillside her mind could make an Eden."



CHARLOTTE.

Again, speaking of her sister's death, she says: "There is not a knoll of heather, not a branch of fern, not a young bilberry leaf, not a fluttering lark or linnet, but reminds me of her."

Nothing can excel Charlotte's description of Jane Eyre's flight from the Rochester home and her first night on the moor, where the very solitude gave a sense of protection.

None of the sisters seemed to thrive

when away from her mountain home. Emily especially pined and drooped.

When teaching in Brussels or when attending school she longed for her native moors and seemed to fade day by day for love of them. It will always remain a mystery how these girls, reared in a mountain hamlet, with a graveyard at the front door, with broad, almost limitless, barren moors on every side, with neighbours of the roughest type, cut off from most of the refinements of civilization, with no society save their few books, with absolutely no knowledge of the world, could write and speak and think as they did.

When it is taken into consideration that the father, though a good man, was cold, austere and eccentric, always under the shadow of a great sorrow, spending little time with his children, the admiration of the genius that budded and blossomed under such circumstances is intensified. The old woman who nursed Mrs. Brontë (the mother) in her last illness throws further light upon the early love of the family for the moors. She informed Mrs. Gaskell that at that time the six little children used to walk out hand

in hand toward the glorious wild moors, the older ones taking thoughtful care for the toddling infants.

The parsonage has not been changed save that a wing has been added on the north. In the old part one can see the bookcases



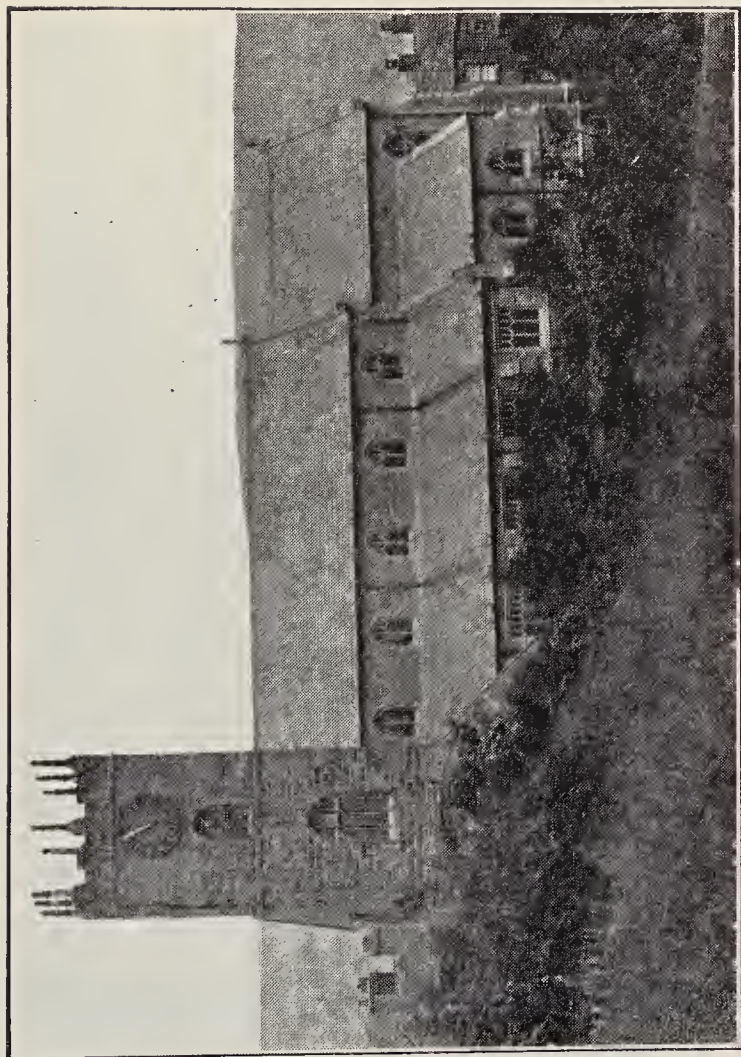
“ KEEPER.”

in the rector's study, the room in which Charlotte was accustomed to write, and, I am told, some of the furniture that was to be seen in the Brontë days. You can see the stairway down which Emily Brontë hauled her pet bulldog, “Keeper,” in the memorable battle for the mastery, in which she came out victorious. It re-

mained for the faithful brute to be one of the saddest, truest mourners for his dead mistress.

In the little jewellery shop in the main, narrow street of Haworth, Samuel Feather repairs watches and clocks, sells a few trinkets now and then, and disposes of many photographs of the Brontës and the scenes that knew them best. Mr. Feather, who is now a patriarch, was postmaster of the village when the Brontë girls were writing their immortal works. It is one of the great experiences of his life that he personally handled in the mails the manuscripts that Charlotte and Annie and Emily forwarded to Smith, Elder & Co. and other publishers in London.

I have looked out over these moors from the Haworth point of view in early spring, when the trees were showing their first buds, but the hills were still silent and black. I have seen them robed, as at present, in a mantle of whitest snow lying, in some places where it had drifted, many feet deep, and when Wuthering heights seemed enveloped in a huge protecting mantle of eternal white for Emily's sake.



HAWORTH NEW CHURCH.

I have seen them in early summer, when the sheep were taking advantage of tender sprouts here and there and the first green was appearing, and I have seen them in autumn, when the purple bloom of the heather makes the heart of the lover of nature beat faster with appreciation.

Charlotte Brontë wished her friends to visit her when the heather was in bloom, and all will agree with her that autumn is the season when the moors assert their supremacy in beauty. It is in winter when they are barren or clad only in snow that cruel, relentless and biting winds sweep over them, laden, it almost seems, with the icy sting of death. The persons that have perished in these moor storms have been immortalised in story and song. In leaving Haworth we can return by another route and drive to Keighley, an ancient town, in which the most prominent house now is "Cliff Castle," the magnificent summer residence of an American millionaire. In doing this we travel the same road which Charlotte trudged so often in all sorts of weather, a distance of four miles, to obtain books from the Keighley library.

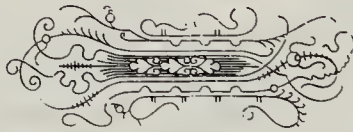
I am not a hero nor heroine worshipper, but there were traits of character in this remarkable family of wild moor flowers calculated to attract the attention of any investigator. They were themselves like their favourite plant. The moor flower is short lived. It shows signs of life late in the spring and is one of the first, exposed on the hilltops as it is, to feel the effects of blighting frost. Born on the moors the six Brontë children's lives were comparatively as short as that of their favourite heather. Death had his hand on them while yet at school—transplanted plants—and ere the autumn of life was reached all were gone, Charlotte, the eldest, dying last at thirty-nine. Her husband, the Rev. Mr. Nicholls. is now a very old man, residing in Ireland. He promises to further enrich the Brontë literature in manuscripts he will leave upon his death. The Brontë society has been formed for the purpose of keeping alive the memory of these famous Yorkshire authoresses, to emulate their virtues and to encourage others. A museum will be established at Haworth, for which interesting relics of the family have already been contributed, es-

pecially a large collection of the different editions of their works and everything it was possible to collect in the way of biography, newspaper and magazine comment. To this collection Miss Maggie Mitchell, of Elberon, N.J., who helped for many years as an actress to make the character of "Jane Eyre" well known to United States theatre-goers, has contributed a valuable collection of theatre programmes, giving the cast of "Jane Eyre" (as dramatised by C. W. Tayleure), character photographs and newspaper articles.

The society, though organised in Bradford, is not a local, but an international institution. Lord Rosebery was elected the first president, but could not accept the office on account of official duties. Lord Houghton now holds that position, with the Duke of Devonshire, Sir Isaac Holden, Bart., M.P., Sir Wemyss Reid, Rev. Robert Collyer and others as vice-presidents. The noted divine, Rev. Robert Collyer, of Brooklyn, himself a native of the Brontë district, is an active American member, as is also the authoress, Mrs. Laura C. Holloway Langford, of Brooklyn, whose book on

the Brontës created a favourable impression in England. Three Boston ladies are enrolled as members.

The society is for the book lovers of the world who believe in holding up to public view and perpetuating types of originality and genius which have found their most facile handmaidens in the Brontë sisters.



BRONTË SOCIETY PUBLICATIONS.

PART III.

CONTAINING

REPORTS OF THE PROCEEDINGS

AT DEWSBURY AND HAWORTH,

AND

PAPERS READ BEFORE THE SOCIETY.



PRINTED FOR THE SOCIETY BY
M. FIELD AND SONS, GODWIN STREET, BRADFORD.
—
DECEMBER, 1895.

The Council of the Brontë Society having decided to place on record the proceedings at Dewsbury and Haworth, the following account has been prepared for the use of the members. —It contains the full text of the papers read before the society by Dr. J. A. Erskine Stuart and Mr. W. W. Yates, together with a report of the addresses by Sir T. Wemyss Reid, and others, delivered at the opening of the Brontë Museum. The Editor is obliged to the Proprietor of the *Dewsbury Reporter* for permission to utilise his copious reports of the meetings of the Society for the purposes of this part of the transactions.

B. W.

December, 1895.

CONTENTS

	PAGE
First Annual Meeting at Dewsbury	5
The Brontës at Dewsbury: Paper by Mr. W. W. Yates	8
Brontë Nomenclature: Paper by Dr. J. A. Erskine Stuart	13
Opening of Brontë Museum at Haworth	19
Address by 'Sir T. Wemyss Reid	22

FIRST ANNUAL MEETING OF THE BRONTË SOCIETY.

On Saturday, December 8th, 1894, the first annual meeting of the Society took place at the Town Hall, Dewsbury. The Committee, under the presidency of Alderman Brigg, J.P., of Kildwick Hall, near Keighley, first met in the Council Chamber for the transaction of ordinary business. A letter was read from Mrs. Binns, of Saltaire, generously offering several interesting relics for the proposed museum at Haworth, and the Committee accepted the same with thanks. A number of members were enrolled, including Sir Reginald Graham, of Norton Conyers. At the general meeting which followed in the same place, there were fifty-four persons present, one-third of whom were ladies. There were members from Leeds, Bradford, Nottingham, Keighley, Halifax, Brighouse, York, Heckmondwike, Manningham, Dewsbury, &c. Alderman Pyrah (ex-Mayor of Dewsbury), who presided, was supported by Alderman Brigg, Alderman T. B. Fox, Alderman Richards, Dr. Erskine Stuart, Mr. F. Peel, Councillor Thornton, Mr. C. B. Crawshaw, Mr. W. S. Cameron, Mr. W. W. Yates, Mr. C. A. Federer, Mr. John Ingram, Mr. F. C. Galloway (Bradford), Mr. Butler Wood (Bradford), and Mr. J. Horsfall Turner (Idle).

The CHAIRMAN thanked the meeting for the honour done him in placing him in the chair, though he felt out of place, as he had come without invitation, and intended sitting as a listener. With regard to the society under whose auspices they were assembled, he knew little or nothing about it, but anything that interested the public of Dewsbury always had his sympathy and support. They had to thank the committee of the new association for holding its first annual meeting at Dewsbury.

[The annual report, a copy of which had been sent before the meeting to every member, referred to the steps which led to the formation of the society and a museum for the personal relics of the unique family at Haworth, and also mentioned many interesting relics which have come to hand through the efforts of the committee. The

report concluded—"We venture to hope that the present report of the first year's work will not only gratify the goodly number of subscribers who have already joined, but will induce a large number to become members."]

Mr. W. W. YATES, in moving the adoption of the report, said the committee had obtained many promises of valuable relics of the Brontë family, and were also in negotiation for the purchase of others. They were also just about to enter upon the premises at Haworth which had been placed at their disposal by the Yorkshire Penny Bank for the purposes of the museum.—Alderman RICHARDS seconded the proposition, and the motion was carried.

Mr. F. C. GALLOWAY, in presenting a financial statement, said that there were 156 annual subscribers of 2s. 6d. each, seven life members of two guineas each, a subscription from Mr. C. Milnes Gaskell of 10s, and that the whole, with interest, amounted to £34 16s. 6d. After paying all expenses they had a balance in hand of £27. Since the balance-sheet was issued the membership had increased. For the establishment of a museum they had received £13 7s. 6d., but there were other promises, one of £10 from Lord Houghton, the president of the society.

The CHAIRMAN, who moved the adoption of the report, said it was satisfactory to note a balance in hand at the end of the first year.—Mr. J. INGRAM seconded the motion, and it was carried.

On the motion of Mr. Butler Wood, seconded by Alderman Fox, the following were appointed the committee for the next twelve months:—Alderman Brigg, J.P., Mr. J. Arthur Binns, Mr. J. J. Brigg, Mr. W. S. Cameron, Miss Cockshott, Dr. Dobie, Mr. T. T. Empsall, Mr. C. A. Federer, Mr. J. F. Greenwood, Mr. Councillor Jennings, Mr. J. J. Stead, Mr. W. E. B. Priestley, Rev. Canon Lowther Clarke, Mr. Frank Peel, Mr. J. H. S. Redman, Mrs. C. E. Sugden, Mr. John Waugh, C.E., Mr. W. W. Yates, Dr. J. A. Erskine Stuart, and Mr. J. Horsfall Turner.

Dr. STUART mentioned Sir Reginald Graham as a suitable gentleman to be placed on the list of vice-presidents, and the meeting recommended him to be placed on such list.

Alderman BRIGG, in acknowledging a vote of thanks to the committee for their services, said the birth of new societies could be compared to the birth of children, inasmuch as there was generally a large mortality rate amongst children under one year of age. In the first year however of the Brontë Society very marked progress had been made, and very valuable work had been done; indeed, the success had been greater than was anticipated by the promoters. The society had been established on proper lines, and the committee had worked most amicably together. The work in connection with the museum had also been carried on in a very satisfactory manner. The building for the reception of the relics of the Brontë family was, as they had heard, completed, and they were now waiting to take possession from the Yorkshire Penny Bank authorities. The building was on a suitable and central site, and the gifts already received and promised were both valuable and interesting. It seemed to him that it was very fitting to hold their first annual meeting at Dewsbury, for the town and district were associated with the lives of the Brontë family; and again, the existence of the society was mainly due to a Dewsbury gentleman, Mr. W. W. Yates. He was bound to say that the people of Haworth and district ought to feel ashamed of themselves for not seeing to the formation of such a useful society before now. He gave several instances showing the apathy of the people in the past in regard to such a movement, and said that now, however, there was a new spirit rising, a new generation, in fact, who were willing and anxious that the Brontë name should be perpetuated in as suitable a manner as possible. The people of Haworth, as well as those in other parts of Yorkshire, were desirous that the museum should contain a collection of relics which would be worth while for people to travel from any part to see.

Mr. W. W. YATES then read a paper on "Dewsbury and the Brontës," and this was followed by one on "The Brontë Nomenclature," by Dr. Erskine Stuart. [Both are given in full on another page, together with some remarks upon them by the Vicar of Dewsbury]. A hearty vote of thanks was accorded to the Mayor and Corporation for the use of the Council Chamber.

Mr. JOHN PATCHETT, of Undercliffe, offered to the society a portrait, in oil, of Charlotte Brontë, by her brother Branwell. On the motion of Alderman

RICHARDS, Mr. Patchett was thanked for his generous gift. Mr. C. A. FEDERER, also offered to the society a number of valuable books, which were received in a similar manner.

Messrs. Wood, Turner, and Galloway having been thanked for their services, the meeting terminated with a vote of thanks to Alderman Pyrah. An adjournment was then made to the Mayor's Reception Room, where an excellent tea was served by Mr. A. Bell, of Savile Town.

Relics relating to the Brontë Family, exhibited by Mr. J. Ingram, as well as the old registers bearing Patrick Brontë's signature, placed for the inspection of the members by the Vicar of Dewsbury, proved of great interest, as did also a valuable collection of autographs lent and shown by Mr. P. F. Lee, secretary of the Dewsbury and District Technical School.

DEWSBURY AND THE BRONTËS.

[A paper read by Mr. W. W. Yates, Fellow of the Institute of Journalists. The two views, one of the vicarage of Dewsbury, where for some time Mr. Brontë lodged, and the other of the old Parish Church in which he officiated, are from engraved blocks, kindly lent to the Society by Messrs. Joseph Ward & Co., printers, Caxton Square, Dewsbury.]

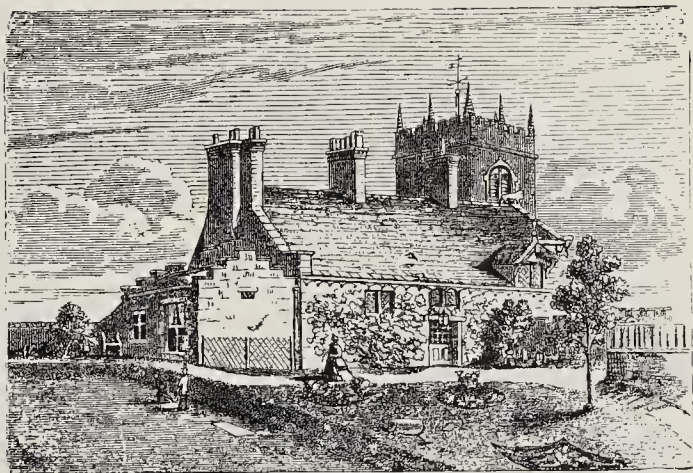
It is to me, ladies and gentlemen, a very great pleasure to meet you in Dewsbury, at this, the first annual gathering of the Brontë Society, an organisation which I hope and believe will justify its establishment by becoming, in the not remote future, something like a counterpart of that noble institution at Stratford-on-Avon, the memorial of the greatest of our poets, Shakespeare.

There is a peculiar fitness in the selection of Dewsbury as the place of meeting, for within the borders of this parish he who became the father of the Brontës—Charlotte, Emily, Anne, and Branwell—laboured some time, giving faithful service as a clergyman. Compared with two at least of his talented children, Patrick Brontë occupies but a humble position in the literary world; still, I hope to be able to shew that there is much to interest people of culture, as well as the public at large, in what he did here in his early manhood, and that he was worthy of and gained admiration and respect. About Mr. Brontë, when he left for other spheres of labour, I have little to relate. Let others take up the work of tracing his career, and I doubt not that with patient investigation it will be found that there was much more in him than writers on the family have led us to believe; that he was more lovable and less self-engrossed than he has been described; a better husband also, and a better father; in fact that he



DEWSBURY PARISH CHURCH

At the time of Patrick Brontë's curacy.



DEWSBURY VICARAGE

At the time of Patrick Brontë's curacy.

fulfilled the promise of the man we shall find he was in Dewsbury. Those who live in this locality feel an interest in Mr. Brontë, apart from the fact that he was the parent of two women of high literary distinction. It was in Dewsbury that he completed his career as a curate, it was from here, on the presentation of the vicar, that he went forth to take charge of a parish of his own, that of Hartshead, itself within the boundary of the mother parish of Dewsbury; and whilst here he identified himself in his characteristic and impetuous way with the people amongst whom his lot was cast, loving the poorest best, and doing his duty as a straightforward and courageous citizen. In Dewsbury, too, for a time, lived Charlotte Brontë, perhaps the most talented of his children, and to Dewsbury, for long generations to come, pilgrims from all parts of the civilised world, while failing not to direct their steps to Haworth, the scene of her maiden and married life, the home where she wrote and worked with brother and sisters, seeing them alas! one by one pass away, will wend their way to the hills and dales around us, to the old town in which we are now assembled, to trace her footsteps and those of her father, to look at the many scenes and places she has depicted, and to mingle amongst the descendents of the strong-minded West Riding folk she described with such skill and power.

What I have stated, so far, touches but the fringe of the Brontë connection with the parish of Dewsbury, which in Saxon times, according to Dr. Whittaker, had an estimated area of four hundred square miles. On the south and west its boundaries included Thornhill, Kirkheaton, Kirkburton, Almondbury, and Huddersfield, and extended northwards to Whalley parish in Lancashire, embracing within its limits the present parishes of Mirfield, Halifax, and Bradford. In this connection it is worth mentioning that the first five parishes and the last, have long paid, and still pay an annual tribute to the vicar of Dewsbury. I claim that there exists a strong and peculiar connection between our parish and the Brontës. Before the young clergyman left Hartshead he had espoused Miss Branwell, and two children, Maria and Elizabeth, were born to them. In 1815 he effected an exchange of livings with the Rev. Thomas Atkinson, vicar of Thornton, where he remained some years, and the family was increased by the births of Charlotte in 1816, Patrick Branwell in 1817, Emily in 1818, and Anne in 1819, all first seeing the light in our ancient parish.

Patrick Brontë came to Dewsbury from his first curacy at Wethersfield, Essex, in 1809, leaving, says Mr. Birrell, in one of the earlier months; but his name does not figure in the register books at our old church until the 11th of December, on which day he appears to have united in marriage one John Senior to a Miss Ellen Popplewell, both of Dewsbury, the ceremony being witnessed by John Fozard and Thomas Smith, the latter the Parish Clerk. It has been stated in print more than once that Mr. Brontë obtained the living of Hartshead in 1810; but that cannot be correct, for up to March in the succeeding year his name often appears in the Dewsbury registers. In all probability he was presented in February 1811, as the baptismal records at Hartshead Church (from which I was kindly furnished with extracts some years ago by the Rev. Thomas King, the present vicar) show that Mr. Brontë first officiated there on the 3rd of March, 1811, signing "P. Brontë, minister." It is a singular circumstance that under date the 11th of that month his signature appears in the

Dewsbury register book as "P. Brontë, curate," evidently an act of forgetfulness on his part.

Beyond what has been published in the columns of the *Dewsbury Reporter* from time to time, a portion of which Dr. J. A. Erskine Stuart has honoured me by incorporating in his interesting book, *The Brontë Country*, there is not much that is new to relate of the career of the Irish curate. During part of the time he resided in Dewsbury Mr. Brontë lodged with the Rev. John Puckworth, at the vicarage, occupying separate apartments, and he quickly learned to love that estimable and able pastor. After a stay of about ten months he went to reside at a house in Priest Lane (now Church Street) beneath which was a well, constructed, there is reason to believe, in the time of the Roman occupation, a residence afterwards tenanted by a man of considerable mark in these parts, Mr. Elliott Carrett, attorney-at-law. These brief particulars I obtained from Mrs. Carrett, his daughter, who died recently in Sheffield. I regret to say that neither the vicarage, the ancient wellhouse, nor the well itself now exist. Mr. Brontë was described to me many years ago by one who knew him well at Hartshead, if not at Dewsbury, as tall and thin, yet of good figure; remarkable for agility and strength, and for his walking powers; not of social disposition,—that is, he did not court the society of the well-to-do who were fond of entertaining, nor would he oft accept their invitations. But with those he liked, Mr. Brontë was free, and frank, and cheerful. A few years ago I learnt from Mr. Mark Newsome, Dewsbury, that he was a not unfrequent visitor at Nab End, Soothill Upper, the residence of Mr. Fox.

It was often remarked of Mr. Brontë that, though somewhat shy in company, he quickly became talkative when matters of political or religious importance were being discussed, and that he was inclined to be intolerant with insistent opponents. Was it to be wondered at that he was not a favourite with men, many of them quite as intolerant as himself, apt to look down upon the young cleric, and, despite his "book larnin'," to describe him as "that Irish curate?" With children, though, he was an especial favourite, for in their company all reserve vanished, and he was a boy again. With their mothers Mr. Brontë was best acquainted in his character as a cottage visitor, holding as he did, many services in humble dwellings. He lived plainly, oatmeal porridge forming a large portion of his daily diet, and for a man of limited means was accounted a liberal giver to the poor and needy. I have not been able to ascertain whether he published anything whilst in Dewsbury. The volumes of the *Cottage Magazine* for 1810-11, might throw light on the subject; but he frequently wrote verses, and sometimes used to pace to and fro in the vicarage garden, paper and pencil in hand, stopping at times to jot something down. He dared the perils of authorship, however, soon after leaving this town. About Mr. Brontë's doings in Dewsbury a few anecdotes exist, and those I am about to relate can be relied upon as authentic, as can two or three more of which I have the particulars: One Sunday he heard the Parish Church bells being rung, and not for service,—the ringers were commencing a practice-peal, as a contest was to take place the following day. The men doubtless thought they would be able to complete the task. They had reckoned without their host, however, for Mr. Brontë, seizing his favourite stick, a shillalagh, darted out of the vicarage, and running swiftly up the steps of the tower he stopped the astonished ringers, and drove

them all out, at the same time giving them an admonitory warning, which they would interpret as meaning, "Dare to do the like again!" This was in 1810, or late in the preceding year.

Another instance of his alertness and courage was shown in the summer of the year named, on the occasion of the Parish Church School Anniversary. The children were being taken in procession to Earlsheaton, as was customary in those days, to sing on the village green, and as they were proceeding along the scarp of the hill a tall, determined-looking and athletic man, well known in the neighbourhood as a bully, and who was not quite sober, deliberately placed himself in front of the column, with the intention of checking its progress. Mr. Brontë was a few yards away, but taking in the situation at a glance he ran forward, and seizing the fellow with one hand by the collar, flung him to the side of the road, and then telling his timid young charges to go forward, walked along as if nothing unusual had happened, leaving the rude obstructionist agape with astonishment. Earlsheaton green was reached in due course, the selected hymns were sung, and then the column was re-formed and commenced the return journey to Dewsbury; not without trepidation among the children, for word had been brought that the terrible man was waiting for them, and that he had declared his intention of "threshin' t' parson." Mr. Brontë, learning this, calmly put himself at the head of the procession, and soon the fellow was seen near the place where he had stopped them. He scowled from the side of the road at children and clergyman passing along, and was supported by three or four rough companions, but having taken wise counsel with himself he remained there, and nothing further occurred to mar the pleasure of the day. The encounter was much talked about, and Mr. Brontë's conduct met with the universal approval of the townspeople.

Another adventure exhibiting promptitude and pluck was his rescue of an imbecile boy from the river Calder, then in full flood. Some teasing companions had pushed the lad in wantonly, or caused him to lose his foothold on the bank in Watergate, and then screamed in affright at what they had done. Mr. Brontë luckily was near at the time, and though unable to swim. I am told, he plunged into the swirling stream and brought the drowning boy safely to bank again. Not content with that he took the little fellow home to Dawgreen, gave a lecture to his two mischievous and thoughtless playmates, and then, and not until then, did he go home to change his soaked apparel. Before leaving Dewsbury Mr. Brontë had become a power in the town, and Mr. Buckworth felt he had abundant justification for giving him the living of Hartshead, with its larger responsibilities.

CHARLOTTE BRONTË.

About the connection with Dewsbury of the author of *Jane Eyre*, and in this district at all events, of that equally favourite novel, *Shirley*, I regret to say I am not able to furnish many particulars. I had hoped to induce three aged ladies who remember her well—Mrs. Abm. Hirst, of Roberttown, and the Misses Smith, of Dewsbury Moor—to come to this meeting, that the members of the Brontë Society might learn something of the gifted little woman from their own lips, but have failed in my effort. However, I have had the pleasure of

interviewing each, and was told what Charlotte was like as a girl, timid and shrinking; and as a woman, earning her living as a teacher at Healds House, Dewsbury Moor, where she was remarked as being shy and retiring, yet self-possessed, fulfilling her duties, but apparently having little pleasure in their performance. It would be unpardonable were I to attempt to enrich this paper with particulars respecting Charlotte Brontë's connection with Dewsbury, culled from the pages of others, and I confine myself, therefore, to relating what I have ascertained from personal enquiry. We know she was a pupil at the school at Roehead, Mirfield, kept by Miss Wooler. The expense of her education there was borne by her God-parents—the Rev. Thomas Atkinson, vicar of Hartshhead, and Mrs. Atkinson, his wife—with whom Charlotte often stayed when the work of the week at Roehead was over. They lived at Green House, Mirfield, there being then no vicarage at Hartshhead. Mr. Atkinson held the living from 1815 till 1866, and his death occurred on the 28th of February, 1870. I am told that Charlotte did not visit her God-parents in her womanhood, for the reason that an estrangement arose on the name of the authoress of *Jane Eyre* becoming known to Mrs. Atkinson who was of opinion that Charlotte had been too hard on the clergy; besides, the good lady did not approve of a woman writing novels, and such a novel!

In 1836 Miss Wooler removed to Healds House, Dewsbury Moor, and was accompanied to her new school by Charlotte, and several pupils. It was whilst here that the elder Miss Smith frequently saw her, often when in charge of the girls, walking out for exercise, or going with them to and from church. They attended that at Dewsbury Moor dedicated to St. John, and of which the Rev. John Payne, formerly of Bentley, near Doncaster, was vicar. This gentleman kept a school at Dewsbury Moor, and I have warrant for stating that Mr. Thos. Freeman Firth, of Heckmondwike, was one of his pupils, and another our respected chairman, Mr. John Brigg, of Kildwick Hall.

On Sunday evenings Charlotte often went to service at the old Parish Church of Dewsbury, where her father had officiated as curate, and on these occasions a youth named Robert Smith, son of a local farmer, and brother of the two ladies I have mentioned, was told off as her protector. On several occasions, as he related to me many years ago, he drove her to Gomersal, when she paid visits to Mary Taylor, of Red House, and also to Birstall, to see Miss Nussey. The former died not long ago, but Miss Nussey is still with us.

BRANWELL BRONTË.

Was this talented and misguided young man ever in Dewsbury? I have been unable to ascertain that he was. We have, however, here to-day through the kindness of Mr. John Ingram, of this town, some specimens of Branwell's skill as a painter; one being a portrait of Mrs. Ingram in her girlhood, and accounted a very good likeness. This lady has given me some interesting particulars of the life of Branwell during the twelve months she knew him, and which certainly do not exhibit him in the lurid colours in which he is portrayed by some writers, notably Miss Robinson. He lodged at the house in which she resided, that of her uncle, Mr. Kirby, of Fountain Street, Bradford, and was steady, industrious, and self-respecting. Some of the information kindly given to me by Mrs. Ingram I published in the *Dewsbury Reporter* in the spring of this year, in one of a series of

articles under the title of *Who wrote "Wuthering Heights?"* my object being to show that the claim he made, or is said to have made, to be the author of that famous work, was groundless, and that, brimful of talent of a very high order, as all know it is, the novel was the product, not of his brain, but of that of his sister Emily.

I conclude with a brief poem, *The Old Stoic*, by Emily Brontë, so characteristic of her bent of mind, and of the genius that gave it wings to soar o'er all the world.

"Riches I hold in light esteem,
And Love I laugh to scorn;
And lust of fame was but a dream,
That vanished with the morn:
And if I pray, the only prayer
That moves my lips for me,
Is, "Leave the heart that uow I bear,
And give me liberty!"
Yes, as my swift days near their goal,
'Tis all that I implore;
In life and death a chainless soul,
With courage to endure."

THE BRONTË NOMENCLATURE.

BY DR. J. A. ERSKINE STUART, OF HECKMONDWIKE.

The subject to which I have to direct your attention is a new one. I have never seen anything attempted in the same direction, but it is one which should attract the notice of the members of this new society at the very outset of its career. It may seem a dry title to some, but to the true Brontë student I think it will be intensely interesting. The subject of Nomenclature is very often a mere matter of surmise, but to surmise for a few minutes may not be without profit. In general, the study of names is a very inexact science. We are at the very outset on debateable ground. I refer to the name "Brontë" itself. Is it a corruption of "Prunty," as asserted by Sir Wemyss Reid; or has it always been Brontë, as Dr. Wright tells us? It must at once strike the ordinary observer that such a name is rare in this country. It seems to have a foreign ring about it. Here is a theory about it from the pen of J. Maguire, Esq., barrister-at-law, who was put into communication with me by a mutual friend, some time in the spring. "The name Brontë for an Irish Celtic family is an impossibility, unless as a modification of the name of Prunty. The form Brunty in the Drumgooland register is the connecting link. The latter is, in fact, the phonetic spelling of the name as it was used in the County Down. Now the difference between Brunty and Prunty is not quite the difference of a letter, for "b" and "p" are both labials, and may fairly be considered as one letter, the lips being more firmly compressed in pronouncing "p." A philologist would, I think, consider them convertible letters. My theory is that Brunty is such a modification of Prunty as might arise from differences in the dialects of different localities. Prunty is a northern name found in Cavan or Monaghan. It is quite likely that the bearers of it, supposing them

to have come southwards to the banks of the Boyne, would be known there as Brunty. Speech is a great deal softer in the plains of the south than in the northern counties. They were not long enough in Down for the name to undergo any natural and unconscious change, such as I have indicated, but the change of religion, and the desire to break with old associations, induced a modification of a deliberate character. I should not say modification, metamorphosis is the word. In my view Prunty becomes Brontë by two changes, one natural and unconscious, the other artificial and deliberate. Those who hold that Brontë is a real, and not an assumed or rather modified name, may fairly be expected to show how Irish Celts come to be called by a foreign patronymic at all. Perhaps we may assign to it a mythologically divine origin, and say it came from the hand of Jove himself, the wielder of thunderbolts, and that it was originally *βροννη*. In this form it would not be a whit less compatible with the birth and nationality of its bearers." According to this explanation it is believed that the family never were called "Prunty" in Down, but always "Brunty," which gradually was altered by Patrick to "Brontë." We do not find the diæresis over the final letter in any of Patrick's signatures at Cambridge. At Dewsbury this varies very much, being sometimes a hook, sometimes a dash, or again, like a circumflex accent reversed, and as far as I remember it is similar at Hartshead. In the churchwarden's books at Hartshead we have "Bronty" and "Brunty." What we want really to know is: Is there any signature of Patrick Brontë's extant during the time he kept school in Ireland, or must we come to the old conclusion that he changed his name when he went to Cambridge? If he did, it was only from "Brunty" to "Brontë." Then how do we get over the circumstance that the name "Brontë" was on the carts belonging to Hugh and his sons. A Belfast antiquarian assured me that the name was Spanish, and that the word, a fine "Bronte" colour, was often found in wine catalogues. Sir Wemyss Reid says that there was a tradition that the name was originally "Bronterre." He also says that it was Mr. Tighe, Patrick's patron, who advised him to change the name from "Prunty" to "Brunte," and it has been suggested that the Greek word for thunder, *βροννη*, was in his mind, and that Charlotte calls her servant Charles Thunder.

To summarise, we find the name written in registers, and in churchwardens' and University books as "Brunty," "Bruntë" (registers), "Bruty" and "Bronty" (churchwardens' books), and "Branty" (St. John's, Cambridge, list of admissions). These are all written by other persons, and not by Patrick himself. No one has ever been able to show his signature as "Patrick Prunty," still I must add that the late learned Bishop of Down and Connor (Dr. Reeve) has stated that the name was formerly "Prunty," but nearly all those formerly so-called are now "Brontë." He also states that "Prentice" is another form of the same name in East Armagh. That Patrick ever signed his name as anything but "Bronte," no one can show, but the form of the name with the diæresis is not seen in his signatures, at Cambridge, either on matriculation or graduation, and I have not yet found it until we get to his Dewsbury signature, where the diæresis is plain enough. That lends a suspicion to the story that he was gradually evolving a new name; yet, on the other hand, we have Dr. Wright's reminiscences of Hugh and his sons, with Brontë on their carts, but Dr. Wright's memory cannot reach back to 1802.

When my little book came out in 1888, some of the critics credited me with having demolished the "Prunty" legend, but I, myself, cannot say that my discovery of the Drumballyrone registers has done this, for the registrar may have been an illiterate person, as the two different spellings, "Brunty" and "Bruntee" show. All that we have arrived at is this, that the family have never been known as "Prunty" in County Down, but that does not prove that they never bore that name before their migration into that county.

The *nom de plume* of "Curren Bell," as I previously suggested, is taken from the name of Miss Curren, a well-known Craven lady of extensive literary tastes, and a subscriber to the Clergy Daughters' School at Cowan Bridge; and "Bell," the second name of Arthur Bell Nicholls. Where "Ellis" and "Acton" are taken from I know not.

PLACE NAMES AND PROPER NAMES IN THE BRONTË NOVELS.

Jane Eyre.—PLACE NAMES: Gateshead Hall, Lowood, Lowton, Millcote, Thornfield Hall, Brocklehurst Arms, Brooklebridge Church, Whitcross, Morton, Moor House, and Ferndean Manor. In the choice of these names there seems to be no rule followed. Some are certainly well-known place names, for instance, Gateshead and Morton (not far from Keighley), and Lowood (on Windermere). Others such as Thornfield, Millcote, Lowton, and Whitcross may well have been coined for the occasion. We know how "Thornfield" got its name, for there were numerous beautiful thorns in the park at the Rydings, and Charlotte says in the novel, "an array of mighty old thorn trees, strong, knotty, and hard as oaks, at once explained the etymology of the mansion's designation." As to PROPER NAMES *Jane Eyre* furnishes, many are taken from place names mostly in Yorkshire; but some at a distance, such as Rochester and Lynn. Dent, and Eshton, and Rivers, are all decidedly Yorkshire. Such names as Ingram, Scatcherd, Briggs, and Fairfax are common personal names in Yorkshire. "Eyre" is believed to be taken from the Eyres of Moor Seats, near Hathersage. Many of the *Jane Eyre* names are ordinary names, such as Reed, Wilson, Mason, &c., and have no local colour.

The Professor.—PLACE NAMES: Crimsworth Hall, Hunsden Wood. Both of these may be taken for real West Riding place names. Crimsworth Dean is near Hebden Bridge, and Hunsden Wood near Cleckheaton, where Charlotte visited, may have been easily transformed into Hunsden. PROPER NAMES: Crimsworth, Hunsden Yorke Hunsden, Steighton, and Lupton. Here we have three names taken from Yorkshire place names. Crimsworth, Huusden, and Steighton (Steeton, near Keighley). Lupton is a well-known West Yorkshire proper name. That the name of Yorke should be associated with Hunsden is interesting, as some members of the Taylor family, from whom the Yorkes were painted, resided at Hunsden Mills, and Charlotte Brontë frequently visited them there.

Shirley.—PLACE NAMES: Whinbury, Briarfield, Briarmains, Nunneley, Nunneley Park, Nunwood, Nuuneley Common, Fieldhead, Redhouse Inn, Hollows Mill, Stilbro', Piece Hall, Cliff Bridge, Royd Lane, Rushedge, and Bilberry Moor. All these place names, with the

exception of Stilbro', are racy of the soil on which the incidents of *Shirley* are enacted. Briarfield, Nunwood, Redhouse, Fieldhead, and Cliff Bridge are all real place names. There is a Brierfield, near Burnley, in Lancashire, also a Briarcliffe, and near Birstall, the Briarfield of *Shirley*, there is a Briar Hall. There is a Nunwood near Esholt Priory, in the Rawdon district, where Charlotte was a governess. Then there is the Three Nuns Inn, near Kirklees, the Nunneley of *Shirley*. Redhouse was the name of the residence of the Taylors, the Yorkes of the novel. Fieldhead, the birthplace of Dr. Joseph Priestley, near to Birstall, is no doubt the origin of the Fieldhead of the work. Cliff Bridge probably refers to Cliff Bridge at Scarborough, where we have seen the Brontës visited, and in the churchyard there Anne's body rests. Whinbury, intended for Dewsbury; Stilbro', supposed to be Leeds, the Piece Hall of the novel referring to the old Cloth Hall in that town. Royd Lane is a common West Riding street name, and Rushedge may mean Liversedge, at least it is probable that as all the place names are manufactured from local names, either adopted *in toto* or adapted, this may be taken from the district. Nunneley is an interesting name, as it seems to have been founded on the old spelling of Kirklees, the real Nunneley. Round Kirklees we have the Nunbrook, and the Three Nuns Inn. The old name of Kirklees was Kirkeleya. There was a priory there with nuns. It will be seen at a glance that if the prefix Nun is substituted for Kirk, we at once get Nuneleya. If the final "a" is struck off we get Nuneley, the exact name in *Shirley*, only short of an "n." PROPER NAMES in *Shirley*: There is a mighty array of names of characters in this novel, all more or less West Riding in character. With regard to the title of the work and its heroine, *Shirley* might mean Shire Field. The name Shirley Keeldar is made up of the names of two very notable characters; Sir Anthony Shirley, a friend of Sir Philip Sidney, with whom he sailed to Holland. In 1566 he made a voyage to America, and was afterwards with the Earl of Essex in Ireland, where he was knighted. On going to Spain he was made an Admiral, and a Grandee. He wrote several works of travel, and died in Spain in 1630, having refused to return to this country when invited by James I. *Keeldar*. — There is a legend on the Borders about the Count of Keeldar, who was a daring freebooter, and led a charmed life. He could not be wounded with ordinary weapons, but was at last despatched by the emissaries of Lord Soulis holding him down with their spears in a stream near Hermitage Castle, and forcing him to drown. This spot is now called Count's Linn. There is a ballad by Leyden on the subject. See William Howitt's *Visits to Remarkable Places* (Longmans). What is more likely than that Charlotte, wishing to immortalise her sister Emily, should choose for that intrepid, dauntless girl the names of two adventurous heroes of the olden times, one probably mythical, the other a traveller and sailor who achieved recognition from, at that time, the first maritime power, Spain. It may be that all this gossip about the words Shirley Keeldar is mere conjecture, still there is strong probability that these stories of Shirley and Keeldar were familiar to one of the most voracious readers of the day. Donne, Malone, Sweeting, Helstone, Barraclough, Hartley, Hall, Moore, Scott, Sykes, Wynn, Armitage, Pearson, Murgatroyd, Yorke, Broadbent, Rouse, Sugden, Farren, Ainley, Mann, Pryor, Gill, and Horsfall are all Yorkshire names, but Sympson, Donne, Malone, Sweeting, and Helstone, are all without Yorkshire flavour, as also are

Pryor and McTurk. Helstone is the name of a Cornish town. Pryor is probably taken from the Priory of Kirkstiles. McTurk was the name of a medical worthy who attended Charlotte Brontë in her last illness in consultation with Dr. Ingham, of Haworth. He resided in Bradford.

Villette means in French a small town. PLACE NAMES: Bretton, a well-known place name in Yorkshire. Charlotte also applies the name to John Graham Bretton, the old habit of calling people after places in Yorkshire. Nearly all the names, both place and proper, are foreign.

Wuthering Heights.—Wuthering seems to be a corruption of Witherns, there being an inn of that name on the moors near Haworth, and there are, near Haworth, Stanbury Withins, Withins Foot, Withins Slack, and two Withins Heights. Wuther is applied to the sobbing sound made by the wind against a building. PLACE NAMES: Wuthering Heights, Thrushcross Grange, and Gimmerton. Thrushcross is very like Thruscross (Thor's Cross), near Ripley, at the head of the Washburn Valley. Gimmerton, Gimmerden, the valley of the sheep, seems to correspond to Shibden, near Halifax. PROPER NAMES: Heathcliff, Earnshaw, Linton, Branderham, Lockwood, and Dean. Linton is a place name used for a person. There is a South Dean near the Brontë waterfall. The others are familiar enough Yorkshire names and Heathcliff is simply coined from natural surroundings.

Agnes Grey.—PLACE NAMES: Wellwood, Horton Lodge, and Ashby Park. Wellwood; Anne Brontë was a governess near a celebrated Moravian school at Mirfield, called Wellhouse. Horton is a common place name in Yorkshire (Airedale and Ribblesdale). Ashby has no Yorkshire significance. PROPER NAMES: Meltham and Hatfield are both Yorkshire place names, as is also Weston. The other proper names seem to have no connection with the county whatever.

The Tenant of Wildfell Hall.—PLACE NAMES: Wildfell, Grassdale, and Stanningley. All are racy of the soil. There is Grass Wood at Grassington, and Stanningley, near Bradford. PROPER NAMES: Huntingdon, Hattersley, Markham, Hargrave, Grimsby, Wilson, Lawrence, Halford, Millward, and Graham. A fair proportion of these are genuine Yorkshire names.

These conclude my notes on Brontë nomenclature. I still think there is room for research into the name Brontë. Since I discovered the registers we seem to be getting nearer the truth, but still our conclusions are only based on surmise, as I said before. It is very easy to *assert*, but very difficult to prove many things. Let us hope some member with time on his hands will make a thorough investigation in Ireland into this subject.

VARIETIES OF BRONTË NAME.

WRITTEN BY OTHERS

In Baptismal Register, Drumballyrone: "Brunty," "Bruntee." In books of St. John's College, Cambridge (admission 1802-3), "Branty." In Churchwardens' books at Hartshead, "Brunty," "Bronty."

Patrick signed at Cambridge, "Bronte" (no diæresis); Wethersfield, "Bronté"; Dewsbury "Bronté," or "Brontē," or "Brouté"; at Haworth, "Brontë."

THE REV. Canon LOWTHER CLARKE, in moving a vote of thanks to the readers of the papers, said that Mr. Yates had for a long time taken the deepest interest in the Brontë family, and had been the representative of the Dewsbury district on the committee. He had obtained every possible kind of information associating the Brontës with the town and district, and in addition to his personal interest in the matter he had had a great advantage by being connected with the press, and making known the history of the Brontës to a very large number of people. Equal praise was also due to Dr. Erskine Stuart, who had devoted much time to the same study, and had always been willing to give the public the benefit of his knowledge concerning the Brontë family. Certain marks over the name of the father of the great novelists suggested as the doctor said some foreign origin, but it was possible that his daughter induced him to do that. When Patrick Brontë entered St. John's College, Cambridge, he would be asked his name, and possibly the tutor entered it from the way in which it was pronounced. It was there the name appeared "Branty," but when he came to take his degrees, and had to sign his own name in the official university register, it was distinctly written "Bronte," and the name appeared the same in every case in the old Dewsbury registers, which were in his (the vicar's) custody, and which were for inspection of the members. There was no evidence from Cambridge that Patrick Brontë spelled his name in any other way than that with which they were familiar. In a great number of cases he found that in the 18th century the vicars of parishes entrusted to the parish clerks the duty of writing out the registers, and this accounted for names being spelled in the most extraordinary way. Of course he put it on to the parish clerks to save the literary reputation of his brethren because he was one that could not believe that the clergy were so uneducated as to spell the same names in different ways.

Mr. C. A. FEDERER, in seconding the motion, said the papers were noticeable for the ability, zeal, and love manifested by the readers.

The motion was carried.

ACCOUNT OF THE OPENING
OF THE BRONTË MUSEUM AT HAWORTH,
MAY 18TH, 1895.

The little hill-town in the valley of the Worth, the place of pilgrimage for so many lovers of literature, drawing to itself as by magnetic force visitors from all parts of the United Kingdom, as well as from across the broad Atlantic, never looked gayer than it did on Saturday, when the long-talked-of museum was opened. The weather had been lovely and sunny. Spring had fled the kingdom for a time before the icy gales of a once more threatening winter, but on the afternoon of that day those gales ceased to blow. Again there was a return of the goddess, and all nature looked fresh and beautiful. The air was clear, the far distant landscape open to the view, and all the beauties of Yorkshire moorland scenery were before the visitors. Yes, Haworth was gay; no other word so well expresses its appearance on the auspicious occasion. There were flags here and there—the “Union Jack of old England,” many times repeated, floated in the breeze from house top or other prominent position, and flags floated here and there in the little High Street, which was as clean as the proverbial new pin. Each of its very paving stones was as free from soil and stain as if each had been duly scrubbed and cleaned and then guarded with jealous care. It was evident the local governing body had had an eye to what was required. And the houses and other buildings that lined the old thoroughfare! Each was spotlessly clean, and as for the substantial-looking folk, the inhabitants, they were decked out in their best, the evident desire being to welcome the numerous visitors, and to show the interest felt in the new institution just being established in their midst. Yes, and the visitors were gay too. A long and well freighted special train had discharged its passengers, at the little station in the valley, and so had the preceding ordinary trains. Most of the new comers were from Bradford, others from the Spen Valley and the Dewsbury district, wherein reminiscences of the Brontës cluster thickly; several came from Leeds and neighbourhood; Lancashire sent a contingent, London a few, and so did Bonnie Scotland; and there were with them in spirit, if not in flesh, kindred hearts, in America and Australia. A love of the writings and the characters of the three Brontë

sisters had drawn all there; love and sympathy we should say, and love, too, for their erring talented brother, and sympathy with him also, had compelled them, and so had love for the only half understood man, their father, the vicar. These visitors were as diverse in rank and occupation, perhaps, as any crowd ever drawn together, yet all so much in accord in their purpose that day. The man of leisure rubbed shoulders with the busy manufacturer, the doctor, the lawyer, and the German professor; and they with the parson, the journalist, the merchant, the clerk, the operative. So much for the sterner sex of the large party. The sisters, may we call them, of the Brontë girls, were from the mansion, the villa, and the cottage; from quiet vale or hill top, and from stirring manufacturing town and village; wives, mothers, and daughters, and sisters all eager to do honour to the memory of the immortal trio, and to look upon what had once been theirs—the written page, the simple trinket, the half skilful drawing, or bit of needlework. Families, and parts of families, had come together, but there were no children—so marked a feature in ordinary English crowds.

Emerging from the railway station the strangers were surprised at seeing the Haworth Band in the roadway, surrounded by a large body of people, and came to the conclusion, most of them, that the musicians were about to board the train on its return, to take part at a contest or other celebration at a distance. But no, the bandsmen had come to do honour to the visitors, and to lead the way to their ancient town, and this they did with ardour, and in the course of the afternoon discoursed sweet music at the top of the High Street. Their spontaneous services were much appreciated alike by the committee of the Brontë Society and the visitors at large. It had been expected that Sir T. Wemyss Reid, the author of the well-known monograph on Charlotte Brontë, would have been present to open the museum, as announced, but he was ill, and therefore unable to attend. Mr. W. S. Cameron, editor of the *Leeds Mercury*, read Sir T. Wemyss Reid's address in his stead, and the opening ceremony was fittingly performed in his absence by Alderman John Brigg, of Kildwick Hall, the Chairman of the Brontë Committee.

The opening ceremony was announced for half-past three, but long before that hour people clustered round the entrance to the building, and at the time appointed there were several hundred people present. As the

opening ceremony was in progress the sun broke out, and brightened the scene. Amongst those present were Alderman Brigg; the Rev. Dr. Wm Wright, author of "The Brontës in Ireland," of London; Mr. W. S. Cameron, of the *Leeds Mercury*; the Rev. J. T. Slugg, Haworth; Mr. Alfred Merrall, chairman of the Haworth School Board; Mr. F. Harper, chairman of the Haworth District Council; Mr. Swire Smith, Keighley; Mr. Butler Wood and Mr. W. T. Field, secretaries of the Brontë Society; Mr. J. Horsfall Turner; Mr. F. C. Galloway (treasurer) and Mrs. Galloway; Mr. J. Rawlinson Ford, Mr. Washington Teasdale, Mr. John Bowling, and Mr. W. Howgate, Leeds; Mr. H. S. Green, Manchester; Mr. W. E. B. Priestley, Mr. John Popplewell, Mr. W. Scruton, Mr. Edmund Lee, Prof. C. A. Federer, and Mr. J. A. Clapham, Bradford; the Rev. J. W. Dunne, vicar of Laisterdyke; Mr. Dunlop, Kilmarnock; Mr. John Waugh, C.E., Baildon; Mr. S. P. Unwin, Shipley; Mr. W. Law, Littleborough, &c. Those who attended the ceremony from the Heavy Woollen District were as follows:—The Rev. Canon Lowther Clarke, M.A., Alderman and Mrs. Richards, Mr. W. W. Yates, Miss Yates, Mr. Walter Walker, Mr. and Mrs. Wilson Hemingway, Mr. John Ingram, Mr. P. F. Lee, Mr. and Mrs. J. Chadwick, Mr. T. Brown, Miss James (Head Mistress of the Girls' High School), Mr. and Mrs. Fred Wilson, and Mr. F. Green, Dewsbury; the Rev. J. G. and Mrs. Henderson, Mr. J. J. Stead, Mr. Frank Peel and Miss Peel, Heckmondwike; Dr. Erskine Stuart (author of the "Brontë Country," Staincliffe) and Mrs. Stuart; Mr. J. I. Wilson and Miss Blackburn, of Batley; Mr. and Mrs. G. H. Oldroyd, of Gomersal; the Misses Fearnside, Earlsheaton; Mrs. Scatcherd, Morley; Miss Clay, Ossett; the Misses Walker, Huddersfield.

Alderman JOHN BRIGG, addressing the gathering, announced the inability of Sir T. Wemyss Reid, Sir Isaac Holden, M.P., the Mayor of Bradford (Alderman W. Willis Wood), the Rev. W. H. Keeling (Head Master of the Bradford Grammar School), and Mr. Claude Meeker (American Consul at Bradford) to attend. Continuing, he said the position he occupied that day was a very important one, and not only in the eyes of the people of Haworth and its neighbourhood. The function had a far wider interest than that. There were people all over Europe and in the United States who were taking an

active interest in that which now concerned them, and though they had not their bodily presence, they all knew they had their sympathy and good-will. He congratulated the General Committee on having obtained the assistance of a good local committee to look after the interests of the museum, and he should like to congratulate the people of Haworth on the fact that it had been established in their midst. As they were aware, there were very good claims put forward on behalf of other towns, but the friends in Haworth made such promises and gave such undertakings, that it was seen that Haworth was clearly the proper place for the museum, and there was practically no opposition when the proposal was made.

Mr. W. S. CAMERON said that though Sir Wemyss Reid was far away from them, his thoughts were with them, and his words were with them. He then read the address which Sir Wemyss Reid had prepared for delivery before his doctor's orders came imperatively urging him to cease all work and engagements, and to take a long sea voyage. The address was as follows :—

“The object with which we have met here to-day does not call for any detailed or lengthened explanation on my part. We are met as Yorkshiremen, or as those who feel themselves closely identified with the interests of this great county, to pay a mark of affectionate respect to the memory of a family whose fortune it has been to give to Yorkshire her highest claim to an abiding literary distinction. For this act in itself no justification can be needed. Our place to-day is, indeed, that of debtors who come to acknowledge, and in a certain measure to relieve themselves of a heavy burden of obligation. We owe the Brontës much, and we come to pay a fraction of the debt. We owe them as individuals many an hour of happiest literary enjoyment, in which we have feasted upon the work of their brains and their pens. We owe them as a community an everlasting debt of gratitude for the keen insight, the sympathetic analysis, and the brilliant artistic skill with which they placed on record for ever the salient features of life in our West Riding towns and vales, and real meaning and nature of our West Riding character. Not altogether prepossessing at the first superficial glance, this life and this character need to be interpreted with wisdom and with love, with humour and with tolerance, if they are to be appreciated by the stranger. It was this interpretation which they met with at the hands of Charlotte Brontë, and to her we owe it more than to any other human being that those outside our gates have learned to understand something of what lies beneath the surface of our West Riding life, something of the heart which beats beneath the rugged West Riding exterior. By her genius and skill this particular district of England has ceased to be provincial, and has secured an established place in the great world of letters. Above all, we, as Yorkshiremen, owe to Charlotte Brontë and her sister that which is beyond doubt the chief literary glory of our shire.

It is they who have set in our midst, in this little valley of the Worth, a shrine of genius which draws to itself pilgrims from every quarter of the world; it is they who have gilded the substantial triumphs of our people with the rays of intellectual light, and who, to the material achievements in commerce and in science in which our county is so rich, have added the crowning honour which a noble artistic faculty alone can furnish. We stand within a stone's throw of the modest house where the Brontës lived and died. To us it is for their sake a sacred place; but it should be not less sacred to all to whom our English literature is dear, for it was the home during all their years of work of two of the greatest of all Englishwomen. Mr. Swinburne has told us that "the perfect trinity of highest female fame for England" is made up by Mrs. Browning and Charlotte and Emily Brontë. In other words, two of the three greatest women this country, in her long and glorious history, has produced were the two sisters who dwelt together in this village where we are now met, who lived and worked side by side in yonder parsonage. We need not bind ourselves absolutely to the proposition laid down by the great poet in order to feel that Haworth was at least the home of two women who must always enjoy a foremost place in the annals of English literature, and whose names must always fill a glorious niche in the splendid roll of illustrious Englishwomen. But it is not merely a commanding intellect and a magnificent genius that we wish to honour. There is no need to assert the claims of Charlotte and Emily Brontë, and in a lesser degree of their gentle, younger sister Anne, to that fame which is the reward of brilliant intellectual powers. The world at large has made full acknowledgment of those claims; and the years of neglect and obscurity which fell to the lot of the Brontës when they lived amongst us have been atoned for by the glory which now surrounds their name. But in the case of Charlotte, at all events, we know now that the woman was greater than the writer, and that by her life, even more than by her printed pages, the author of *Jane Eyre* has taught us not a few of the lessons which our poor humanity needs so constantly to learn. We honour Haworth parsonage as having once been the home of a wonderful genius. We love and reverence it still more as having been the scene of the life of patient endurance, uncomplaining submission, and steadfast devotion to duty of one of the noblest and purest of her sex. The lamp of her genius burns with a splendid radiancy; but brighter and clearer still is the lamp of her soul, the lamp which makes visible to us her love, her faith, her courage, her constancy, her unswerving persistence in well-doing. Thanks to the heart and the brain of another great woman, Mrs. Gaskell, we have been enabled to see that life as it really was. There is no need to dwell upon the story here; for here, at least, one may rest assured that none is ignorant of it. We have all followed with quickly beating hearts, and eyes that were sometimes dim, the history of the three sisters who lived among these hills, and two of whom now rest beneath the shadow of the old tower. We have all followed Branwell, and Charlotte, and Emily, and Anne through their troubled, though not altogether joyless youth, with its brilliant flashes of promise for the future. There is none among us who does not know something of the governess days of the three sisters, with their bitter pains, their sordid cares; none who has not followed the two elder to the boarding-school at Brussels, where Charlotte was destined to drink so deep of the bitter cup of knowledge; and there can be no one who has not watched them in those

dark hours before the dawn, when in sorrow and sadness, and sickness of heart, they worked together with their pens in the little sitting-room in the parsonage, producing the first, and, in the case of Emily, the last also of their wonderful romances. No need is laid upon me to speak of the brilliant triumph of Charlotte when *Jane Eyre* was given to the world; nor can it be necessary to remind you how in the very midst of that triumph Emily was suddenly laid low by death, and went to her grave uncheered by the faintest sign of recognition on the part of her contemporaries. Nor need I dwell upon those after-days in which Charlotte was left alone with her old father in the house that echoed no more with the voice of sisters or brother, alone with the sombre memories of bereavement assailing her on every side; and how she faced the empty world with the courage of a hero and the resignation of a saint, and in those saddest hours of life brought forth her brightest and ripest works, the brilliant story of *Shirley* and the noble study of *Villette*. It is the story of that life as it has been told us by Mrs. Gaskell, that life which lay so constantly in the shadow, and which yet was never without a light of its own, that has made the name of Charlotte Brontë a cherished one in thousands of households; it is the memory of that life to which we now seek to do honour; it is its lesson that we wish to emphasise and perpetuate. Nor let us forget that amid the other debts we owe to Charlotte Brontë is one for which this generation ought to feel profoundly grateful. It was her lot to be one of the pioneers in that noble band of thinkers and writers to whom we owe the breaking of those bonds of a narrow conventionalism which so long fettered our English thought. She was as fearless as she was pure; and at a time when old traditions were still paramount in literature and theology, she did not hesitate to take her own course without regard to the cost. "To tear the mask from the face of the Pharisee," she once declared, in words that burn themselves into the heart, "is not to lift an impious hand to the Crown of Thorns." And so, "like an austere little Joan of Arc," as Thackeray once described her, she rode into the great market place of Vanity Fair, and preached her own sermon and pursued her own crusade, regardless of the anger of those whose hypocrisies and follies she unveiled. But the time would fail me if I were to attempt anything like a complete characterisation of Charlotte Brontë and of her work in life. Still less would it be possible or fitting to attempt an analysis of the lives of her two sisters, or of their place in literature. We must accept them as they are, and we must acknowledge with thankfulness the glory they have conferred upon Haworth, upon Yorkshire, upon England. They stand before us, no longer unknown, as when they walked through these streets and lanes. They have taken their place for ever in the great gallery of noble English women, and there is no one now to dispute their claim to the admiration and affection of the world. The little oddities, the eccentricities of speech and manner, the homeliness of dress and appearance that marked them when they lived, are now of no account. It is the true women who stand revealed to us in their books, and in the story of their life, and of them we can say, as was said of Charlotte's idol, the great Duke, "Whatever record leap to light they never shall be shamed." It is in part as an atonement for the comparative failure of the generation that went before us to see these great women as they really were, that we of to-day have sought to bring to a focus the world-wide Brontë cult by establishing this modest institution, within a few yards of the spot where they worked

and suffered, and died. If it serves no other purpose, it will at least convince the world in future days that the Brontës were not without honour in their own country: that they touched the hearts and won the love of their fellow Yorkshire people, and were not left, as great geniuses too often have been, to the cold homage of the stranger and the alien. And may we not hope that this Brontë Museum, with all its proofs of loving reverence for the genius and the character of the great sisters, will help to stimulate the interest of all classes in their story, and to impress still more deeply upon our hearts the lesson of their lives, the one true lesson, which, I think can best be summed up in the quaint verses of Holy George Herbert, when he sang of a day in spring:—

Sweet day, so cool, so calm, so bright;
The bridal of the earth and sky;
Sweet dew shall weep thy fall to-night,
For thou must die.

Sweet rose, whose hue, angry and brave,
Bids the rash gazer wipe his eye,
Thy root is ever in its grave,
And thou must die.

Sweet spring, full of sweet days and roses,
A box where sweets compacted lie,
My music shows ye have your closes,
And all must die.

Only the sweet and virtuous soul
Like seasoned timber never gives,
But when the whole world turns to coal,
Then chiefly lives.

Fame, even the highest literary fame, like riches may take wings and disappear, but virtue will endure. We believe that the fame of the Brontës, as stars in the firmament of our literature, will long abide; but whatever may be the actual result so far as their place among the writers of our tongue is concerned, we know that the heroic example of their lives will remain an inspiration and encouragement for ever."

Alderman BRIGG next read the following telegram from Mr. Charles Brontë Morgan, barrister, London:—"Felicitations to the Brontëites present at the opening of the Brontë Museum, from one proud of his connection with the Brontë family." He then unlocked the door and formally declared the museum open.

During the afternoon and evening a large number of people visited the museum. Owing to the crush people were kept waiting for hours before they could be admitted.

After the ceremony, many of the visitors were conducted to places of special interest in the village by members of the Brontë Committee, who are well acquainted with the locality.

After tea, the committee and officers of the Brontë Society were photographed.

PUBLIC MEETING.

At six o'clock, a public meeting took place in the Wesleyan Chapel, at Haworth, and there was a large attendance. Alderman Brigg presided, and was supported by a large number of the gentlemen whose names have been given in connection with the opening proceedings.

Mr. W. T. FIELD read a letter from the Rev. A. B. Nicholls (Charlotte Brontë's husband), who wrote from Ireland—

“While duly appreciating the kindness of your committee, I regret I could not possibly be present at the ceremony referred to in your letter of the 1st, as the journey would be too fatiguing for me at my advanced age.”

The CHAIRMAN said that for many years people from America and other parts of the world were in the habit of visiting Haworth, and it was thought the time had arrived when a place should be found where some of the relics of the famous family could be kept, and seen by those who admired the Brontës. Mr. Yates, of Dewsbury, was the first to take action in this matter. He came over to Bradford to see a few of those who were likely to sympathise with his views, and the movement owed much to Mr. Yates's energetic and devoted advocacy. On December 16th, 1893, a resolution was moved by Mr. Yates in favour of a Brontë Society being established, and since then the efforts of the promoters had been attended with marked success.

The Rev. Canon LOWTHER CLARKE, M.A., was first called upon to address the meeting. He said they had assembled in order to listen to the speeches of gentlemen who were deeply interested in the famous Brontë family, and which it was hoped would stimulate many present in the work which had been inaugurated under most auspicious circumstances that day. He was sure of this, that the inaugural gathering gave encouragement to those who had promoted the establishment of the museum. He would like to commence his remarks by congratulating the parish of Haworth on the fact that it had obtained possession of the newly-established museum. The people of Dewsbury would all have been glad to have had the interesting museum in their midst, for they had an anxiety not to miss what others would give them. They, like the Bradford people, made an offer of a very suitable place for the establishment of a museum of the Brontë relics ;

but he was not prepared to contend for one moment that the claim of the people of the Dewsbury district to have the museum in their midst compared with the claim which the people of the parish of Haworth possessed; and therefore he most heartily congratulated the Haworth residents upon the fact that they had secured the museum in a place which was so closely associated with the gifted sisters whose lives had made the place famous, not only in England, but in all parts of the world. As they had heard, people who were admirers of the Brontë family came from America and other distant places, year after year to see the church, the parsonage, and the wild moors behind, and they would continue to come, having now the additional attraction of the museum, where so many things connected with that most talented family were collected. He felt in the first place that he had an official position there, because as vicar of Dewsbury the Brontës were linked with him in a certain way. At the church under his charge the Rev. Patrick Brontë was curate for a time. His signature could be found scores of times in the registers kept at the Parish Church of Dewsbury, and one of his predecessors appointed the Rev. Patrick Brontë to the first vicarage he held, which was at Hartshead. In addition to that, Charlotte Brontë was for a number of years a teacher at Dewsbury Moor, and many of her most intimate friends lived in the town and neighbourhood where he came from, and therefore as vicar of Dewsbury he felt much obliged to the committee for allowing him to be present and take some part in their proceedings. In addition to his official connection he had a deep personal interest in the proceedings. He had been strolling on the moors with a few friends, and the scenes that met his eye reminded him of his childish days. He was brought up in a place similar to Haworth, but he hoped he would be allowed to say, with pardonable pride, a place a little more beautiful — the English Lake district. Another reason he had for being glad to be present was because he felt they had been paying a tribute of respect to a talented family. They could not have had such a society as had been formed, they could not have had such a gathering as that to-day in Haworth unless there had been a general and prevailing sentiment with regard to the Brontë family, and their noble talents and genius had been recognised. He

had heard people express compassion for the sad suffering life that Charlotte Brontë lived, and say it was a pity she was not rescued from her surroundings and brought away into some literary company, where her talents might have been developed, and where she might have spent happy instead of miserable days. He was inclined to think that persons who spoke in that way did not take a sufficiently wide view of the conditions under which genius always worked, and of the necessary accompaniment of suffering for the perfection of character, and for the development of the talents a person possessed. And yet the true poet or writer is not so wholly dependent upon external aid as we imagine. Truth is verily stranger than fiction, and the materials for both tragedy and comedy are to be found in every parish. What is wanted is someone with the divine power to see these things, the heart to understand them, and finally, the pen to write them down. He was not, therefore, disposed to regret very much either that she was condemned to spend her life upon those dreary moors, or that part of her life was a very suffering life, because that suffering reacted upon her character, and had produced those powers we were now paying a tribute of respect to. He contended that Charlotte Brontë found in her surroundings much that was useful to her in her works, and declared that the great novelist, by the study of people, by the pictures she had drawn of that district, had done for it what Wordsworth had done for the Lake District, and Sir Walter Scott for the Highlands. Let us not lament that Charlotte Brontë and her sisters did so little and died so young. They lived where the providence of God placed them, and looking out upon the life around them they wove it into their stories. He said it was the privilege of genius to see and imagine where others could observe nothing. The difference was in the eye, and not in the external object. Genius, however, was not to be denied the right of imagination. When people asked where Charlotte Brontë could have learnt some of the most thrilling scenes in *Jane Eyre* they forgot that genius was creative, and that whilst it very often took facts for its foundations the final fabric bore the impress of the master hand alone. In conclusion Canon Clarke said he thought the establishment of a museum ought to increase the people's interest, especially of that locality, in the talented family. It was a great privilege to have had such a family in their midst, and, in order to increase the

interest, and keep green the memory of the gifted family, the museum had been established. He hoped the people would take a pride in the institution, and that it would be kept in such a condition as the committee wished it should be.

Mr. W. W. YATES, who was next called upon by the Chairman, said it was highly gratifying to notice the success which the movement had met since its inception. He took no credit upon himself for suggesting the establishment of a museum in honour of the talented Brontë family. The scheme had been suggested before, but at that time it was not ripe, and when it came to be named again public feeling had so far ripened that it was accepted, and the grand demonstration of that day was an indication that the committee had taken a proper step in providing the visitors to Haworth with a place for a collection of the personal relics of the wonderful family with which the district was so closely identified. He desired to say that the promoters of the museum owed a debt of gratitude to the chairman (Alderman Brigg.) When this matter was first taken up by himself he received strong support from the newspapers of the West Riding, for which he was very grateful, and his next step was to cast about for somebody in the neighbourhood of Haworth who would be able to launch the scheme, and by more than one the name of Alderman Brigg, of Kildwick Hall, was given. Knowing that Alderman Brigg was connected with the County Council he went to a friend of his, who was a member of the same body, Mr. T. B. Fox, of Dewsbury, and who, he deeply deplored, had passed away within the last few days, and asked him to give him a letter of introduction to Alderman Brigg. He did so very readily, and after a little correspondence had passed between them, he (the speaker) went over to Bradford and then met Alderman Brigg, his son, Mr. Swire Smith, and a number of other gentlemen from the district where they were assembled. The movement for the establishment of a society and museum was taken up with great warmth, and from that day to the present time everything had gone on smoothly.

Dr. WM. WRIGHT, of London, in the course of a lengthy address, referred to the claim which it is said Branwell Brontë had put forward as to the authorship of *Wuthering Heights*, and said that in the course of a few weeks it would be proved beyond the shadow of a doubt

that Branwell never knew that the story had been published, and that therefore he never could have made the statement that he had himself written it. Referring to the pleasure with which he found himself in Yorkshire, Dr. Wright claimed for himself a Yorkshire descent, though he had been introduced to the audience as an Irishman, and remarked that Yorkshire people were said to be a very hard-hearted, sour kind of people. He thought them, however, a very soft-hearted people, and that assembly was proof positive of the fact, for they had met in honour of an Irish family who had come unknown into their midst, and whom they had accepted as their own. From the time he himself had been three or four years of age he had heard in his nursery scarcely any tales which were not in connection with the Brontës in Ireland, and his eyes had shone at the stories at which other eyes had since shone. He had penned most of his book when he was about sixteen years of age; then it was put aside until recently, when, through the urgency of his friends, he decided to publish the story. A very large number of those from whom he had received the information had died in the meantime. He knew that many of his statements would be challenged, and so he had had to set to work anew to gather oral evidence from people still living that he might fall back upon. He thought he had demonstrated that many of the incidents which the daughters had introduced into their novels were those they had heard from their father with regard to the Brontës in Ireland.

Mr. JOSEPH NORMINGTON moved a resolution congratulating the Brontë Society on the establishment of their museum, and commending the institution to the sympathy and support of all classes.

The Rev. J. T. SLUGG, in seconding the proposition, said the committee need have no fear as to the care or interest the Haworth people would have with the museum, as the residents in that parish were civilised—(laughter)—and they did not go about with stones in their pockets. They had seen a museum before, and they had seen pictures and their treasures, but at the same time he had to confess that the people of Haworth were not so enthusiastic as they ought to be, one reason being the publication of Mrs. Gaskell's book, which he had heard spoken of by the Haworth people as being crammed full of misstatements as anything could be.

Mr. J. F. HARPER, Mr. J. HORSFALL TURNER, Mr. JOHN POPPLEWELL, Dr. ERSKINE STUART, and Mrs. SCATCHERD also addressed the meeting.

Votes of thanks to the Chairman, speakers, and the Haworth Brass Band were proposed by Messrs. BUTLER WOOD, REGISTRAR LEE, and SWIRE SMITH, were duly seconded and carried, and the proceedings then terminated.

Mr. CLAUDE MEEKER, the United States Consul, Bradford, who was invited as a representative American to the opening ceremony at Haworth was unable, through sudden illness, to be present. He sent, however, an interesting letter, which is herewith reprinted for the benefit of the members.

May 18th, 1895.

To the Secretary, Brontë Society,

DEAR SIR,—I am fully aware that it is the accident of position alone that has caused me to be invited as the representative of the people of the United States on this occasion. It would be more fitting that someone distinguished in letters, or a critic whose name has gone abroad, should occupy the place assigned to me at this time. I may be excused, however, for suggesting that what I lack in this respect is partially compensated by the enthusiasm of a layman who comes from the heart of the people. As the representative of that commonwealth of nearly *seventy million souls*, where the Brontë works have had such a wonderful circulation, and where they are still so popular, I congratulate you upon the work you have done and the enterprise you inaugurate to-day. It has been said that neither Charlotte Brontë nor her sisters have a memorial in bronze or marble; no towering columns to commemorate their achievements. Lord Byron said he wanted none of these, all he asked, all he wished, was a tear. What living relative, what devoted admirer of the Brontë family could ask for more than is demonstrated at this moment? We can all form an estimate of the tears that have been shed from our own experience in reading their life's story, of the battle so bravely fought, and how they conquered all obstacles save the one to which we must all in time submit. But what tribute more endearing could be rendered than this voluntary association of a succeeding generation which, upon the very ground rendered historic by them, rear memory's monuments to the departed great, and is joined in spirit in that loving labour by almost countless millions from across the seas.

I have been frequently asked to explain the admiration for the Brontë works in the United States, an admiration so early manifested and so long maintained. Wonder has been expressed that a people so far separated by distance of land and water, so dissimilar in habits, occupation, temperament and customs should be so attracted towards and so steadfast in their loyalty to the Brontë works. I can answer the question in but one way: The genius of nature is imprinted on every page, and we know that "one touch of nature makes the whole world kin." In addition to this fact no great or permanent success

is ever attained that has not a background of grand human endeavour, and the American people, quick in action and keen in perception, knew that a new light had dawned when the entrancing pages of *Jane Eyre* were spread before them.

Figures are never interesting, but I know you will allow me a few words to show the enormous circulation of the Brontë works in the United States. The *Nineteenth Century* magazine for May, 1894, is authority for the statement that there are 6000 Public Free Libraries in the United States. As there are as many more connected with churches, societies, and various institutions, there would be a grand total of 12,000 libraries in that country of a public and semi-public character in which one or several sets of the Brontë works are constantly in demand. This is in addition to the thousands of libraries, large and small, of private ownership in which the Brontë works are to be found. I recently read in a newspaper statistics from several libraries showing the popularity of different authors of fiction, as instanced by calls for their works. I am sorry I have not the exact figures at hand, but Charles Dickens stood first, and high up in the list were the names of the Brontës.

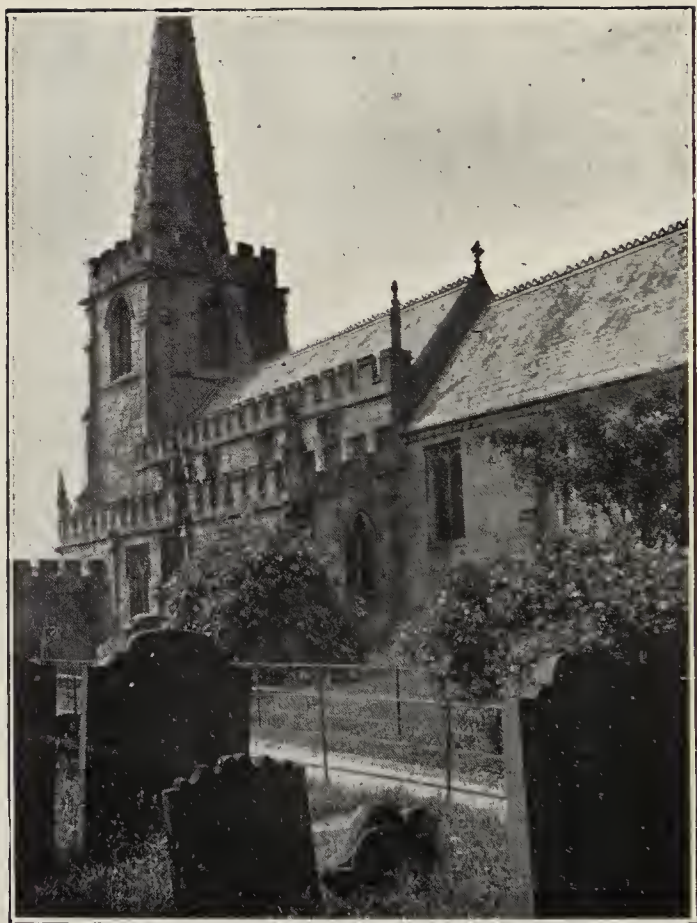
Amongst those people who read books at all (and their name is legion) I personally know very few who have not read one or more of the Brontë novels. And with an average daily attendance of over 15,000,000 pupils at our public and private schools it is not likely that the supply of readers will soon run out. When my fellow countrymen or countrywomen come to see me at Bradford, no matter what their station in life, one of their first questions is: "How far is it to Haworth, the home of the Brontës?"

Since the days of Charlotte Brontë many stars have been added to the azure field in the flag of the country I represent to-day. Great states and proud cities exist, with church libraries, schools, and other concomitants of a high civilisation, and her works are read by thousands where fifty years ago there were only scattered settlements.

I regret that I was unable to come to dear old Haworth, as I had fully intended, but allow me to say that I appreciate your courtesy in inviting an American to be present; that all my fellow-countrymen will join with you in spirit in paying tribute to the gifted family, and claim with you an equal share in the delightful inheritance the Brontë family have left to posterity.—Yours truly,

CLAUDE MEEKER.

Mr. W. T. Field, Hon. Sec. Brontë Society.



HATHERSAGE CHURCH.

BRONTË SOCIETY PUBLICATIONS.

PART IV.

TRANSACTIONS :

INCLUDING

REPORT OF THE PROCEEDINGS

AT KEIGHLEY,

AND OTHER CONTRIBUTIONS.



PRINTED FOR THE SOCIETY BY
M. FIELD AND SONS, GODWIN STREET, BRADFORD.

DECEMBER, 1896.

This part of the Transactions contains a short account of the Annual Meeting held at Keighley in January last, and also the paper on Morton Village in "Jane Eyre," which the Rev. T. Keyworth read before the Society on that occasion. In addition to these will be found an article by Mr. P. F. Lee, on Charlotte Brontë's visits to the East Riding; and one on Hathersage by Mr. J. J. Stead, who has also been good enough to supply the photographs for the illustrations which appear in the present number.

The publication of a work of such magnitude as Mr. Clement Shorter's "Charlotte Brontë and her Circle" being a matter of great importance to the members of the Society, the editor felt that some notice of the work was desirable, and a few notes upon it will therefore be found at the end.

B. W.

December, 1896.

CONTENTS.

	PAGE.
Second Annual Meeting at Keighley 	5
Morton Village in <i>Jane Eyre</i> : Paper by Rev. Thomas Keyworth 	7
Charlotte Brontë and the East Riding : Paper by Mr. P. F. Lee 	20
Hathersage and <i>Jane Eyre</i> : Paper by Mr. J. J. Stead 	26
Note on Mr. Clement K. Shorter's "Charlotte Brontë and her Circle," by the Editor ..	28

ILLUSTRATIONS.

Hathersage Church 	Frontispiece
Village Street, Hathersage 	To face page 12
Easton House, near Bridlington	do. 20
Moor Seats, Hathersage	do. 27

SECOND

ANNUAL MEETING OF THE BRONTË SOCIETY.

In accordance with a desire of the members to hold the annual gatherings in various centres of population in the Brontë country, the second annual meeting of the Society was held at Keighley, in the Mechanics' Institute, on the 18th of January, 1896. In the previous year Dewsbury had been selected because of its central position in the "Shirley" country, while this year Keighley was felt to have a strong claim on account of its nearness to the Brontë home. Mr. John Brigg, M.P., Chairman of the Council, was unable to be present owing to the illness of Mrs. Brigg, but the Rev. Canon Lowther Clarke, M.A., Vicar of Dewsbury, occupied the chair on his behalf. Amongst those present were the following ladies and gentlemen:—Miss Cockshott (Oakworth), Mrs. C. E. Sugden, Mr. W. W. Yates (Dewsbury), Mr. J. Horsfall Turner (Idle), Mr. Frank Peel (Heckmondwike), Dr. Stuart, Mr. C. A. Federer (Bradford), Mr. W. T. Field, corresponding secretary (Manningham), Mr. Butler Wood (Bradford), Mr. F. C. Galloway, treasurer (West Bowling), Mr. S. P. Unwin (Shipley), the Rev. Josiah T. Slugg (Oxenhope), Mr. J. F. Greenwood, the Rev. J. Haigh (Keighley), the Rev. T. Naylor, Mr. Charles Croft, Mr. J. J. Brigg, Mr. J. A. Clapham (Bradford), Mr. Alfred Newbould, Mr. Collingwood Pollard, the Rev. T. Keyworth (Halifax), Mr. Lewis Hainsworth (Farsley), and Mr. J. J. Stead (Heckmondwike).

The SECRETARY (Mr. W. T. Field) read the annual report, and Mr. F. C. GALLOWAY, the Treasurer, his financial statement and balance sheet. These were unanimously adopted on the motion of Messrs. J. J. STEAD and J. HORSFALL TURNER. The officers and council were then elected, and the president and vice-presidents appointed for the ensuing year. The business part of the proceedings was terminated by a vote of thanks to the retiring officers, proposed by Mr. J. A. CLAPHAM and seconded by Mr. S. P. UNWIN.

The Rev. THOMAS KEYWORTH, of Halifax, then read his paper on "Morton village in '*Jane Eyre*'" [see page 7], and this was followed by a paper entitled "Some stray notes on the Brontës," from Dr. J. A. ERSKINE STUART, of Heckmondwike.

The Rev. J. T. SLUGG opened the discussion by moving a vote of thanks to the readers of the papers. Referring to matters alluded to by the readers, he said as a resident of the neighbourhood of Haworth he could testify to the accuracy of the descriptions given of the Brontë girls from the conversations he had had with old inhabitants of Haworth who had known them. All spoke of the intense reserve of the Brontës. They rarely visited their neighbours, and most of their walks were taken on the moor behind the parsonage. As regarded Branwell, he thought the least said about this young gentleman the better; he should just leave him as he had been left—as the dark background of the picture.

Mr. J. F. GREENWOOD seconded the motion.

Mr. HORSFALL TURNER, in discussing Mr. Keyworth's paper, said that although he knew the connection of Hathersage with *Jane Eyre*, he was not acquainted with the village. He believed that it was from the incumbent of Hathersage that Charlotte Brontë had her first proposal of marriage. He had no doubt that *Jane Eyre* took its title from the *Joan Eyre* of the tombstone in Hathersage Church. It was his opinion that Haworth had a great deal to do with the lives and writings of the Brontës. As to Mr. Andrew Lang's opinion that *Jane Eyre* was the only book of Charlotte's which would live, he thought the majority of people would eventually come to the conclusion that if all her books but one were doomed to die the survivor would be *Villette*. The motion was endorsed by the meeting.

The SECRETARY moved a vote of thanks to the chairman for his services, which was seconded by Mr. BUTLER WOOD, who said that he wished to enter a disclaimer against the opinion expressed by Dr. Stuart that Haworth had exerted very little influence on the Brontës. He said he was sure, in his own mind, that Haworth had greatly influenced the sisters, and especially Emily. She was so passionately fond of the wild moors that she never left Haworth without literally pining to return. In Charlotte this influence was not so strong and absorbing, and yet

how powerful it was may be gathered from the immortal 28th chapter of *Jane Eyre*. He could not conceive of Emily apart from the background of the moors.

Dr. STUART rose and explained that he had evidently been misunderstood. He quite agreed that the moors had had a great deal of influence upon the lives of the Brontës, but it had been represented that their lives were dull and depressed. He thought too much had been said about the doleful state of the family. The resolution was carried, and acknowledged by the CHAIRMAN.

At the close of the meeting the members were entertained at tea by the Chairman of Council, and a number of interesting Brontë objects were inspected. Amongst these were four photographs of miniature portraits of the Branwell family, including Mrs. Brontë, and her sister, Miss Branwell, who on the death of Mrs. Brontë took charge of the children at Haworth. Mr. F. C. Galloway, the treasurer of the society, intimated at this meeting his intention of compiling and printing, at his own cost, a catalogue of the objects in the Brontë Museum, an intention which was fully carried out, although he did not live to see the completion of the work.

MORTON VILLAGE IN "JANE EYRE."

BY THE REV. THOMAS KEYWORTH.

To many Brontë students, the quotation given in Dr. Erskine Stuart's *Brontë Country* about Hathersage being the scene of the latter portions of *Jane Eyre*, would come as a revelation. This is the passage taken from the *Palatine Note Book*: "Most people imagine those fine descriptions to have been inspired by the moorland solitudes surrounding Miss Brontë's own home at Haworth. But Hathersage, an obscure village in the Peak of Derbyshire, was the real source of her inspiration. The house called Moor House in the novel is still standing, and there are many other associations connected with Charlotte Brontë in this neighbourhood, which the world knows nothing of."

This is followed by several interesting sentences about Hathersage and the Eyre family; but no attempt is made to work out the subject, or to present the evidence on which the presumed identification is founded. There is evidence in abundance, and it would be well if lovers of

Jane Eyre were to include among the places they visit, for Charlotte's sake, one of the grandest pieces of scenery in the three kingdoms.

If the last sentence of that quotation from the *Palatine Note Book* means anything, there ought to be information forthcoming which would account for Charlotte's familiarity with the district. I can find no reference to it in any of the books which relate her life, or in any of her letters which have been published.

It is dangerous to say what has not been done in connection with the Brontës and their books. Mr. Butler Wood's *Bibliography* teaches the investigator to be cautious; there are so many magazines and reviews mentioned there, British and American—so many which I have never seen—that it would be gross presumption for me to assert or imply that nobody has yet endeavoured to clear up any uncertainty which may be supposed to exist in connection with the identity of Hathersage in Derbyshire, and Morton village in *Jane Eyre*. But I have waited many years for the pleasure of reading an article on this subject, and have waited in vain. The next best thing is to write it, with the hope, however, that certain points which are not quite clear to me will receive the attention of those Brontë students who have more information about Charlotte's life than I possess.

There is a railway to Hathersage now, not an unmixed blessing, from a picturesque point of view, but a fact to be reckoned with, and not to be despised by those who like to be helped in their enthusiasm. The first time I went was in 1858. I walked there and back in a day, Sheffield being my starting point. The way was long, and the way was rough. I must have been a dozen times since then, by coach, however; and I know nothing more delightful on a summer's day than to drive from Sheffield to Castleton, by way of Hathersage. Joseph Hatton's *Banishment of Jessop Blythe* has made Castleton known to this generation; but a far greater book will make Hathersage known, when it is understood that in the third volume of her first published novel, Charlotte Brontë described the Derwent valley and its neighbourhood.

This part of *Jane Eyre* commences with chapter xxviii. and continues until chapter xxxvi. Jane had run away from Thornfield, and had taken the coach to a place a long way off, where she was sure Mr. Rochester had no

acquaintances ; but the fare was thirty shillings, and she possessed only twenty. The Coachman promised to try to make it do, and allowed her to get inside, because the coach was empty. But instead of taking her to the journey's end, he set her down at Whitcross, saying she could ride no further for the sum she had given.

Jane tells us " Whitcross is no town, nor even a hamlet ; it is but a stone pillar, set up where four roads meet ; white-washed, I supposed, to be more obvious at a distance and in darkness. Four arms spring from its summit : the nearest town to which these point is, according to the inscription, distant ten miles ; the furthest, above twenty. From the well-known names of these towns, I learn in what county I have lighted ; a north-midland shire, dusk with moorland, ridged with mountain : this I see. There are great moors behind, and on each hand of me, there are waves of mountains far beyond that deep valley at my feet."

She spent the night on the moors ; for it was a summer evening when she left the coach at Whitcross. The next day she wanders wearily on until she hears the chiming of a church bell. She says : " I turned in the direction of the sound, and there amongst the romantic hills, whose changes and aspect I had ceased to note an hour ago, I saw a hamlet and a spire. All the valley at my right hand was full of pasture fields, and corn fields and woods, and a glittering stream ran zig-zag through the varied shades of green, the mellowing grain, the sombre woodlands, the clear and sunny lea." It is a manufacturing village and Jane is told in answer to her questions that a number of the people work at Mr. Oliver's needle factory and at the foundry.

I do not intend to give an epitome of the story. The wanderings of the heroine are well known, and her tardy reception at Moor House, on the hill side, and her subsequent appointment to a school newly started. The incumbent, to whom she is indebted for both these acts of kindness, Mr. St. John Eyre Rivers, is one of Charlotte Brontë's best creations, and one of her best known characters.

Scarcely any disguise is attempted in reference to the neighbourhood where all this happens. Frequent mention is made of the large town of S——, which is not far away, though once in a parenthesis the distance is given as twenty miles, instead of ten. Miss Oliver tells the clergyman : " Mr. Rivers, I have been so gay during my stay at S——. Last

night, or rather this morning, I was dancing till two o'clock. The —th regiment are stationed there since the riots, and the officers are the most agreeable men in the world; they put all our young knife grinders and scissor merchants to shame."

This village is called Morton in the tale, but it might have been called Hathersage, so transparent is the disguise. The manufacture of needles is almost sufficient to fix the identity. Needles are not made at many places, and it would be safe to assert that nowhere else is there a village situated as Hathersage is where needles are made. This is an old industry there. The grinding of them at the time when *Jane Eyre* appeared was a very dangerous trade, and those who engaged in it were short-lived. This was supposed to make the men reckless, and it was mentioned to explain the backwardness and coarseness in behaviour which they manifested. Hathersage men in those days were supposed to be a rough lot, and I dare say the reputation was deserved. But it was the other sex whom *Jane Eyre* appealed to in vain. The women described in the book were careful not to err on the side of human kindness, and the position of a penniless wanderer among them was painful in the extreme. There have been improvements since then. Needle grinding is not as fatal now as it was fifty years ago, but I am afraid it is still pursued under great difficulties and perils, and, as a man said to me at Hathersage last summer, "Needle grinders do not generally die of old age."

My favourite book about this interesting county is *On Foot through the Peak*, by James Croston, published nearly thirty years ago. He wandered over the moors and beside the streams with open eyes and rare appreciation. What could be learnt about the various places he was careful to set down, and yet he was no mere dry-as-dust chronicler of past events; he could understand and praise the excellencies of his own time. But he had never heard of *Jane Eyre* in connection with Hathersage, that is certain, or he would have mentioned the book, because he had much to say about the Eyre family and their ancestral homes.

It is doubtful whether the cross roads called Whitcross can be identified with certainty. The direction and distance from Hathersage are not given with any exactness. Stone pillars of the sort mentioned may be seen in some

parts of the Peak, but those I have noticed were battered and worn, and the inscriptions illegible.

Jane Eyre approached Hathersage from the east. I dare say Charlotte Brontë was thinking about some point on the road between Sheffield and Baslow, as Whitcross. The coach to Buxton and places further south ran from Sheffield every morning through Baslow and Bakewell. That was not the coach she would be likely to travel by, because there was a coach to Manchester which ran through Hathersage and Castleton. The exact route pursued by these coaches I have no means of knowing.

Mr. Croston approached from Hope Vale, which is to the west, and his descriptions of scenery are not in the same order as in the novel. Jane Eyre, speaking about her experiences of the second night, tells how she wandered from the village, until the very cultivation surrounding it had disappeared. "I had by cross-ways and by-paths once more drawn near the tract of moorland; and now, only a few fields, almost as wild and unproductive as the heath from which they were scarcely reclaimed, lay between me and the dusky hill. To the hill then I turned. I reached it. It remained only now to find a hollow where I could lie down and feel at least hidden if not secure; but all the surface of the waste looked level. It showed no variation but of tint: green where rush and moss overgrew the marshes; black where the dry soil bore only heath. . . My eye still roved over the sullen swell, and along the moor-edge, vanishing amidst the wildest scenery."

Mr. Croston describes the hill in similar language: "After traversing a mile or so we came upon the open ground, where the country looks barren and deserted, and the black moors are seen rolling away in the distance in long undulating lines. Striking off on the right we have to cross a broad swampy patch, and then labour up a craggy steep, the summit of which is crowned by the Higgarr Rocks, a chaotic mass of gritstone blocks piled confusedly together."

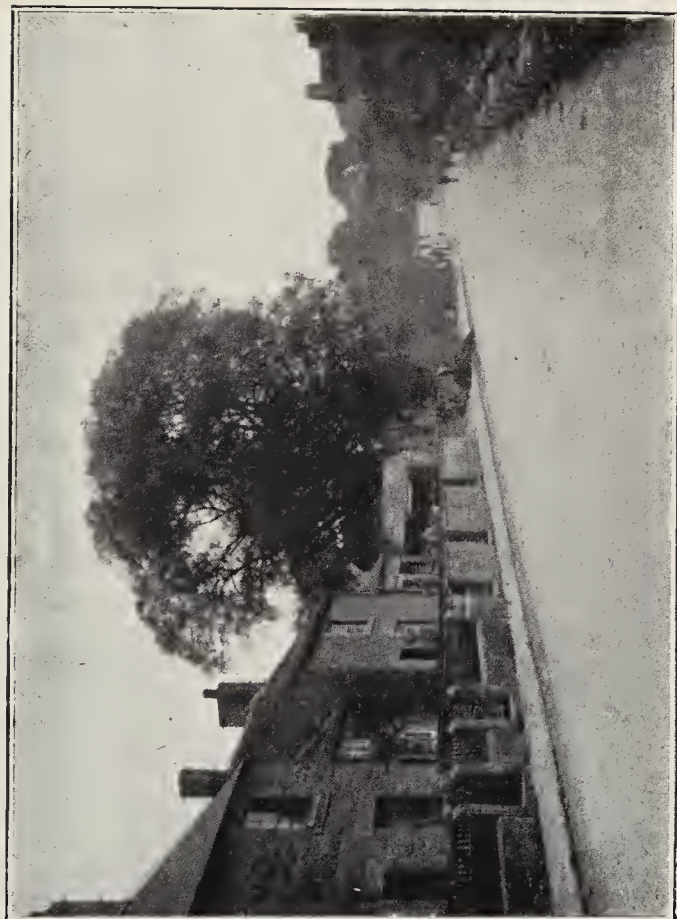
I have given Jane Eyre's description of the road by which she entered Hathersage. Here is Mr. Croston's account of it, as he turned his face towards Hazleford Bridge on his way to Eyam. "At every step the signs of fertility and cultivation were manifest. Our route lay through one of those old fashioned country lanes with tall embowering hedges, heavy with ferns, fox gloves, and wild

roses ; and many a charming view of well-tilled fields and distant uplands did we obtain as the windings of the road brought us to the wider openings between the overarching trees that here border the path."

I give these quotations from Mr. Croston's book, because I think it better to mention the description of a man who, as far as we can tell, had no suspicion that Charlotte Brontë was ever near Hathersage in her life. The peculiarity of the neighbourhood is its contrasts, wild moorlands, high hills, black rocks, delightful woods, murmuring streams, and rich pasture lands, within a short distance of each other. Here is a passage from Baddeley's *Thorough Guide to the Peak*. It describes a view from the coach road to Hathersage : " At a sudden turn to the right between two rocks called Millstone Edge Nick, or the Surprise, there bursts upon the eye the handsomest view in the midland counties. The main features are Hope Dale, wide and pastoral, in front, and the valley of the Derwent, narrow and beautifully wooded, reaching far away to the south. Between the two is a sylvan v-shaped glen, down which the Highlow brook flows to its confluence with the Derwent. . . . Our thoughts hark back to the Teith and Callander Bridge, as seen from Ben Ledi—twin scenes of beauty, such as an artist might make his name and fortune by faithfully depicting."

The same writer cannot help saying about Hathersage : " It certainly might turn to better account the great advantages of its situation. At present it is dominated by two or three hideous chimneys, and is mainly dependent for its prosperity on needles and shackle pins." I once heard a man say, " You cannot feed on landscape," and he was right. Hathersage must earn its bread, and it has been a manufacturing village from time immemorial. The population in 1881 was 828. I doubt whether it has ever reached a thousand.

What I have to say further about Hathersage refers to the Eyre family, and the sources of my information are *Cox's Derbyshire*, and *On foot through the Peak*. But I have been familiar with the place since boyhood, and have spent many happy weeks in the neighbourhood. The statements made in *Jane Eyre* about the family of Mr. St. John Eyre Rivers is true of the Eyres. Hannah, the servant, told Jane : " Th' Rivers wor gentry i' th' owd days o' th' Henrys, as onybody may see by looking into th' registers i' Morton Church vestry."



HATHERSAGE VILLAGE

There is an old pedigree preserved at Hassop, which relates how the founder of the family, whose name was Truelove, saved the life of William the Conqueror at Hastings; and William said, "Thou shalt hereafter from Truelove be called Air, because thou hast given me the air I breathe." He bestowed on him afterwards extensive lands in Derbyshire. In the Hathersage church is the altar tomb of Robert Eyre, who fought at Agincourt, and died on the 21st of May, 1459; also of his wife, Joan Eyre, who died on the 9th of May, 1464. This Joan Eyre was heiress of the house of Padley, and brought the Padley estates into the Eyre family. There is a sanctus bell of the 15th century, with a Latin inscription: "Pray for the souls of Robert Eyre and Joan his wife."

Joan and Jane are the same name; and I think this heiress of the Padley's suggested to Charlotte Brontë the title of her famous novel. That altar tomb is a striking object in the church, because beneath it are the effigies of fourteen children, born to Robert and Joan Eyre—ten sons and four daughters. At the western end of the nave is a large memorial window of three lights, and beneath it this inscription in black letter, "To the glory of God, and to the memory of William Eyre of North Lees, of Mary his wife, and John his son, A.D. 1856." I mention this because North Lees is supposed to be the house mentioned in the novel, as the old home of the Rivers, and called Moor House.*

North Lees is on the hill side, about a mile and a half north of the church. In *Jane Eyre*, the home of the Rivers is described as three or four miles away, but the exigencies of the story seem to demand that distance. It is a castellated Elizabethan hall, with mullioned windows. When Robert Eyre married Joan Padley, he built a large mansion at Padley, which has been called "the most considerable in this part of Derbyshire," North Lees remained in the family, and was occupied by descendants of Robert and Joan until recent years. Mr. Croston says: "To this once powerful family, whose name in days of yore was so prominently associated with the annals of the Peak, but little has been preserved beyond their monuments, their records and traditions; the lands they owned have passed from their possession, and the ancient halls in which they dwelt have become the abode of strangers, and

* From Mr. Stead's paper, p. 27, it would appear that the evidence is in favour of Moor Seats, a house nearer Hathersage.—Ed.

will now know them no more." We cannot help thinking of the words which Charlotte Brontë puts into the mouth of St. John Eyre Rivers: "I am poor; for I find that when I have paid my father's debts, all the patrimony remaining to me will be this crumbling grange, the row of scathed firs behind, and the patch of moorish soil, with the yew trees and holly bushes in front."

I have said nothing about Hathersage, except in reference to *Jane Eyre*. That it was the birth place of Little John, any native will inform you, and that Robin Hood's henchman was buried there is an article of faith among the people. His grave is pointed out in the church yard; the distance between the stones which mark the head and foot is ten feet. Formerly, his cap and bow hung in the church; the cap has disappeared, and a century ago the bow was removed to Cannock Hall, near Barnsley. Even a sober antiquarian like the Rev. Joseph Hunter gives a note in his *History of Hallamshire*, quoting the Ashmole MSS.: "Little John lies buried in Hathersage churchyard, within three miles from Castleton in High Peake, with one stone set up at his head, and another at his feet. They say a parte of his bowe hangs up in the said church."

Kirklees possesses the grave of Robin Hood, and Hathersage that of Little John. It is remarkable that Charlotte Brontë's fiction impinged on both places.

The dialect in *Jane Eyre* is not the dialect of the Peak. It is the dialect of Haworth and its neighbourhood. But the same may be said of Millcote, which was seventy miles nearer London. There is no mistaking what old John said about Jane Eyre marrying Rochester: "She's noan fahl, and varry good natured; and i' his een she's fair beautiful; onybody may see that."

You find the Derbyshire dialects in *Adam Bede*, in the *Banishment of Jessop Blythe* and in Ouida's *Puck*, which was written at Matlock. A famous bass singer at Tideswell Church (pronounced Tidzer) sang a favourite piece, "All wai like shaip have gone astree." The following proposal of marriage by a love-sick swain, and the reply it invoked may be remembered as a formula.

"Ar see: Wut ha' mai?"

"Nay, surrey, Ar donna like thai."

(I say: Wilt thou have me?

Nay sirrah, I do not like thee).

Now arise the important and difficult questions, when did Charlotte Brontë visit Hathersage? Whom did she visit? To these questions I can give no definite reply. It would be a great convenience if names could be put in the place of initials throughout Mrs. Gaskell's *Life of Charlotte*, and if we knew to whom all the letters were addressed. There is a puzzling record of correspondence in the 13th chapter, and I think an explanation of that correspondence would make clear this subject about Hathersage.

On the 13th of June, 1845, Charlotte wrote to somebody about her father's diminishing sight, and the dejection caused by it. Then Mrs. Gaskell adds: "For the reason just given Charlotte declined an invitation to the only house to which she was now ever asked to come." In answer to her correspondent's reply to this letter, Charlotte says: "You thought I refused you coldly, did you? It was a queer sort of coldness, when I would have given my ears to say yes and was obliged to say no. Matters, however, are now a little changed. Anne is come home, and her presence certainly makes me feel more at liberty. Then if all be well I will come and see you. Tell me only when I must come. Mention the week and the day. Have the kindness also to answer the following queries if you can: How far is it from Leeds to Sheffield? Can you give me a notion of the cost?"

Mrs. Gaskell says the visit was paid, and on her return journey she had an interesting conversation with a Frenchman, who spoke with a German accent. I mention that circumstance because Sir Wemyss Reid, in his *Monograph*, gives the letter in which the incident is narrated. It is dated July 31st, 1845, and appears to have been addressed to the friend she had visited. It is a very cordial and confidential letter, such as she was likely to write to a very intimate friend. This visit would be paid in July, 1845, just about the time when the first school was opened at Hathersage. Was it to somebody she had known at Brussels? She returned from that city in January, 1844. I ask the question because there are wide gaps in all the biographies which have been written about her. Who was the Brussels schoolfellow to whom she wrote at intervals as long as she lived? Mrs. Gaskell, speaking about her last letter, says: "The other—also in faint, faint pencil marks—was to her Brussels schoolfellow." Then the letter is given, and the biographer adds: "I do not think she ever wrote a line again?" Who was the correspondent?

Not Miss Nussey, and not Mary Taylor. Was it Mary Taylor's cousin, who is called Mary D.? It might be a daughter of that English physician to whose house the Brontë sisters were always welcome. My own opinion leans towards Mary D. Twice in a letter, dated October 13th, 1843, Charlotte had mentioned the D's.: "Brussels is indeed desolate to me now since the D's. left, I have had no friend. I had, indeed, some acquaintances in the family of a Dr.—but they too are gone now. . . . I get on here after a fashion, but now that Mary D. has left Brussels I have nobody to speak to, for I count the Belgians as nothing."

An Irishman has protested against vivisectioning the dead. I agree with him. It is no morbid curiosity which makes me wonder when Charlotte Brontë visited Hathersage, and with whom she stayed. The interest is literary. I think it was in the year 1845, and in the summer of that year. I have already said that a school was opened at Hathersage during that year for the first time. A cutting from an old Sheffield newspaper is the source of my information. Just twelve months previously, on July 4th, there were riots in Sheffield, in consequence of a colliers' strike, and the military was called out. These two facts would not prove much if they stood alone, but they are embedded in evidence which would prove the case without them.

Charlotte Brontë was fortunate in her friends, and not after she became famous only, but when she was poor and despondent, when her future looked black. We know about some of those friends, who have lived in a reflected glory since 1857, and who have deserved the glory. There were others whom we know by initial, or we know not except by the record of kind deeds, and the expression of Charlotte's love and gratitude. Who were they? I think amongst them was the kindly hostess who made Charlotte acquainted with the wonders and traditions of the High Peak, and the fame and misfortunes of the family which descended from Robert and Joan Eyre.

To me the Brontë sisters are more interesting than their books. We have heard so often "The child is father of the man," that we are in danger of forgetting the older truth, the man is father of the child. We study writers in the light of what they have written. Perhaps the order of procedure might be reversed, and in the case of these Brontë women it would be better to study the books in the light of their authors' lives.

Anne is caviare to the critic ; some day, however, she may be re-discovered. Who can tell ? When I read her poems I think about the figure T. T. Lynch applied to himself : "I have a bird's heart but not a bird's wings." It sounds paradoxical, as truth often does, and I offer the opinion with diffidence, but I think Anne Brontë was cramped by the eternal and the infinite. To me, she is far more interesting than her books. How little we know about her. Mrs. Gaskell saw only one of her letters, and there has been little desire shown by later writers to tell us about this maiden, who through twenty-nine toilsome years was "wearing the white flower of a blameless life," and who in dying could whisper encouragement to the living. Her last words were : "Take courage, Charlotte, take courage." When the reaction set in against Henry Kirke White, and it became fashionable to forget him, there was strange oblivion to the fact that he died at twenty-one. What should we have known about the names "On Fame's eternal beadroll worthie to be fyled," if Chaucer, Spenser, Shakespeare, Milton, Dryden, Byron, Burns, Wordsworth, and Tennyson had died at twenty-one. We have to ask a similar question about Emily Brontë. What other woman ever wrote a book within measurable distance of *Wuthering Heights*, for tragic power, at the age of twenty-seven. But Emily is more interesting to me than *Wuthering Heights*. Spartan Emily, doomed by constitutional reserve to a silence which could be felt ! To be loved is a mark of character, if the love is exceptional, and its manifestations unique. When I read in Charlotte's letters this quaint phrase : "Mine bonnie love," I think of the younger sister quite as much as of the elder.

But Charlotte is our subject, and she is more interesting than her books. I think she was a possible Jane Eyre, and Jane was an actual Charlotte Brontë. Therefore I plead guilty to no prying weakness when I wish for further information about that period of her life when she must have gazed on the scenery which she reproduced in the pages of her first great novel.

I wonder what place it was she went to at the beginning of 1845. There is a letter in that puzzling 13th chapter of Mrs. Gaskell's book, dated Feb. 20th, 1845. "I spent a week at H., not very pleasantly ; headache, sickness, and flatness of spirits made me a poor companion. . . . I am sure all with the exception perhaps of Mary, were glad when I took my departure." This would not be Mary

T., I think, who saw her last in January. What place is meant by H.?

To make the record complete, as far as I can, let me quote again from Mrs. Gaskell. In chapter xiii, referring to the year 1839, she says: "Charlotte grew much stronger in this quite happy period at home. She paid occasional visits to her two great friends, and they in return came to Haworth. At one of their houses, I suspect she met with the person to whom the following letter refers—someone having a slight resemblance to the character of St. John in the last volume of *Jane Eyre*, and like him in holy orders "March 12th, 1839. I had a kindly leaning towards him, because he is an amiable and well-disposed man. Yet I had not and could not have that intense attachment which would make me willing to die for him; and if ever I marry it must be in that light of adoration that I will regard my husband."

Over that incident she seems to throw the glamour of romance, when she makes Jane Eyre say: "I felt veneration for St. John—veneration so strong that its impetus thrust me at once to the point I had so long shunned. I was tempted to cease struggling with him—to rush down the torrent of his will, into the gulf of his existence, and there lose my own."

Now I must leave the subject. It is like the wild scenery of the High Peak, when mists fill the valleys, and only prominent land mark stand clearly in the sun. In our ignorance we may fancy that one crag is joined to another, and that a few steps would take the explorer from point to point. We know not that deep clefts, which go down to the roots of the mountains, are between them—spaces filled with clouded air. Or we may see two peaks standing out above the vapoury mass, and not know the chasm between them is bridged by rocks which Nature laid before the birth of man.

We must wait for clearer vision. I do not dogmatize; I only suggest and ask questions.

A NOTE.

Since my paper was written, Mr. Clement K. Shorter's book has appeared, and it is not an exaggeration to say that *Charlotte Brontë and her Circle* is the most valuable contribution yet made to our knowledge of this fascinating subject. There may be more to tell, but that

is doubtful. In all probability we have received the last important word about the Brontë sisters and their surroundings.

I have not altered a word in this paper. If it serve no other purpose it will mark the point reached by public knowledge, in reference to the Brontës, previous to Mr. Shorter's great book. I am well acquainted with all the biographies which had been published, and I had read many of the magazine articles which are mentioned by Mr. Butler Wood in his *Bibliography*. The uncertainties referred to in the paper arose from lack of evidence, not from want of industry or pains. In this note I will clear up the obscure points.

Mr. Shorter says (page 221): "Miss Ellen Nussey's brother Henry became Vicar of Hathersage, and he married shortly afterwards. While he was on his honeymoon his sister went to Hathersage to keep house for him and she invited her friend Charlotte Brontë to stay with her. The visit lasted three weeks." The date of the visit was some time between June 10th, 1845 (page 221), and July 23rd of the same year (page 222). In the deeply interesting fragment written by Anne Brontë, and dated July 31st, 1845, we read: "Charlotte has lately been to Hathersage, in Derbyshire, on a visit of three weeks to Ellen Nussey" (page 152). Mr. Shorter says she visited Hathersage only once, and yet in another part of the book he gives a letter of Emily's which he tells us was written when Charlotte was staying with her friend at Mr. Henry Nussey's house, at Hathersage, in Derbyshire (page 160). The date of the letter is February 9th, 1846. Charlotte did visit Miss Nussey during that month, as Mrs. Gaskell informs us, but it was probably at Brookroyd. (*Life of Charlotte Brontë*, Chapter xiv.) The negotiations with Messrs. Aylott & Jones, for the publication of the *Poems*, were proceeding during the whole of February.

The following quotation from Mr. Shorter's book will explain another point in my paper which I left obscure: "Her first proposal came from the brother of her friend Ellen Nussey." That was in 1839. It was the brother who became Vicar of Hathersage; and the reply of Charlotte Brontë was remarkably like the reply which Jane Eyre gave to Mr. St. John Rivers under similar circumstances.

I have asked what place is referred to as H——, in a letter dated February 20th, 1845." In the Brontë

Chronology, at the beginning of Mr. Shorter's book, we have this line: "Charlotte visits Mary Taylor, at Hounsden, 1845." That may answer the question. But where is Hounsden? It is not mentioned in the index, and I cannot find it in the body of the book. If it was not Hounsden she visited at that time, I think it would be Hunsworth, the home of one of the Taylors, which is mentioned frequently in Charlotte's letters.

Mary D—— was Mary Dixon. Mr. Shorter says: "Miss Mary Dixon, the sister of Mr. George Dixon, M.P., is still alive, but she has unfortunately not preserved her letters from Charlotte Brontë."

Miss Nussey was not the Brussels schoolfellow with whom Charlotte corresponded to the end of her life. Mr. Shorter says: "Ellen Nussey contemplated joining her there—a project never carried out" (page 160).

This quotation will clear up that point: "I discovered through a letter addressed to Miss Nussey that the Brussels friend referred to by Mrs. Gaskell was a Miss Lætitia Wheelright." She was the daughter of an English doctor, who went to Brussels for his health and for his children's education.

I have one word more to say about Mr. Shorter's book. After reading it, I am astonished how much that is good and true could be written about a subject which many "superior people" said was exhausted twenty-five years ago.

T. K.

CHARLOTTE BRONTË AND THE EAST RIDING.

BY MR. P. F. LEE.

Charlotte Brontë, it is believed, first visited Easton, near old Burlington, on the east coast of Yorkshire in the year 1839. The faithful friend "E" accompanied her here, and introduced her to Mr. and Mrs. John Hudson, acquaintances of "E's" family, at Easton House farm.

Our talented but then unknown authoress having been introduced to the Hudsons, let us try to imagine her there, and the house and its surroundings during the time of this particular visit.



FARM HOUSE AT EASTON,

(From a Water-colour Drawing by Charlotte Brontë).

Nearing Easton from the West Riding of Yorkshire, the high road runs over the chalk escarpment of Bessingby Hill, a commanding eminence, whence Charlotte probably for the first time beheld the sea, on her way to this little hamlet by coach. From Bessingby Hill the prospect, looking seaward over Bridlington Quay and Hilderthorpe, and landward too, is very charming. The ancient town of Burlington (a far nicer and more musical name, I think, than Bridlington) shows up well from this point of view, with its expanse of red-tiled houses, and the imposing Priory Church towering above them.

The Easton hamlet is part of the Strickland's entailed estate, and, but for that fact, the Easton House farm would probably have been purchased by the Hudson family, the several lessees being in easy circumstances, and all, I believe, much attached to the place. The first of them to occupy it was Mr. William Roundell, who died at an advanced age early in the present century. His nephew, Mr. John Hudson, senr., succeeded him in the uncle's lifetime, and in course of time Mr. Hudson was himself succeeded by his son, Mr. John Hudson, jun., who married in 1830 Miss Sophia Whipp.

As to the family circle, "worthy Mr. Hudson" and "his kind-hearted help-mate" as Charlotte styles them, were then a handsome couple in the prime of life. Mr. Hudson was of a gentle retiring disposition, but his wife, though a lady of the kindest manners, was of a more stirring nature, and possessed a more marked individuality. Mrs. Hudson is described by one who knew her as "a model of primness and old-world sweetness." She was one, in fact, with whom it would be improbable for Miss Brontë, always a close student of character, to be brought into daily contact without leaving a lasting impression. Of this I may have more to say later on.

Mrs. Hudson was a housewife of the old style, and the household was conducted with clockwork regularity. Up at half-past six in the morning; breakfast at half-past seven; dinner at noon; tea at half-past four, and all lights out, unless "company" happened to be there, by half-past nine at night. Besides the host and hostess, there was "little Hancheon" (Charlotte's pet name for Fanny Whipp), then a lively interesting child about seven years old, and who afterwards became Mrs. North. We

can easily understand that this quiet methodical household would be just the one suited to Miss Brontë's home-loving shy nature.

I am informed that much of Charlotte's time, when at Easton, was spent in writing and sketching. Of the latter I am in the happy position of being able to give a specimen and to show how Charlotte Brontë's artistic talent has perpetuated the appearance of Easton House fifty years ago.

During the summer of 1895 I was holiday making at Hornsea and Bridlington Quay, and made it in my way to visit Easton House farm. Some days previously I had called upon Mr. Thomas Holderness, of Driffeld, who allowed me to see newspaper cuttings of a series of articles, written by himself, entitled *Rambles in the East Riding*, wherein he mentions "a drawing by Charlotte of a group in the summer house at Easton." After some enquiries I was able to trace the present whereabouts of this drawing, and had the pleasure of beholding a miniature-like picture in water-colour, of Easton House and garden. An ivy-grown "summer house" is depicted in the back-ground, but the "group," namely, Mr. and Mrs. Hudson, with a pet dog, is shown in the foreground of the drawing, on a rustic seat in the garden itself. The homestead, looking so cosy, and "pleasantly bowered in trees" as represented in the drawing, presents a different appearance at the present day, and the garden now full of vegetables is more usefully employed than formerly, with its rosaries, summer house, bee shed, and other delightful features, so faithfully shown in Charlotte Brontë's drawing. A flight of rooks, making across the valley for Wandale, is introduced by the artist, and it is said that Mr. Hudson's only remark during the progress of the drawing was, "Now don't forget to put in the crows, Miss Brontë." Either at this time, or during her succeeding visit to Easton House, Charlotte painted a small portrait of Mrs. Hudson, which is now the property of Mrs. North's elder son in London, who writes me saying that the portrait was unfortunately mislaid some years ago, and although he had searched for it, he had not yet been able to find it. Otherwise he would have been glad to have placed it at my service for illustration in this paper. It is unfortunate that letters which Charlotte Brontë wrote to Mrs. Hudson have been lost; a pair of slippers she worked when visiting Easton also met with untimely destruction, greatly to the regret of the family.

Coursing through the meadow close to the garden at Easton House is a stream of beautifully clear water, the Gipsev Race, rising near Wold Newton and reaching the sea through the harbour at Bridlington Quay. Charlotte's favourite walk was along the side of the Gipsev Race "to Harlequin Wood and to Boynton," often accompanied by "little Hancheon" whose younger son is now possessor of the drawing of Easton House. One can imagine how a first excursion to the sea-side would affect such an observant nature as Charlotte Brontë's, and how a first impression would be enjoyed. In a letter written towards the close of 1839, she herself says, "I will not tell you what I thought of the sea, because I should fall into my besetting sin of enthusiasm. I may, however, say that its glories, changes, its ebb and flow, the sound of its restless waves, formed a subject for contemplation that never wearied either the eye, the ear, or the mind."

Easton House being a considerable distance from the sea, Mr. Hudson would, no doubt, drive his visitors down to the coast in his dog cart, or, as Miss Wooler would have said, his "conveyance." Again writing of this time, Charlotte says to her friend "E": "I should very much like to know how the great brewing tub of Bridlington Bay works, and what sort of yeasty froth rises just now on the waves." It is truly a magnificent sight, at high tides, to see the rollers of Bridlington Bay, in an easterly wind, dashing and rebounding from the north pier, or thundering and churning against the wall of the Prince's Parade. Charlotte's second visit to Easton was in 1849, after attending the funeral of her sister Anne, at Scarborough, and before returning to the house of mourning at Haworth. What an eventful ten years—1839 to 1849—was this interval of the two visits to Easton, in the life of Charlotte Brontë! She is no longer unknown to fame, although it is yet as *Currer Bell* only. She has been abroad and vastly enlarged her experience as an authoress. The novel of her sisters and her own first great success—*Jane Eyre*—have been published, but all the dear ones at home, save her aged father, have passed away one by one.

Might not one hazard a conjecture that as *Shirley* was published two or three months later than this second visit to Easton, it is not improbable some part of it may have actually been written there? At subsequent periods Charlotte visited both Filey and Hornsea, as may be seen from her published letters.

Mr. and Mrs. Hudson retired from Easton House farm to Burlington, in the early seventies. They died there in 1878 and 1876 respectively, and both of them were buried there in the hoary graveyard of the Priory Church. It appears from what I have gathered, that in his "East Riding Notes," Mr. Holderness was mistaken in stating that the Hudsons were succeeded at the farm by a son. They had no family, and their relations, who lived with them at the time, left, and the place passed into other hands. Since this time the old building has been altered and enlarged. It is now untenanted, and no longer fit for habitation.

In *Villette* it is not until chapter five is reached that the heroine, "Lucy Snowe," arrives in London, presumably from "that flat, rich middle of England (perhaps leafy Warwickshire is meant), and is lodged "under the shadow of St. Paul's." Ultimately she reaches Brussels, where the remaining part of the story is enacted.

It seemed to me (prior to the publication of Mr. Shorter's charming Monograph) that in the description of "Mrs. Bretton," in the first chapter of *Villette*, Charlotte Brontë might have had Mrs. Hudson, of Easton, in her mind when she wrote: "She was not young, as I remember her, but she was still handsome, tall, well made, and though dark for an English woman, yet wearing always the clearness of health in her brunette cheek, and its vivacity in a pair of fine, cheerful black eyes." Mr. Shorter tells us on the authority of Charlotte herself, that Mrs. Smith (the mother of Mr. George Smith, of Smith, Elder & Co.) was the original "Mrs. Bretton," and of course we must accept that as final. Easton House does seem to have been partly described, although removed for the purposes of the story to Burlington, "the clean and ancient town of Bretton." Also the several allusions to "little Polly," the "Paulina Mary" of *Villette*, may not inappropriately have been intended for Fanny Whipp, the "little Hancheon," of those merry walks to the woods near Easton. We may surmise, too, not unreasonably I think, that after the "confession" incident and illness of "Lucy Snowe" as recorded in *Villette*, Burlington is again alluded to. It is where the heroine, having been taken to the house of those who turn out to be old friends, and having become convalescent, exclaims: "Am I in England? Am I in Bretton? . . . Hastily pulling up the blind with which the lattice was shrouded, I looked out to try and discover

where I was; half-prepared to meet the calm, old, handsome buildings, and clean grey pavement of St Ann's Street, and to see at the end the towers of the minster." If we change the words "St. Ann's Street" to St. John's street, Burlington, and the word "minster" to the Priory Church there, we arrive at a faithful description of what may be seen to-day at Burlington. In the twenty-fifth chapter of Mrs. Gaskell's *The Life of Charlotte Brontë*, appears a letter by Charlotte written to Mr. George Smith, on his criticisms of certain portions of *Villette*, then just completed and in manuscript. In this letter we find the following words: "The childhood of Paulina, is, however, I think, pretty well imagined, but her" The remainder of this interesting sentence is torn off the letter, says Mrs. Gaskell. There is no knowing what might have been revealed had this circumstance not happened. Perhaps it is too much to hope that the torn portion may sometime be recovered. The name of one of the characters, at least, in *Shirley*, came from the district of Burlington, namely "Mrs. Whipp," the landlady of either "Mr. Malone" or "Mr. Sweeting," two of the Curates; for we know from the opening chapter of *Shirley*, that "Mr. Donne," the other one of the famous trio, lodged with "Mrs. Gale," of Whinbury.

The Brontë girls all tasted Governess's life, but did not relish it. Their one idea was to have a school of their own. After Charlotte's first visit to Easton, this district became uppermost in their minds as a suitable locality for the proposed school, for she writes: "In thinking of all possible and impossible places where we could establish a school, I have thought of Burlington, or rather the neighbourhood of Burlington. . . . I fancy the ground in the East Riding is less fully occupied than in the West. This was after the scheme for setting up a school at the Parsonage had failed.

In conclusion, I trust it may not have been without interest to members to learn that the two pictures painted by our authoress at Easton House are in existence, and that material for Charlotte Brontë's subsequent writings was evidently gleaned as a result of the visits there and in the neighbourhood.

NOTE.—The Author is greatly indebted to Mr. Edward Roundell Whipp North, of Bridlington Quay, for information kindly given, and for his permission to have Charlotte Brontë's drawing photographed; and to Mr. J. J. Stead, of Heckmondwike, for kindly illustrating this paper.

HATHERSAGE AND "JANE EYRE."

BY J. J. STEAD.

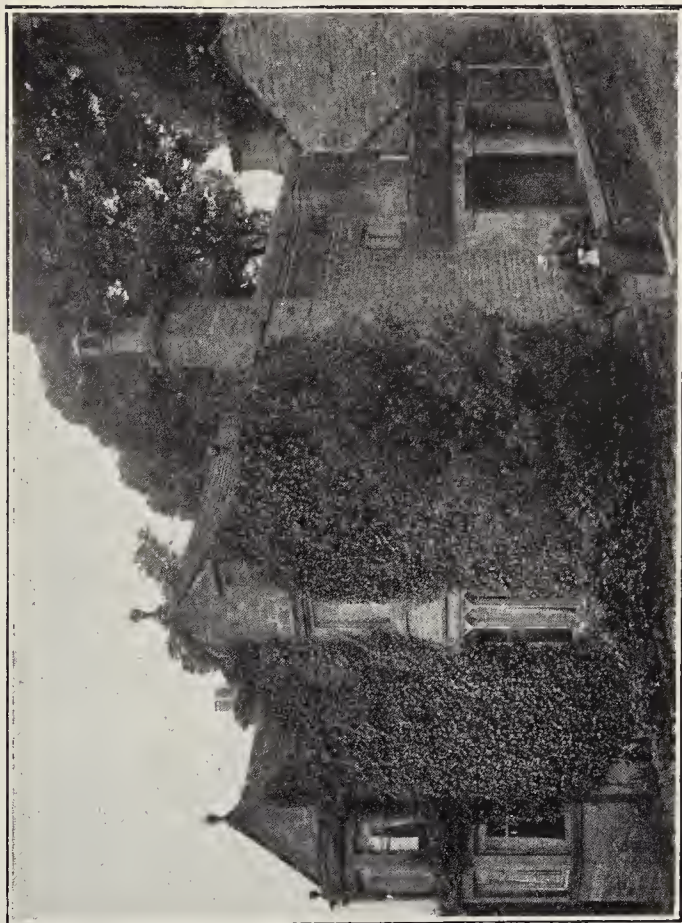
The excellent paper read by the Rev. Thos. Keyworth at the annual meeting of the Brontë Society, held at Keighley in January last, on "Morton Village in *Jane Eyre*" has aroused a considerable amount of interest.

The fact that the village of Hathersage, in Derbyshire, was the original of some of the literary landscapes in Charlotte Brontë's novel had only been very slightly known previously; but since the reading of the paper several members of the Brontë Society have been to Hathersage.

The writer has visited it twice during the summer, and on each occasion was accompanied by Brontë students, and we can fully confirm the conclusion arrived at by Mr. Keyworth, that the village of Morton in *Jane Eyre* and Hathersage in Derbyshire are identical. Charlotte Brontë went to Hathersage in July, 1845, on a visit to her friend Miss Ellen Nussey, who was then keeping house for her brother, the Rev. Henry Nussey, at that time vicar there. It is known that Mr. Nussey was the original of St. John Rivers; and the fact of his being vicar of Hathersage for three years and that Charlotte Brontë spent some time there with his sister, are strongly in favour of the assumption that this village is the Morton of the story. Six years previously, when curate of Donnington, near Chichester, he had made Charlotte her first proposal of marriage, which she had declined: but sometime afterwards we find her congratulating him on his engagement to another lady.

The name Hathersage is said to be but a shortened form of "Heather's Edge," and certainly almost on the edge of the village are those far extending moors of which the novelist speaks as covered with deep heather, and on which Jane Eyre spent the first night after the coach had put her down at Whitcross, when she had fled away from Mr. Rochester's house, "Thornfield Hall." Then we have the one village street, at the bottom of which was the shop with the cakes of bread in the window, which she so much coveted, and for one of which she offered a silk handkerchief or her gloves in exchange. The needle factory which she names is still there, though not now exclusively devoted to that business.

In the Church is the Eyre altar tomb, with some fine brasses of old date in splendid preservation, and near to



MOORSEATS, near Hathersage,
(The "Moorhouse" of Jane Eyre).

the Church, though this is in no way connected with the novel, is a remarkably good specimen of an ancient British Camp, called Camp Green.

The vicarage at Hathersage is now a larger house than in 1845, but is situated exactly as described in the book, "near the churchyard and in the middle of a garden stood a well built though small house which I had no doubt was the parsonage."

Some three-quarters of a mile away, and near the edge of the moor, is a house called Moorseats, which I have no hesitation in fixing as the original of the "Moor House," to which Jane Eyre wandered when almost exhausted from hunger and fatigue, and from which she was at first so cruelly shut out, and afterwards admitted and kindly treated. The present occupier explained to me that since that time the house had been enlarged, a portion added along the front, bay windows put in and other alterations effected; but as the house originally was, it would correspond with the one described in the novel.

We also know that the Vicarage people were on visiting terms with the then residents at Moorseats, and that Charlotte Brontë went there with her friend, Miss Nussey. I am aware that North Lees, a house about a mile further away, has been pointed out in some local publications as the "Moor House," but it does not at all agree with the description in the book, which reads: "It was low, and rather long," and "a small antique structure with low roof," and again, "it is only a humble sort of place," whereas North Lees is a very large three-storied castellated structure, formerly one of the seats of the Eyre family. This latter is now unoccupied except by a farmer who lives in the kitchen portion; the rest of the building appears to be going into a state of ruin. A member of the Eyre family lived for a while at Moorseats. "Mr. Oliver's grand hall i' Morton Vale" is no doubt "Brookfield Manor," a large mansion now occupied by G. H. Cammell, Esq., of the noted firm of steel rail and plate makers at Sheffield.

A small local guide book on sale at Hathersage, would make out that North Lees is the "Thornfield Hall" of *Jane Eyre*, and says "sundry would-be critics have pointed out that Thornfield is placed in another part of the county." Critic or not, we don't believe "Thornfield Hall" to be in Derbyshire at all. It is a composite picture,

the exterior is drawn from Rydings Hall at Birstall, Yorkshire, once the residence of Miss Ellen Nussey, and the interior from Norton Conyers, near Ripon, the seat of Sir Reginald Graham, Bart.; both these places having been visited by Charlotte Brontë, the former on many occasions. I have had the pleasure of going over both houses, and my views are confirmed by the novelist's life-long friend.

In conclusion I have pleasure in contributing three photographs, out of a series I took at Hathersage on my visit, and can only add that apart from its Brontë associations, it is a most admirable place at which to spend a week-end, and since the opening of the Dore and Chinley line, is much more easily and cheaply reached than formerly.

“CHARLOTTE BRONTË AND HER CIRCLE.”

Crown 8vo. 1896. By CLEMENT K. SHORTER.
(Messrs. Hodder and Stoughton, 7/6.)

A word or two on this work may not be out of place in these pages, inasmuch as it is without doubt the most important contribution to the Brontë story issued since the publication of Mrs. Gaskell's biography of Charlotte Brontë. Many factors have contributed to this result. In the first place, those writers who followed Mrs. Gaskell were unable to command the assistance of the person of all others who could most effectively render it in a work on this subject; namely the husband of Charlotte Brontë. For more than forty years he has kept an unbroken silence and would probably have continued to do so, had he not known that at least a dozen people were in possession of a work in which many unpublished letters by his wife appeared, and which without some authoritative editing might have led to the misunderstanding of many things mentioned therein. Mr. Nicholls therefore decided to give Mr. Shorter all the assistance he could render, and consequently many points in Charlotte Brontë's life are now made clear for the first time. The correspondence with Mr. Williams, the gifted “reader” to Messrs. Smith, Elder & Co., which is now first printed in this volume, was unavailable when Sir T. Wemyss Reid wrote his appreciative monograph. These letters are most delightful reading, not only because their literary criticisms are fresh and original, but because they

deal as a rule with more intellectual matters than those written to her non-literary friends. In addition to these valuable contributions to our knowledge of the Brontës, Mr. Shorter, after long and patient search, was fortunate enough to discover the identity of the hitherto unknown Brussels schoolfellow, from whom he has obtained many interesting and valuable particulars of that period of Charlotte Brontë's life. In this connection Mr. Shorter tells us that when he first ascertained the lady's name was Miss Lætitia Wheelwright, in order to leave no stone unturned in his search, he caused letters to be sent to every person of that name in the London Directory, and in this way he found the lady whom he wanted. Lastly, Miss Nussey has allowed the author to make use of the unique collection of letters addressed to her by Charlotte Brontë, and he has thus been able to reprint many letters in full which were only partially quoted by Mrs. Gaskell.

Having this wealth of material at his command, it is therefore no disparagement to the labours of Sir. T. Wemyss Reid, Mr. Augustine Birrell, and others who have laboured in the same field with such conspicuous success in the past, to affirm that this work is second only in importance to Mrs. Gaskell's "Life," and that it must be taken as the necessary complement to it.

By dispensing with a chronological arrangement of his material, Mr. Shorter has been able to group it into certain well-defined sections, and so enable his readers to realize more vividly the circle in which Charlotte lived and moved. Thus we find chapters devoted to her father and mother, childhood, governess life, the Brussels episode, Branwell, Anne, Emily, and to her literary and personal friendships. For the first time we are presented with an intelligible account of her lovers and the story of her courtship and marriage. The curates with whom she came into contact have an interesting chapter devoted to them, and the famous three curates in *Shirley* are here identified. Names which were either omitted altogether, or only indicated by a dash in Mrs. Gaskell's work, are now given in full, together with much information about the persons alluded to.

Some of the microscopical juvenile manuscripts, the writing of which formed one of the few diversions of the Brontë childhood, are mentioned by Mrs. Gaskell, but Mr.

Shorter gives a much more complete list of these unique productions. A few extracts are given in the book and although they are childish to a degree they serve to indicate the genesis of the literary genius of these remarkable children.

Mrs. Gaskell drew her portraits of the Brontës in broad, but in the main, true outlines. In this volume, we see them filled in with many details of light and shade, and so we are enabled to realize their actual personalities more fully than was before possible. Space forbids us to give more than one or two quotations from the letters. Here is part of a letter to Emily, in which we discern the actual basis of one of the finest chapters in *Villette* :—

“ However, I should inevitably fall into the gulf of low spirits if I stayed always by myself here without a human being to speak to, so I go out and traverse the Boulevards and streets of Bruxelles sometimes for hours together. Yesterday I went on a pilgrimage to the cemetery, and far beyond it on to a hill where there was nothing but fields as far as the horizon. When I came back it was evening; but I had such a repugnance to return to the house, which contained nothing that I cared for, I still kept threading the streets in the neighbourhood of the Rue d’Isabelle and avoiding it. I found myself opposite to Ste. Gudule, and the bell, whose voice you know, began to toll for evening salut. I went in, quite alone (which procedure you will say is not much like me), wandered about the aisles where a few old women were saying their prayers, till vespers begun. I stayed till they were over. Still I could not leave the church or force myself to go home—to school I mean. An odd whim came into my head. In a solitary part of the Cathedral six or seven people still remained kneeling by the confessionals. In two confessionals I saw a priest. I felt as if I did not care what I did, provided it was not absolutely wrong, and that it served to vary my life and yield a moment’s interest. I took a fancy to change myself into a Catholic and go and make a real confession to see what it was like. Knowing me as you do, you will think this odd, but when people are by themselves they have singular fancies. A penitent was occupied in confessing. They do not go into the sort of pew or cloister

which the priest occupies, but kneel down on the steps and confess through a grating. Both the confessor and the penitent whisper very low, you can hardly hear their voices. After I had watched two or three penitents go and return I approached at last and knelt down in a niche which was just vacated. I had to kneel there ten minutes waiting, for on the other side was another penitent invisible to me. At last that went away and a little wooden door inside the grating opened, and I saw the priest leaning his ear towards me. I was obliged to begin, and yet I did not know a word of the formula with which they always commence their confessions. It was a funny position. I felt precisely as I did when alone on the Thames at midnight. I commenced with saying I was a foreigner and had been brought up a Protestant. The priest asked if I was a Protestant then. I somehow could not tell a lie and said "yes." He replied that in that case I could not "*jouer du bonheur de la confesse*"; but I was determined to confess, and at last he said he would allow me because it might be the first step towards returning to the true church. I actually did confess—a real confession. When I had done he told me his address, and said that every morning I was to go to the rue du Parc—to his house—and he would reason with me and try to convince me of the error and enormity of being a Protestant!!! I promised faithfully to go. Of course, however, the adventure stops there, and I hope I shall never see the priest again. I think you had better not tell papa of this. He will not understand that it was only a freak, and will perhaps think I am going to turn Catholic. Trusting that you and papa are well, and also Tabby and the Holyes, and hoping you will write to me immediately,—I am, yours, C. B."

Charlotte Brontë's estimate of Thackeray, given in a letter to Mr. Williams, is worth quoting:—

"You mention Thackeray and the last number of *Vanity Fair*. The more I read Thackeray's works the more certain I am that he stands alone—alone in his sagacity, alone in his truth, alone in his feeling (his feeling, though he makes no

noise about it, is about the most genuine that ever lived on a printed page), alone in his power, alone in his simplicity, alone in his self-control. Thackeray is a Titan, so strong that he can afford to perform with calm the most herculean feats; there is the charm and majesty of repose in his greatest efforts; *he* borrows nothing from fever, his is never the energy of delirium—his energy is sane energy, deliberate energy, thoughtful energy. The last number of *Vanity Fair* proves this peculiarly. Forcible, exciting in its force, still more impressive than exciting, carrying on the interest of the narrative in a flow, deep, full, resistless, it is still quiet—as quiet as reflection, as quiet as memory; and to me there are parts of it that sound as solemn as an oracle. Thackeray is never borne away by his own ardour—he has it under control. His genius obeys him—it is his servant, it works no fantastic changes at its own wild will, it must still achieve the task which reason and sense assign it, and none other. Thackeray is unique. *I can* say no more, *I will* say no less.—Believe me, yours sincerely,

C. BELL."

Unfortunately, she does not think so highly of Jane Austen, whose art she speaks of elsewhere as "a carefully-fenced, highly-cultivated garden, with neat borders and delicate flowers . . . but no fresh air, no blue hill, no bonny beck."

"I have likewise read one of Miss Austen's works—*Emma*—read it with interest and with just the degree of admiration which Miss Austen herself would have thought sensible and suitable. Anything like warmth or enthusiasm—anything energetic, poignant, heart-felt is utterly out of place in commending these works: all such demonstration the authoress would have met with a well-bred sneer, would have calmly scorned as outré and extravagant. She does her business of delineating the surface of the lives of genteel English people curiously well. There is a Chinese fidelity, a miniature delicacy in the painting. She ruffles her reader by nothing vehement, disturbs him by nothing profound. The passions are perfectly unknown to her; she

rejects even a speaking acquaintance with that stormy sisterhood. Even to the feelings she vouchsafes no more than an occasional graceful but distant recognition—too frequent converse with them would ruffle the smooth elegance of her progress. Her business is not half so much with the human heart as with the human eyes, mouth, hands, and feet. What sees keenly, speaks aptly, moves flexibly, it suits her to study; but what throbs fast and full, though hidden, what the blood rushes through, what is the unseen seat of life and the sentient target of death—this Miss Austen ignores. She no more, with her mind's eye, beholds the heart of her race than each man, with bodily vision, sees the heart in his heaving breast. Jane Austen was a complete and most sensible lady, but a very incomplete and rather insensible (*not senseless*) woman. If this is heresy, I cannot help it. If I said it to some people Lewes for instance) they would directly accuse me of advocating exaggerated heroics, but I am not afraid of your falling into any such vulgar error.—Believe me, yours sincerely,

C. BRONTË."

Mr. Clement Shorter has laid every Brontë student under deep obligations by this important contribution to the Brontë literature

THE BRONTË SOCIETY.

(ESTABLISHED 1893.)

OBJECTS :

(1) To acquire by gift, loan or purchase, literary, artistic, and family memorials of the Brontës; pictures of persons and places identified with them and their works; copies of the various editions of their writings, and all books and fugitive articles illustrating the Novels, and the districts in which the Brontës resided.

(2) The publication from time to time of Transactions, embracing original essays and bibliographical matter relating to the Brontë family.

(3) The formation and maintenance of the Brontë Museum, which shall be open to the public on such conditions as the Council may direct.

TERMS OF MEMBERSHIP :

Members are elected by a majority vote at any duly convened Council or General Meeting of the Society.

The Annual Subscription is half-a-crown, due January 1st of each year; life membership fee, two guineas.

A Ticket of Membership is sent annually to each member on receipt of subscription for current year, which entitles the member to free admission to the Museum and a copy of the Society's publications as issued during the year. Any member wishing to resign is requested to give notice to the Secretary.

The Secretary will be pleased to receive the name of any lady or gentleman wishing to join the Society, accompanied by the subscription.

W. T. FIELD, *Hon. Secretary*,

64, Godwin Street, Bradford.

BRONTË SOCIETY PUBLICATIONS.

PART V.

A CHRONOLOGY

OF THE

PRINCIPAL EVENTS

IN THE

LIVES OF THE BRONTË FAMILY

COMPILED BY

J. J. STEAD.



PRINTED FOR THE SOCIETY BY
M. FIELD AND SONS, GODWIN STREET, BRADFORD.

MARCH, 1897.

A CHRONOLOGY

OF THE

PRINCIPAL EVENTS

IN THE

LIVES OF THE BRONTË FAMILY.



- | | |
|--------------------|---|
| 1777 | (March 17) Patrick Brontë born at Emdale, in the Parish of Drumgooland, Ireland. |
| | Patrick Brontë teacher at Glascar Presbyterian School, and Precentor at the Chapel. |
| 1783 | Maria Branwell, afterwards Mrs. Brontë, born at Penzance, Cornwall. |
| 1798
OR
1799 | Patrick Brontë, teacher at the Drumballyroney Episcopalian School, under the Rev. Thomas Tighe. |
| 1802 | (October 1) Patrick Brontë enters St. John's College, Cambridge. |
| 1803
TO
1805 | Patrick Brontë obtains a Hare Scholarship, Duchess of Suffolk Exhibition, and Goodman's Exhibition. Private coach to other students. Sent £20 a year to his mother. Joined a volunteer corps at College. |
| 1806 | (April 23) Rev. Patrick Brontë took his B.A. degree, visited County Down at this time and preached in Ballyroney Church. |
| 1806 | Rev. Patrick Brontë, curate at Wethersfield in Essex, signs Baptismal Register October 12th. Fell in love with Mary Burder; her uncle interfered, and she afterwards married a Congregational minister (Rev. Peter Sibree). She died in 1866. |
| 1809 | (January 1) Rev. Patrick Brontë left Wethersfield. |
| 1809 | Rev. Patrick Brontë, curate at Dewsbury: his first entry in Register is December 11, 1809. |

- 1811 (July 20) Rev. Patrick Brontë presented to the incumbency of Hartshead by Rev. John Buckworth, Vicar of Dewsbury (the Dr. Boulton of "Shirley.") Lodged with Mr. and Mrs. Bedford at Thornbush.
- 1811 Rev. Patrick Brontë published "Cottage Poems," printed at Halifax.
- 1812 (April) Luddite attack on Rawfold's Mill, near Heckmondwike. (Hollows Mill of "Shirley.")
- 1812 (December 29th) Rev. Patrick Brontë married at Guiseley Church to Maria Branwell of Penzance, Cornwall.
- 1813 Rev. Patrick Brontë published the "Rural Minstrel," printed at Halifax.
- 1813 Maria Brontë born. Baptized April 23, 1814, at Hartshead.
- 1814 Elizabeth Brontë born.
- 1815 Rev. Patrick Brontë exchanged livings with Rev. Thomas Atkinson, of Thornton, near Bradford.
- 1815 Rev. Patrick Brontë's "Cottage in the Wood" published, printed at Bradford.
- 1816 (April 21st.) Charlotte Brontë born at Thornton. Baptized June 29th.
- 1817 Patrick Branwell Brontë born. Baptized July 23rd.
- 1818 Emily Jane Brontë born. Baptized August 20th.
- 1818 Rev. Patrick Brontë's "Maid of Killarney" published. Printed at Bradford.
- 1819 Anne Brontë born. Baptized March 25th, 1820. Family had removed to Haworth before Anne's baptism, but she was taken to Thornton for that ceremony.
- 1820 February 25th, removed from Thornton to Haworth.
- 1821 (September 15th) Mrs. Brontë died, aged 38.
- 1824 (September 2nd) Great Bog Eruption on the moor near Haworth. Mr. Brontë preached on the event, and the sermon was afterwards published.
- 1824 (July) Maria and Elizabeth go to Cowan Bridge School. Charlotte and Emily follow in September.

- 1825 (In Spring) Low Fever broke out at the School. Maria and Elizabeth return home.
- 1825 (May 6th) Maria died, aged 11.
- 1825 (June 15th) Elizabeth died, aged 10.
- 1825 (In Autumn) Charlotte and Emily left Cowan Bridge.
- 1827 Children practised composition of tales, which were mostly written in a very microscopic hand. From this time to 1830 about 30 of these productions were written.
- 1831 (January) Charlotte went to Miss Wooler's school at Roe Head, and there met with Miss Ellen Nussey, Mary and Martha Taylor, and others.
- 1832 Charlotte paid her first visit to Miss Ellen Nussey at the Rydings.
- 1835 (April 2nd) Rev. J. Buckworth, vicar of Dewsbury died.
- 1835 (July 29th) Charlotte became assistant to Miss Wooler at Roe Head, and Emily went as pupil, but soon returned home and Anne took her place.
- 1835 Rev. Patrick Brontë published a poem on Halley's Comet.
- 1835 Mr. William Robinson, of Leeds, engaged as art master for Branwell. Branwell visits London.
- 1835 Rev. Patrick Brontë issued a pamphlet entitled, "Signs of the Times," printed at Keighley.
- 1836 (July) Miss Nussey visited Haworth.
- 1836 Rev. Patrick Brontë issued a "Treatise on the best time and mode of Baptism," printed at Keighley.
- 1836 Emily became teacher at Miss Patchett's school at Law Hill, Southowram. There were 40 pupils. She only stayed there six months, becoming prostrated with hard work and long hours.
- 1836 Miss Wooler removed from Roe Head to Heald's House, top of Dewsbury Moor.
- 1836 (February) Branwell made a Freemason.
- 1837 Branwell made Secretary of the Freemasons' Lodge at the "Black Bull," Haworth.

-
- | | |
|------|--|
| 1837 | Miss Nussey removed from the Rydings to Brook-royd. |
| 1838 | Branwell set up as a portrait painter in Fountain Street, Bradford. The project proved a failure. |
| 1838 | Charlotte left Miss Wooler. |
| 1839 | Branwell left Bradford in the spring. |
| 1839 | (March) Charlotte received offer of marriage from Rev. Henry Nussey, but did not accept. (Rev. Henry Nussey was prototype of Rev. St. John Eyre Rivers, in "Jane Eyre.") |
| 1839 | (April 15th) Anne went as governess to Mrs. Ingham's, Blake Hall, Mirfield. |
| 1839 | (April 15th) Wm. Cartwright, of Rawfolds died, aged 64 (original of Robert Gerard Moore of "Shirley.") |
| 1839 | (July) Branwell visited Liverpool. |
| 1839 | (May to July) Charlotte went as governess to Mrs. Sidgwick's, Stone Gappe, near Kildwick. |
| 1839 | (July) Mr. Bryce, curate of Colne, proposed marriage to Charlotte. |
| 1839 | Charlotte along with Miss Nussey visited Easton, near Bridlington (Mr. Hudson's). |
| 1840 | (January 1st) Branwell went as tutor to Mr. Postlethwaite's, Broughton in Furness. |
| 1840 | (June) Branwell left Mr. Postlethwaite's. |
| 1840 | Anne left Blake Hall, not being strong enough for the long and arduous duties. |
| 1840 | (October 1st) Branwell went as clerk at Sowerby Bridge Railway Station. |
| 1840 | Joshua Taylor (Hiram Yorke, of "Shirley") died. |
| 1841 | Branwell as booking clerk at Luddenden Foot Station. |
| 1841 | (March 3rd) Charlotte went as governess to Mrs. White's, Upperwood, Rawdon. |
| 1841 | Anne went as governess to Rev. Edmund Robinson, Thorpe Green. |

- 1841 (July) Project to establish a school at Bridlington, or some other place in the East Riding.
- 1841 (August 9th) Rev. Hammond Roberson, of Liversedge died, aged 84 (Parson Helstone, of "Shirley.")
- 1842 (January) Branwell dismissed from his situation on the railway, for carelessness and neglect of duty.
- 1842 (February) Charlotte and Emily went to Brussels.
- 1842 (September 6th) Rev. Wm. Weightman (the "Celia Amelia" mentioned in the letters), curate of Haworth, died, aged 27. Mr. Brontë preached his funeral sermon, which was published.
- 1842 (October 29th) Miss Elizabeth Branwell (Mrs. Brontë's sister) died.
- 1842 (November) Charlotte and Emily returned from Brussels.
- 1842 (December) Branwell went as Tutor to son of Rev. Edmund Robinson, at Thorpe Green.
- 1843 (January) Charlotte went back to Brussels.
- 1844 (January 2nd) Charlotte returned from Brussels.
- 1844 Rev. A. B. Nicholls appointed curate at Haworth. Mr. Nicholls was born at Antrim in 1817. His parents were of Scotch origin.
- 1844 (July) Circulars issued by the Brontë sisters concerning a projected school.
- 1845 Charlotte visited Miss Nussey at Brookroyd.
- 1845 (June) Branwell and Anne left Thorpe Green.
- 1845 (June and July) Charlotte visited Hathersage, Derbyshire, the "Morton" of "Jane Eyre."
- 1846 Poems published.
- 1846 "Professor" written by Charlotte, and offered to various publishers, who declined it.
- 1846 (August 9th) Charlotte and Emily visited Mr. Wilson, oculist, Manchester, respecting their father's blindness, and on August 21st Charlotte went with her father to Mr. Wilson's, for the purpose of having a cataract removed. They stayed a month in this city.

-
- 1846 (November 17th) Mr. Brontë again read prayers in church.
- 1847 Railway to Keighley opened.
- 1847 (October) "Jane Eyre" published.
- 1847 (December) "Wuthering Heights," by Emily Brontë, and "Agnes Grey," by Anne Brontë published.
- 1848 (June) Charlotte and Anne visited London to establish their identity with Currer and Acton Bell, owing to some dispute which the publishers had with an American firm.
- 1848 "Wildfell Hall" published.
- 1848 (September 24th) Branwell died, aged 31.
- 1848 (December 19th) Emily died, aged 30.
- 1849 (February 14th) Foundation stone of Oxenhope Church laid.
- 1849 (May 28th) Anne died at No. 2, Cliff, Scarbro.' (The house stood where the "Grand" Hotel is now built).
- 1849 (October) "Shirley" published.
- 1849 (November and December) Charlotte visited London, and was the guest of Mr. George Smith's mother, 4, Westbourne Place, Bishop's Road, where she was introduced to Thackeray, Miss Martineau and others.
- 1850 (June) Charlotte again visited Mrs. Smith, at Gloucester Terrace, Hyde Park Gardens. During this visit she sat for her portrait to Mr. Richmond, went with the Smiths to Scotland, and returned home July 6th.
- 1850 (August) Charlotte stayed at the Briery, Windermere, the residence of Sir J. Kay Shuttleworth, and there met Mrs. Gaskell. She also visited Miss Martineau on this occasion.
- 1850 (December) Charlotte again visited Miss Martineau, at "The Knoll," Ambleside.
- 1851 "Villette" partly written this year.

- 1851 Charlotte received an offer of marriage from Mr. James Taylor, a manager for Smith, Elder & Co. (No relation of the Taylors of Gomersal). She, however, declined the offer. Mr. Taylor afterwards went to India.
- 1851 (May and June) Charlotte visited London, staying as usual with Mrs. Smith. Went to the Great Exhibition, met Lord Carlisle, Sir David Brewster, Samuel Rogers and others; heard D'Aubigné preach in French, returned viâ Manchester and called on Mrs. Gaskell.
- 1852 (January) Charlotte had a severe illness and discontinued writing "Villette": had another relapse in June, and went to Cliff House, Filey, for rest.
- 1852 (November), "Villette" completed.
- 1852 Rev. A. B. Nicholls proposed marriage to Charlotte, who was willing to accept, but her father strongly objected. Mr. Nicholls resigned his curacy at Haworth and went to Kirksmeaton.
- 1853 (January) Charlotte in London, went through various hospitals, prisons, banks, &c.
- 1853 (January 28th) "Villette" published.
- 1853 (March) Bishop of Ripon remained a night at the Haworth parsonage.
- 1853 (April) Charlotte visited Mrs. Gaskell at Plymouth Grove, Manchester.
- 1853 (May) Mr. Nicholls received a testimonial from the parishioners of Haworth, as a token of esteem for eight years' service as curate.
- 1853 (August) Charlotte went to Scotland.
- 1854 (April) Mr. Nicholls and Charlotte became engaged, and the former returned to Haworth in May.
- 1854 (May) Charlotte visited Manchester, Hunsworth, and Brookroyd.
- 1854 (June 29th) Mr. Nicholls and Charlotte married at Haworth by the Rev. Sutcliffe Sowden, of Hebden Bridge. Miss Nussey was bridesmaid, and Miss Wooler gave her away. The honeymoon was spent at Conway, Bangor, Cork, Killarney, &c.

- 1854 (November) Sir J. Kay-Shuttleworth offered Mr. Nicholls the living of Padiham in Lancashire, which he declined.
- 1854 (November 28th) Charlotte and her husband visited the waterfall on the moor after a snowstorm, when Charlotte took the cold which hastened her death.
- 1855 (February 17th) Old Tabitha Aykroyd died, aged 84.
- 1855 (February 17th) Mrs. Nicholls made her will, and about this time wrote the fragment of another tale "Emma."
- 1855 (March 31) Charlotte Brontë Nicholls died, aged nearly 39.
- 1857 "The Professor" published, with a preface by Rev. A. B. Nicholls.
- 1857 Mrs. Gaskell's "Life of Charlotte Brontë" issued in two vols.
- 1861 (June 7th) Rev. Patrick Brontë died in the 85th year of his age.
- 1861 Mr. Nicholls returned to Ireland, and married Miss Bell, his cousin.
- 1875 Mr. W. S. Williams died, aged 75.
- 1875 Rev. Canon Heald (Rev. Cyril Hall, of "Shirley") died, aged 71.
- 1879 (September 14th) last sermon preached in Haworth old church.
- 1880 (January 19th) Martha Brown died in the 52nd year of her age.
- 1881 (February 22nd) Haworth new Church consecrated.
- 1885 (June 3rd) Miss Margaret Wooler died within a week of being 93 years of age.
- 1886 (March 26th) Nancy Garrs, formerly one of the servants at the Haworth Vicarage, died, aged 82.
- 1893 (March) Mary Taylor (Rose Yorke, of "Shirley") died at Gomersal, aged 76.
- 1893 (December 16th) public Meeting at Bradford Town Hall, when the Brontë Society was formed.

-
- | | |
|------|--|
| 1895 | (May 18th) Museum of the Brontë Society opened at Haworth. |
| 1896 | (May 6th) Monsieur Constantine Héger (the prototype of M. Paul Emanuel, in "Villette,") died at Brussels, aged 87. |
| 1896 | (December 29th) Charlotte Branwell (a first cousin of Charlotte Brontë) died at Penzance, Cornwall. |



BRONTË SOCIETY PUBLICATIONS.

PART VI.

A SUPPLEMENT

TO THE

BIBLIOGRAPHY

OF THE WORKS OF

THE BRONTË FAMILY,

CONTAINING A LIST OF

BOOKS AND MAGAZINE ARTICLES

NOT INCLUDED IN THE PREVIOUS PORTION.

BY

BUTLER WOOD,

Bibliographical Secretary of the Brontë Society.

PRINTED FOR THE SOCIETY BY

M. FIELD AND SONS, GODWIN STREET, BRADFORD.

—
APRIL, 1897.

P R E F A C E .

IN the Preface to the first part of this Bibliography, the members were reminded that much remained to be done in the way of recording the numerous publications of the Brontë Works, and the Literature which has grown round the Brontë name.

The present Supplement is the result of an attempt to make the record somewhat more complete, but it does not pretend to be in any way exhaustive. It has enabled the compiler, however, to mention some works which had previously escaped notice, and to bring into the list a goodly array of entries relating to new editions of the works. The number of magazine articles is larger than might have been anticipated, there being nearly one hundred additional entries of such contributions to English, French, and American magazines. These, and a list of American editions obtained through the kindness of Messrs. Gay & Bird, publishers, form the main portion of this part of the Brontë Society Publications.

The compiler is greatly indebted to Mr. Chas. F. Bishop, of Nottingham, and Mr. P. F. Lee, of Dewsbury, for assistance in the work.

B. W.

SUPPLEMENT TO THE BRONTË BIBLIOGRAPHY.

The entries are arranged in the following order:—

- I. Rev. PATRICK BRONTË.
- II. COLLECTED WORKS, AND POEMS.
- III. CHARLOTTE BRONTË.
- IV. EMILY BRONTË.
- V. ANNE BRONTË.
- VI. COMPLETE BOOKS ON THE BRONTËS.
- VII. BOOKS PARTLY ON THE BRONTËS.
 (1) Charlotte Brontë. (2) Brontë Family. (3)
 Works relating to Haworth.
- VIII. MAGAZINE ARTICLES ON THE BRONTËS.
 (a) Charlotte Brontë. (b) Jane Eyre. (c) Shirley
 (d) Villette. (e) Emily Brontë. (f) Anne Brontë.
 (g) Brontë Family. (h) Mrs. Gaskell's Life. (i)
 Haworth.

I. REV. PATRICK BRONTË, A.B.

ON CONVERSION, a series of homilies contributed to a monthly tract entitled "The Pastoral Visitor," which was issued by his friend, the Rev. William Morgan, of Bradford, during the year 1815. They began in March and ended in October.

II. COLLECTED WORKS, AND POEMS.

LIFE AND WORKS OF CHARLOTTE BRONTË AND HER SISTERS. An illustrated edition in seven volumes. Smith, Elder & Co. Large crown 8vo., ornamental green cloth covers. 1872-3. 7s. 6d. each.

The following are some additional particulars not given in Part I.:

1. Jane Eyre, published 8th October, 1872.
2. Shirley, published 20th November, 1872.
3. Villette, published 12th December, 1872.
4. Professor, and Poems, pub. 22nd January, 1873.
5. Wuthering Heights, pub. 24th February, 1873.
6. Wildfell Hall, published 27th March, 1873.
7. Life of Charlotte Brontë, pub. 22nd April, 1873.

In the first part of the Bibliography it is stated that the above edition was published at 7s. 6d. and 5s. respectively. This is not quite correct. The publishers, finding the 7s. 6d. edition too large for convenient usage, decided to replace it by the 5s. Library Edition, which is still issued by the firm, and which only differs from the original edition by reason of the smaller paper and less elaborate binding.

AMERICAN EDITIONS.

CHARLOTTE BRONTË (Currer Bell), and EMILY (Ellis Bell), and ANNE (Acton Bell): WORKS. 1893. 12 vols., 16mo. Macmillan. Contains :

Jane Eyre, by C. Brontë, 2 vols.

Poems of C., A., and E. Brontë; also Cottage Poems, by Rev. P. Brontë, 1 vol.

Professor, by C. Brontë, 1 vol.

Shirley, by C. Brontë, 2 vols.

Tenant of Wildfell Hall, by A. Brontë, 2 vols.

Villette, by C. Brontë, 2 vols.

Wuthering Heights, by E. Brontë; also

Agnes Grey, by A. Brontë, 2 vols.

LIFE AND WORKS OF THE BRONTË SISTERS. Pocket edition, 1889, 7 vols., 16mo. Lippincott.

POEMS BY CURRER, ELLIS, AND ACTON BELL, authors of Jane Eyre, Wuthering Heights, Tenant of Wildfell Hall, etc., pp. iv., 176, small post 8vo, boards, 1848. Lea & Blanchard, Philadelphia.

This is the first American Edition.

POEMS OF CHARLOTTE BRONTË (Currer Bell). 12mo, pp. iv., 135, vellum covers, New York, 1882, White and Stokes.

III. CHARLOTTE BRONTË.

JANE EYRE. (World's Great Novels). Large crown 8vo, pp. viii., 660. Contains 16 full page illustrations, and 32 illustrations in the text. Photogravure portrait of Charlotte Brontë as frontispiece. London, Walter Scott, 1896.

— (The Brotherhood Library), with an introduction by Clement K. Shorter. Crown 8vo, pp. xviii., 440, n.d. London, Walter Scott.

— Burleigh Library. Large post 8vo, pp. 444. 1896, Bliss Sands & Co., London.

— Chelsea Classics. Crown 8vo, pp. xii., 436. Sixteen illustrations by F. H. Townsend. Service & Paton, London, 1897.

Issued December, 1896.

— Demy 8vo, pp. 136, 1891, double columns. W. H. White & Co., Manchester.

— Demy 8vo, pp. 119, n.d., double columns. Thompson Bros., Rochdale.

— Crown 4to, pp. 159, n.d., double columns. J. G. Hammond & Co., Birmingham.

— An autobiography. This very much abridged edition is No. 14 of Stead's Penny Popular Novels; n.d., crown 8vo, 76 pp. Note.—Shirley is No. 63 of the same series.

AMERICAN EDITIONS.

JANE EYRE. Household Library, 1887, C. Belford & Co.

— Haworth edition, 1884, 2 vols., illustrated. R. M. Lindsay.

— Alta edition, No. 128, 1887, illustrated, 12mo. Porter and Co.

— 1889, 12mo. Routledge.

— 1890, 12mo. Ward, Lock & Co.

— Crown Library, No. 28, 1890, crown 8vo.

— Notable novels, No. 137, 8vo, 1890. Warne.

JANE EYRE. Banner Library, No. 2, 1889. Worthington and Co.

— 1882, 16mo. S. W. Green.

— Franklin Square Library, 1879, 4to. Harper.

— Lovell's Library, 1883, 16mo.

— New Library edition, 1877. illustrated, 12mo. Porter & Co.

— People's Library, 1881, 4to. Ogilvie.

— Seaside Library, pocket edition, 1883, 12mo. Munro.

— 2 vols., illustrated. 1890. Crowell.

— 2 vols., 12mo, 1893. Macmillan.

— Lovell's Literary Series, No. 139. 1891. United States Book Co.

— Standard Novels, New Series, No. 2. 12mo, 1892. Warne.

A PARODY OF JANE EYRE, under the title of "Miss Minx, by Ch-l-tte Br-ntë," is included in Condensed Novels, by Bret Harte.

SHIRLEY. 2 vols., illustrated, 1893. Macmillan.

— Minerva Library of Famous Books, No. 28. 12mo, 1891. Ward, Lock & Co.

— Crown Library. 12mo, 1891. Warne.

— Standard Novels, No. 1. 12mo, 1892. Warne.

— Lovell's Library, No. 897, 1887. J. W. Lovell.

— Seaside Library, pocket edition. 12mo, 1884. Munro.

VILLETTE. New Library edition, illustrated, 12mo, 1877.

PROFESSOR. Franklin Square Library, No. 471, 1885. Harper.

— Seaside Library, pocket edition, No. 944. 1887. Munro.

— Popular Library. 8vo, 1878.

THE ADVENTURES OF ERNEST ALEMBERT, a Fairy Tale,
by Charlotte Brontë. With two fac-simile pages of
the original MSS.

See "Literary Anecdotes of the Nineteenth Century," vol II.
Edited by Dr. Robertson Nicoll and Thomas J. Wise. 1896.
Hodder & Stoughton.

UNPUBLISHED POEMS, "Emily," December 24th, 1848.
"Anne," June 21st, 1849. With fac-similes of the
MSS. "Woman at Home," December, 1896.

CORNHILL MAGAZINE.

Vol IV.. August, 1861, pp. 178-179, contains Poem by Charlotte
Brontë, entitled, "When thou sleepest."

BOOKMAN.

February, 1895, p. 145, contains Extracts from an unpublished
French Essay on "The Death of Moses," by Charlotte Brontë.

IV. EMILY BRONTË.

CORNHILL MAGAZINE.

Vol. I., May, 1860, p. 616, contains Poem by Emily Brontë, entitled,
"The Outcast Mother," dated Haworth, July 12th, 1839.

V. ANNE BRONTË.

TENANT OF WILDFELL HALL, by Acton Bell, in 3 vols.,
post 8vo. T. C. Newby, 1848. Second edition.

Contains a Preface by the Author.

THE TENANT OF WILDFELL HALL, by Acton Bell, author
of Wuthering Heights. New York, 82, Cliff Street,
8vo, pp. ii., 418. 1848.

From the title of this pirated edition it appears that the publisher
credited Acton Bell with the authorship of "Wuthering Heights."

AGNES GREY, by Anne Brontë (Acton Bell); also, Poems
of Ellis and Acton Bell. Seaside Library, 4to., 1881.
Munro (New York).

TENANT OF WILDFELL HALL, by Anne Brontë, (Acton
Bell). Seaside Library, 4to, 1881. Munro (New York).

VI. COMPLETE BOOKS ON THE BRONTËS.

CHARLOTTE BRONTË AND HER CIRCLE. By Clement K. Shorter. Illustrated, crown 8vo, pp. xiv., 512, 1896. Hodder & Stoughton.

— Second and revised edition, completing fifth thousand.
Collation as above.

— American Edition. Illustrated, large crown 8vo, pp. x. 512. Dodd, Mead & Co., New York.

BRONTËS IN IRELAND; or fact stranger than fiction. By Dr. William Wright. Eighteen illustrations, post 8vo, pp. xxiii., 308, 1894. Hodder & Stoughton. Third Edition.

CHARLOTTE BRONTË: A Tribute to her Genius and Works (with illustrations), by W. Matthews. Demy 8vo, pp. 30, paper covers. Batley.

SHIRLEY: Its Scenes and Characters. A Lecture by J. J. Stead.

Sheet reprinted from "Heckmondwike Herald," March 14th, 1896.

BRONTË SOCIETY PUBLICATIONS. Large post 8vo.

Part I. Bibliography of the Works of the Brontë Family, by Butler Wood, pp. 34, 1895.

Part II. Haworth: Home of the Brontës, by Claude Meeker, pp. 44, illustrated, 1895.

Part III. Proceedings and Papers read before the Society, pp. 32, 1895.

Part IV. Proceedings and Papers read before the Society, pp. 34, illustrated, 1896.

Part V. Brontë Chronology.

Part VI. Supplementary Brontë Bibliography.

First Annual Report, pp. 16, 1894.

Second Annual Report, pp. 12, 1895. (Issued January, 1896.)

Third Annual Report, pp. 11, 1896. (Issued February, 1897.)

MRS. GASKELL'S LIFE OF CHARLOTTE BRONTË.

NOTE.—On p. 20 of the first part of the Bibliography it is stated that in the second edition of this book the disputed passages are omitted. This is not correct. The alterations were made in the third edition, which was published, like the previous issues, in 1857.

LIFE OF CHARLOTTE BRONTË, by Mrs. Gaskell. 2 vols., 12mo, 1857. New York.

— Tauchnitz Edition. second edition, 2 vols, 16mo, 1859. Vol. I., pp. viii., 320; Vol. II., pp. viii., 300.

— Handy Volume Edition, No. 52. 2 vols, 16mo, 1889.

EMILY BRONTË, by A. M. F. Robinson. Eminent Women Series. pp. vii., 258. Fifth edition, 1896.

VII. BOOKS PARTLY ON THE BRONTËS.

(1).—CHARLOTTE BRONTË.

BADDELEY, M. J. B. Yorkshire Guide. Part II. 1890.
Charlotte Brontë, pp. 102-3.

BALFOUR, C. L. Working Women of this Century: the Lesson of their Lives. Third Edition, 8vo, pp. 419, London.

Charlotte Brontë, pp. 385-419.

BROOKE, STOPFORD A. English Literature. (Literature Primers) 1876.

Charlotte Brontë, p. 131.

DULCKEN, W. H. (Ed.) Worthies of the World. Royal 8vo. n.d. Ward, Lock & Co.

Charlotte Brontë, pp. 817-832.

EASTLAKE LADY, Journals and Correspondence of. 8vo, 2 vols, 1895. Murray.

pp. 221-223.

Although the authorship of the notorious article on "Jane Eyre" in the "Quarterly Review" is for the first time admitted in these volumes, it is only due to Dr. Robertson Nicoll to point out that he called attention to the name of the writer as far back as the year 1892. This he did by noticing, in a letter from Sara Coleridge to Edward Quillinan, dated 1849, a passage referring to Miss Rigby's (Lady Eastlake) article on "Vanity Fair." For further particulars, see "Bookman," September, 1892, and Dr. Wright's "Brontës in Ireland," p. 306.

HAMILTON, C. J. Women Writers. Second Series. London, 1893. Ward, Lock.

Charlotte Brontë, pp. 190-215.

HARRISON, FREDERIC. *Studies in Early Victorian Literature*. Crown 8vo, pp. 256 London, E. Arnold.

Charlotte Brontë.

HEYWOOD'S *Guide to Bridlington Quay*, 1895.

Charlotte Brontë, p. 20.

HUTTON, LAURENCE. *Literary Landmarks of London*. Crown 8vo, fifth edition. London, 1889. T. Fisher Unwin.

Charlotte Brontë, p.p. 22-23.

LOCKER-LAMPSON. *My Confidences*. 8vo. 1896.

Charlotte Brontë, pp. 314-335.

MARTINEAU, HARRIET. *Autobiography*. 3 vols, crown 8vo, 1877. Smith, Elder & Co.

Charlotte Brontë, pp. 323-328.

MILLER, MRS. F. FENWICK. *Harriet Martineau. Eminent Women Series*. Crown 8vo, 1889.

Charlotte Brontë, pp. 144-145.

RAWNSLEY, Rev. H. D. *Literary Associations of the English Lakes*. 2 vols, 8vo, 1894.

Charlotte Brontë, vol. 2, pp. 94-107.

RITCHIE, ANNE THACKERAY. *Chapters from some Memoirs*. Crown 8vo, 1894. Macmillan.

Charlotte Brontë, pp. 60-66.

SAINTSBURY, G. *Corrected impressions*, 1895.

Page 157. *Three mid-century novelists: Charlotte Brontë, George Eliot, Anthony Trollope*.

TAYLOR, T. *Thackeray; the Humourist and the Man of Letters*. 1864.

Charlotte Brontë, pp. 122-3.

WALFORD, L. B. *Twelve English Authoresses*. Crown 8vo, London, 1892. Longmans.

Charlotte Brontë, pp. 139-152.

WILMOT, THOMAS SLANEY. *Twenty Photographs of the Risen Dead*. Crown, 8vo, London, 1894. Simpkin, Marshall & Co.

Charlotte Brontë, p.p. 54-55 and portrait (plate xix.)

WOOLER, WM. M. Physiology of Education. 1859.
Simpkin, Marshall & Co.

Charlotte Brontë, pp. 323-7.

QUEENS OF LITERATURE OF THE VICTORIAN ERA. 1886,
London. Walter Scott.

Charlotte Brontë, pp. 129-181.

WOMEN OF WORTH. A book for Girls. 8vo, pp. 278,
n.d. London. J. Hogg & Sons.

Charlotte Brontë, pp. 1-32.

LIVES OF MODERN WOMEN, 8vo, n.d. London, Walter
Scott.

Charlotte Brontë, pp. 129-165.

LIVES OF GOOD AND GREAT WOMEN. Crown 8vo. n.d.
London and Edinburgh. W. & R. Chambers.

Charlotte Brontë, pp. 242-253.

(2).—THE BRONTË FAMILY.

COUCH, A. T. Q. Noughts and Crosses.

Brontë Family, pp. 168-174.

JACKSON'S Guide to Yorkshire. 8vo. Leeds, 1891.

Brontë Family, p. 299.

JOHNSON, LIONEL. Poems. London, 1895. Published
by Elkin Matthews.

pp. 90-92 contain 16 four-line verses, entitled, "Brontë," com-
mencing:—

Upon the moorland winds blow forth,
Your mighty music storms our heart!
Immortal sisters of the North!
Daughters of Nature! Queens of Art!"

MAYHALL, J. Annals of Yorkshire. 8vo. Leeds, 1865.

Brontë Family, Vol. II., pp. 28-30.

MIALL, PROFESSOR L. C. Handbook for Leeds and
Airedale, prepared for the use of the British Associa-
tion. Leeds, 1890.

The Brontës, p. 22.

RILEY, J. R. History of the Airedale Lodge, No. 387.
4to, 1880, Bradford, G. F. Sewell.

Branwell Brontë, pp. 48-49.

SAINTSBURY, G. 19th Century Literature. Crown 8vo.
London, 1896. Macmillan.

Charlotte Brontë, pp. 319-321.

Anne Brontë, p. 319.

Emily Brontë, pp. 315-321.

SCRUTON, W. Pen and Pencil Pictures of Old Bradford.
Demy 8vo. Bradford, 1889.

Brontë Family, pp. 234, 237, 243.

SHARPE, AMY. Victorian Poets. London, 1891.

Emily Brontë, pp. 186-188.

TAYLOR, R. V. Yorkshire Anecdotes. Crown 8vo.
Leeds, 1883.

Brontë Family, p. 60.

TYNDALL, JOHN. New Fragments. Crown 8vo. London,
1892.

The Brontës, pp. 229-230.

WHITE, WM. A Month in Yorkshire. Fourth edition.
London, 1861.

Brontë Family, p. 235.

(3).—WORKS RELATING TO HAWORTH.

BRADFORD AND COUNTY ILLUSTRATED CO-OPERATIVE
ALMANAC for 1888. Edited by Hargreaves Jackson,
Greetland. Article on Haworth.

KEIGHLEY, W. Keighley Past and Present. 2nd edition,
1879.

Bursting of the Crow Hill Bog, p. 109.

WOLFE, TH. A Literary Pilgrimage among the haunts of
famous British Authors. 8vo, 1895. Gibbings & Co.

Haworth and the Brontës, pp. 121-135.

GALLOWAY, F. C. A descriptive Catalogue of the objects
in the Museum of the Brontë Society at Haworth.
Large post 8vo, pp. 35. Four full-page illustrations.
Bradford, 1896.

250 small paper and 50 large paper copies were printed.

DORR, JULIA C. R. The Flower of England's Face.
F'cap 8vo, 1895. Macmillan

Haworth, pages 143-179.

VIII. MAGAZINE ARTICLES ON THE BRONTËS.

- (a) CHARLOTTE BRONTË.
- (b) JANE EYRE.
- (c) SHIRLEY.
- (d) VILLETTE.
- (e) EMILY BRONTË.
- (f) ANNE BRONTË.
- (g) BRONTË FAMILY.
- (h) MRS. GASKELL'S LIFE.
- (i) HAWORTH.

(a) CHARLOTTE BRONTË.

ACADEMY, vol. 2, June 2nd, 1877. Review of T. W. Reid's Monograph on Charlotte Brontë, pp. 476-478.

— Vol. 12, September 8th, 1887, pp. 223-4. Review of Swinburne's Note on Charlotte Brontë. See also p. 243 on Brontë name.

ATHENÆUM, June 13th, 1857, pp. 755-757. The Professor, a Review.

— April 7th, 1885, p. 406. Notice on death of Charlotte Brontë.

ATALANTA, vii. February, 1894, pp. 348-351. The Autobiographical Novel, as represented by Charlotte Brontë; by Dr. Alexander H. Japp.

BINNS' ADVERTISERS' ALMANAC for 1888, page 9. Charlotte Brontë's Visit to Wilsden.

— 1892. Charlotte Brontë's Visit to Mr. F. Butterfield.

BOOKMAN, June, 1896. Charlotte Brontë and Mrs. Gaskell, C. K. Shorter.

CENTURY MAGAZINE, vol. 43, November, 1891, p. 59. Brontë, a Poem, by H. P. Spofford.

CHAMBERS' JOURNAL, vol. 12, 1859, p. 16. In Memoriam, Charlotte Brontë, a poem.

THE CITIZEN (Philadelphia), January, 1896, p. 253. Charlotte Brontë, by A. W. Colton.

FAMILY FRIEND, August, 1872. Article on Charlotte Brontë, with portrait.

FORUM, March, 1895, vol. 19, pp. 29-44. Charlotte Brontë's place in Literature, by Fredk. Harrison.

LADY'S OWN PAPER, May 16th, 1868. Article on Charlotte Brontë, with portrait.

LITERARY BUDGET, vol. 1, May 6th, 1871, p.p. 104-105. Charlotte Brontë, from the "Times," April 25th, 1857.

— Vol. 1, May 13th, 1871, p. 113. The author of Jane Eyre from life by Mrs. Gaskell.

- METHODIST MONTHLY, January, 1897. Charlotte Brontë. J. Taylor.
- NINETEENTH CENTURY. vol. 40, November, 1896, p. 772. "Charlotte Brontë and her Circle." Sir T. Wemyss Reid.
- PICTURE MAGAZINE, December, 1894, contains fac-simile of letter by Charlotte Brontë.
- PRIMITIVE METHODIST MAGAZINE, vol. 72, January, 1891, p. 39. Charlotte Brontë.
- THE REALM. April 26th, 1895. The discoverer of Charlotte Brontë, by Frederick Wicks.
- REVUE DES DEUX MONDES. Miss Brontë, sa vie et ses œuvres, par Emile Montegut.
- SPEAKER, June 6th, 1891. Charlotte Brontë and her Publishers.
- SOCIETY OF ARCHIVISTS AND AUTOGRAPH COLLECTORS.—PUBLICATIONS. A Reference Catalogue of British and Foreign Autographs. Edited by Thos. J. Wise 1894, folio. Part. I. The Autograph of Charlotte Brontë, with four fac-similes.
- WESLEYAN METHODIST MAGAZINE, January, 1897. The real Charlotte Brontë. Anne E. Keeling.

(b) JANE EYRE.

- ATHENÆUM, October 23rd, 1847, p.p. 1100-1101. Review of Jane Eyre.
- BELGRAVIA, April, 1868, p.p. 237-243. Jane Eyre's School, by F. A. Garland.
- BLACKWOOD'S MAGAZINE, May, 1855. Jane Eyre, p. 557.
- October, 1848. Jane Eyre, p. 473.
- CHURCH OF ENGLAND QUARTERLY, January, 1848. Jane Eyre.
- CLECKHEATON GUARDIAN, December 11th, 1896. Jane Eyre: Its Scenes and Characters. J. J. Stead.
- DOUGLAS JERROLD'S MAGAZINE, vol. 6, 1847, pp. 473-4. Jane Eyre.
- LITERARY REGISTER, May 1848. Jane Eyre, p. 346.
- LONGMAN'S MAGAZINE, p. 210, June, 1895. Note commenting on an alleged plagiarism by Charlotte Brontë from Defoe. By Andrew Lang.
- LONGMAN'S MAGAZINE, pp. 428-431, February, 1896. Andrew Lang on Lady Eastlake's review of Jane Eyre in the "Quarterly." See also letter by Andrew Lang to "Bookman," February, 1896.
- MONTHLY PACKET, November, 1896. Helen Shipton on Jane Eyre.
- PEOPLE'S JOURNAL, vol. 6, 1847, pp. 269-272. Review of Jane Eyre.
- REVUE DES DEUX MONDES, November, 1848. Review of Jane Eyre, by Eugène Forçade.
- SHARPE'S LONDON MAGAZINE, June. 1855. A few words about Jane Eyre.
- SPEAKER, February 8th, 1896. Andrew Lang on the "Quarterly" Reviewer of Jane Eyre.
- SUNDAY SCHOOL TIMES, 2nd August, 1895. Passages in Jane Eyre botanically dissected, by Grace Winter.

(c) SHIRLEY.

- BRITISH WEEKLY, July 11th, 1895. "In the Country of Shirley," by Claudius Clear (Dr. Robertson Nicoll).
 CHURCH OF ENGLAND QUARTERLY, January, 1850. Shirley.
 FRASER'S MAGAZINE, December, 1849, p. 691. Shirley.
 LUDGATE, May, 1896. "Shirley at Home," H. E. Wroot.
 REVUE DES DEUX MONDES, 15 Novembre, 1849, pp. 714-735.
 "Shirley de Currer Bell." Eugène Forçade.
 SHARPE'S LONDON MAGAZINE, June, 1850. Shirley.

(d) VILLETTE.

- CHRISTIAN REMEMBRANCER, April, 1853. Villette.
 CRITIC, vol. 25, p. 29. Brontës at Brussels, by F. Macdonald.
 LITERARY BUDGET, vol. 2, January 13th, 1872, pp. 229-230. A visit to school at Brussels, from Scribner's Magazine.
 REVUE DES DEUX MONDES, 15 Mars, 1853, pp. 1084-1096. Un Roman protestant et un Roman catholique en Angleterre. "Villette" de Currer Bell. "Lady Bird," de Lady G. Fullerton. Eugène Forçade.
 THE SKETCH, June 3rd, 1896. Article on M. Constantin Héger, the original of M. Paul Emmanuel in Villette, by Albert Colin. portrait.
 THE WORLD, 10th December, 1890, pp. 33-34. The School at Brussels.

(e) EMILY BRONTË.

- ATALANTA, February, 1896, pp. 319-323. Poetry of Emily Brontë, by Florence Glover.
 ATHENÆUM, December 25th, 1847, 1324-1325. Review of Wuthering Heights and Agnes Grey.
 BOOKMAN, vol. 3, pp. 183-185. A new identification of Wuthering Heights, by T. Keyworth.
 THE CITIZEN, March, 1896, p. 10. Emily Brontë, by A. W. Colton.
 GREAT THOUGHTS, vol. 8, 1887, p. 25. Emily Brontë a poem from the "Spectator."
 LITERARY REGISTER, 1848, p. 138, Wuthering Heights.
 TEMPLE BAR, vol. 61, April, 1881, pp. 496-7. Dogs of Literature. (Refers to Emily Brontë's dog, "Keeper.")

(f) ANNE BRONTË.

- ATHENÆUM, July 8th, 1848, pp. 670-1. Review of The Tenant of Wildfell Hall
 FRAZER'S MAGAZINE, April, 1849, p. 423. Tenant of Wildfell Hall.
 SHARPE'S LONDON MAGAZINE, 1848, pp. 181-184. Tenant of Wildfell Hall.

(g) BRONTË FAMILY.

- ACADEMY, December 16th, 1893, p. 550. "The Brontë Myth," letter from Andrew Lang, criticising Dr. Wright's book "The Brontës in Ireland."
- December 23rd, 1893, p. 569. Reply by Dr. Wright.
- December 30th, 1893, p. 589. Second letter by Andrew Lang.
- January 6th, 1894, p. 15. Reply by Dr. Wright.
- The above letters also appeared in the "Leeds Mercury Supplement" for December 23rd and 30th, 1893, and January 20th, 1894.
- ATHENÆUM, July 4th, 1846. Poems by Currer, Acton and Ellis Bell (review). A copy of this review was published in the "Leeds Mercury Supplement," December 26th, 1896.
- May 3rd, 1879, p.p. 562-3. Mr. Grundy and Branwell Brontë. A Review.
- May 24th, 1879, p.p. 663-4. Letters from Mr. Grundy *re* the above. See also
- May 31st, 1879, p. 697, for reply.
- May 5th, 1855. Some curious particulars respecting the Brontës. From the "Belfast Mercury."
- November 25th, 1893. "The Brontës in Ireland" (review).
- BOOKMAN (New York), July, 1895, pp. 427-8. A Bibliographical Note on the Poems.
- February, 1897. "New light on the Brontës in Ireland." Dr. Wm. Wright.
- March, 1897. Same article concluded.
- BRIGHTON VIEWS AND REVIEWS, April, 1896. The Brontë Cult (illustrated), by J. Caldwell.
- DENTON'S YEAR BOOK, Bradford, 1873, pp. 73-86. The Brontë Family.
- DUBLIN UNIVERSITY MAGAZINE, vol. 28, 1846, pp. 383-398. Evenings with our younger Poets.
- ECLECTIC REVIEW, vol. 8, January, 1812, p. 102. Cottage Poems, by Rev. P. Brontë (review).
- ENGLISHWOMAN'S JOURNAL, January, 1860, and February, 1860. Brontë Sisters.
- GOOD WORDS, February, 1896, p. 107. Relics of the Brontë Family, by H. E. Wroot.
- NEW REVIEW, vol. 10, p. 480. Some Relics of the Brontës, by W. W. Yates.
- NOTTINGHAM AND DERBYSHIRE NOTES AND QUERIES, vol. 3, May, 1895, p. 69. Brontë Sisters in Derbyshire.
- Vol. 3, July, 1895, p. 112. Reply by J. H. Turner.
- PLAIN TALK, published at Bradford, July, 1896. The Brontës, by Rev. A. C. Perriam.
- PROVINCIAL MEDICAL JOURNAL, vol. 5, February, 1886, p.p. 73-74. The Brontës. Review of Leyland's book.
- The Brontës. March, 1886, p.p. 122-123. Review of Leyland's book.
- SPEAKER, May 20th, 1893. The Brontës : A Literary Causerie.

- SKETCH. March 10th, 1897. Mrs. Heslip and the Brontës in Ireland. Dr. Wm. Wright.
- TEMPLE BAR, vol. 88, February, 1890, p. 224. Mothers of English Novelists (includes Mrs. Brontë.)
- WESTMINSTER REVIEW, vol. 144, October, 1895, p.p. 424-437. A Crop of Brontë Myths, by the Rev. A. Mackay.
- WOMAN'S SIGNAL, 10th January, 1895, p. 24, 17th January, 1895, pp. 36-7. The Brontës—Charlotte, Emily, and Anne—their Novels and Poetry. 4th April, 1895, pp. 216-17. Forty years after, at the grave of Charlotte Brontë, by Florence Balgarnie.
- YORKSHIREMAN, May 25th, 1895. The Brontë Boom, by Arthur North.

(h) MRS. GASKELL'S LIFE.

- ATHENÆUM, April 4th, 1857, p.p. 427-429. Life of Charlotte Brontë, by Mrs. Gaskell (review).
- June 6th, 1857, p. 726. Letter of Apology from Mrs. Gaskell.
- BRITISH QUARTERLY REVIEW, April, 1867, p.p. 417-418. Reference to the life of Charlotte Brontë in an article on Mrs. Gaskell.
- CHRISTIAN REMEMBRANCER, July, 1857, pp. 87-145. Mrs. Gaskell's Life of Charlotte Brontë.
- WOMAN AT HOME, May, 1896. Mrs. Gaskell and Charlotte Brontë, with Portraits of Mrs. Gaskell and the Rev. A. B. Nicholls, by Clement K. Shorter.

(i) HAWORTH.

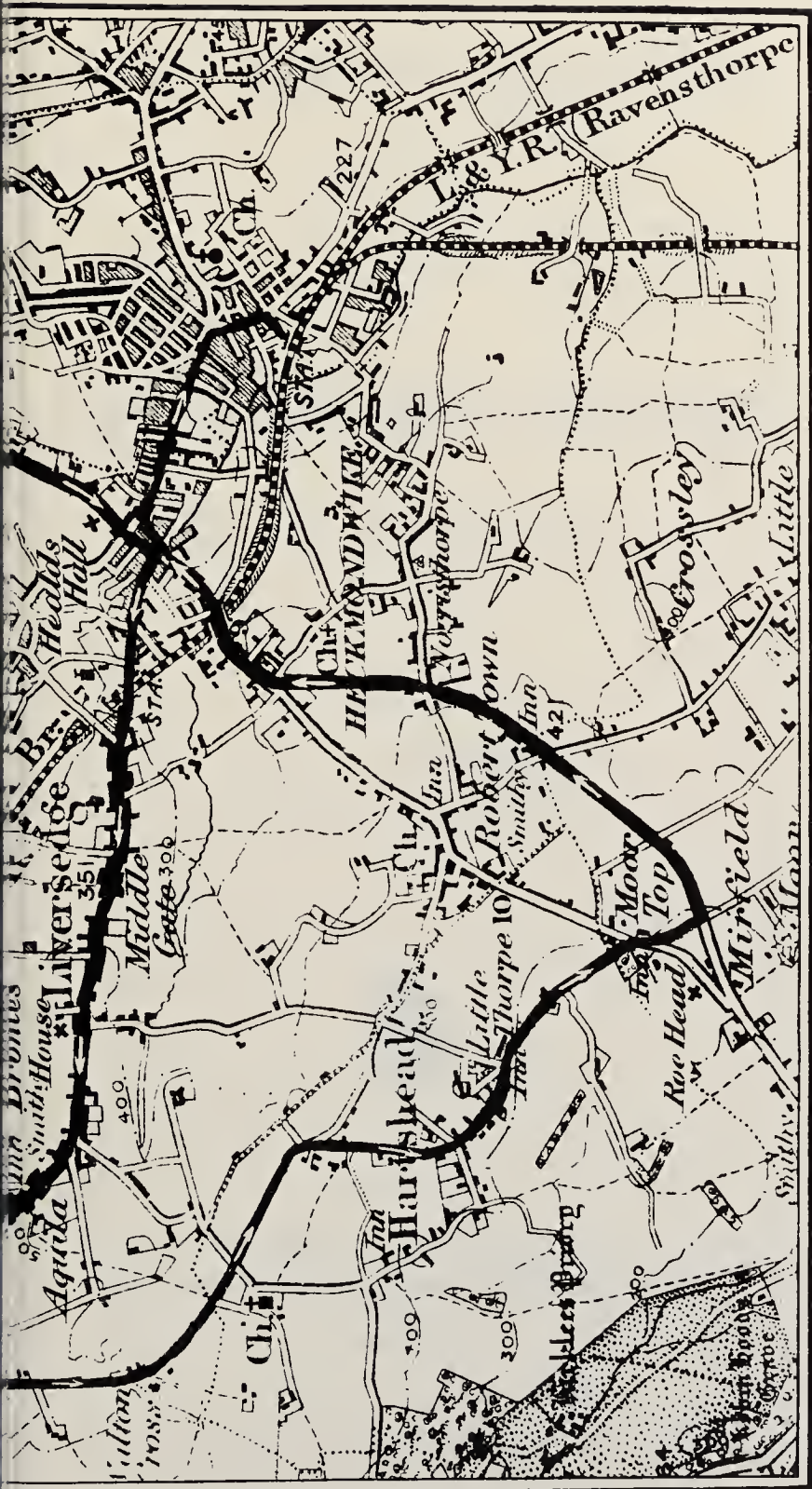
- AUTHOR, vol. 6, July, 1895. Mr. Halliwell Sutcliffe. Opening of Brontë Museum.
- BOOKMAN, June, 1895. Dr. Wright on the Opening of the Brontë Museum.
- July, 1895. Review of Mr. Claude Meeker's Pamphlet, "Haworth. Home of the Brontës."
- DENTON'S YEAR BOOK, 1868, p. 50. Article on a Visit to Haworth, copied from the "People's Magazine."
- CHRISTIAN WORLD, November 17th, 1892, p. 933. A Pic-nic at Haworth.
- FRASER'S MAGAZINE, October, 1859, p. 460. Brontë Home.
- ILLUSTRATED LONDON NEWS, May 25th, 1895. Brontë Museum, by H. E. Wroot.
- LITERARY WORLD, May 24th, 1895. Brontë Museum.
- SKETCH, May 22nd, 1895. Opening of the Brontë Museum at Haworth, by H. E. Wroot.
- TEMPLE BAR, January, 1896. Haworth, thirty-seven years ago, William Davies.
- WESTMINSTER BUDGET, May 24th, 1895. Brontë Museum, with some of the Relics.

NOTES AND QUERIES, Brontë References in.

Vol. VI.—Eighth Series, p. 504.	
„ VII.— „ „ 71.	
„ VII.— „ „ 478.	

THE "SHIRLEY" COUNTRY.





The HEAVY LINE shows the Route taken by the Brontë Society on their Excursion through the "Shirley" Country.

SCALE—2 inches to a mile.

BRONTË SOCIETY PUBLICATIONS.

PART VII.

THE "SHIRLEY" COUNTRY

WITH MAP AND ILLUSTRATIONS.

COMPILED BY

J. J. STEAD,

AT THE REQUEST OF THE COUNCIL.



PRINTED FOR THE SOCIETY BY
M. FIELD AND SONS, GODWIN STREET, BRADFORD.

—
JULY, 1897.

PREFACE.

THIS pamphlet, prepared originally for the use of the members of the Brontë Society on the occasion of an Excursion to the "Shirley" Country, has been deemed by the Council to be worthy of a more permanent form, and in the hope that it may be found useful to members and others visiting the district they have decided to issue it as one of the Publications of the Society.

The following places associated with the Brontës are not referred to in "Shirley," but being in the neighbourhood they may be briefly mentioned here:—

The Rydings, which was at one time the residence of Miss Nussey, is only a few minutes walk from Birstall Railway Station. This house partly answers to the description of "Thornfield Hall" in "Jane Eyre," but in the novel it is described as having three storeys, no doubt with the view of hiding its identity.

"Thornfield Hall" is a composite picture, the exterior being taken from the Rydings, and the interior from Norton Conyers, near Ripon, the seat of Sir Reginald Graham, Bart.

Healds House (must not be mistaken for Healds Hall) is at the top of Dewsbury Moor and is where Miss Wooler had her school after she left Roe Head, and where Charlotte Brontë lived for a short time.

Dewsbury, which is always looked upon in this neighbourhood as the "Whinbury" of "Shirley," is easily reached from Birstall either by tramcar or rail. Rev. Patrick Brontë was curate at Dewsbury under Rev. J. Buckworth ("Dr. Boulton" of "Shirley") previous to his obtaining the incumbency of Hartshead.

Many of the illustrations are from photographs by Mr. J. J. Stead, who has also supplied some of the blocks. Other blocks have been lent by Dr. Stuart and Mr. F. Peel, of Heckmondwike, Mr. John Firth, proprietor of the Cleckheaton Guardian, and Messrs. W. Sugden & Son, of Cleckheaton; to all of whom the Council tender their sincere thanks.

The heavy line on the accompanying map indicates the route taken by the members in this Excursion.



OAKWELL HALL.

OAKWELL HALL ("Fieldhead" of "Shirley") is an ancient and picturesque building, situate a short distance from Birstall. It was built in the year 1583, by Henry Batt, and takes its name from an old well in a wood of Oak trees, then growing there. Batt was an avaricious and unprincipled man, who was determined to acquire wealth at any cost, and adopted the most villainous means to accomplish his object.

Charlotte Brontë gives a very graphic description of both exterior and interior of this building in "Shirley," where it is pictured as the residence of "Shirley Keeldar."

The house was originally surrounded by a moat, some remains of which may still be seen.

There is a real Fieldhead a short distance away from the hall, where the celebrated philosopher and scientist—Dr. Priestley—was born in March, 1733.



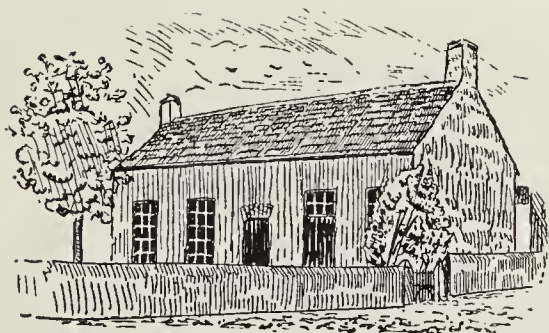
BIRSTALL PARISH CHURCH.

BIRSTALL (BRIARFIELD) CHURCH, is now one of the most beautiful churches in Yorkshire. It was reopened in 1870, after a restoration extending over five years. Scarcely any part of the old church remains except the tower. The present edifice is doubtless the successor of three other churches: the one in existence previous to this being probably built about the time of Henry VIII. The Registers date from 1558. On the north side of the chancel is the burial place of the Nevilles, and also of the Greenes of Liversedge Hall.

On the south side is what formerly belonged to the Batts of Oakwell, and is called the Oakwell Hall Choir.

The Rev. Wm. Margetson Heald was appointed Vicar of Birstall in 1801, and died in 1836. He was succeeded by his son, who was a Canon of Ripon and died in 1875, at the age of 71.

These two gentlemen are the prototypes of the character of Rev. Cyril Hall in "Shirley." [See Canon Heald's letter to Miss Nussey in "Charlotte Brontë and her Circle," p. 443.]



TAYLOR'S CHAPEL, GOMERSALL.

THIS plain brick building, situated in a yard on one side of the village street in Gomersall, was erected by a member of the Taylor family, who had a following, if he was not the founder, of a sect. He was an eccentric person, and like his successor—Joshua Taylor, (“Hiram Yorke” of “Shirley,”) a man of strong individuality. It is said that fourteen persons were interred in the graveyard of this little chapel. There is an inscription on one of the gravestones, which is strongly coloured with bitter sentiments against the Wesleyans of that day. This chapel which is now converted into cottages, was the scene of the prayer meetings and revival services described in “Shirley.”



RED HOUSE, GOMERSALL.

RED HOUSE, Gomersall, (the “Briarmains” of “Shirley”) was the residence for generations of the Taylor family. Here lived Joshua Taylor (“Hiram Yorke,”) the rough Yorkshireman, an intelligent, enterprising manufacturer, who sometimes spoke in the local dialect and anon would converse in the purest French. Here Charlotte Brontë spent many happy hours with the daughters, Mary and Martha (“Rose and Jessie Yorke,”) who were school companions with her at Roe Head.

Some of the members of the Taylor family are interred in their own private burial ground in Fir Dene Wood, between Gomersall and Cleckheaton.



HEALDS HALL.

HEALDS HALL, Mill Bridge, Liversedge, was built more than a hundred years ago by a family of the name of Bilton. It was purchased by the Rev. Hammond Roberson (Rev. "Matthewson Helston,") who resided here many years, and kept a large boarding school. Mr. Roberson died in 1841. The School was continued by his nephew, Mr. Henry Roberson. The Hall was afterwards purchased by the late Samuel Cooke, Esq., in the possession of whose family it still remains.

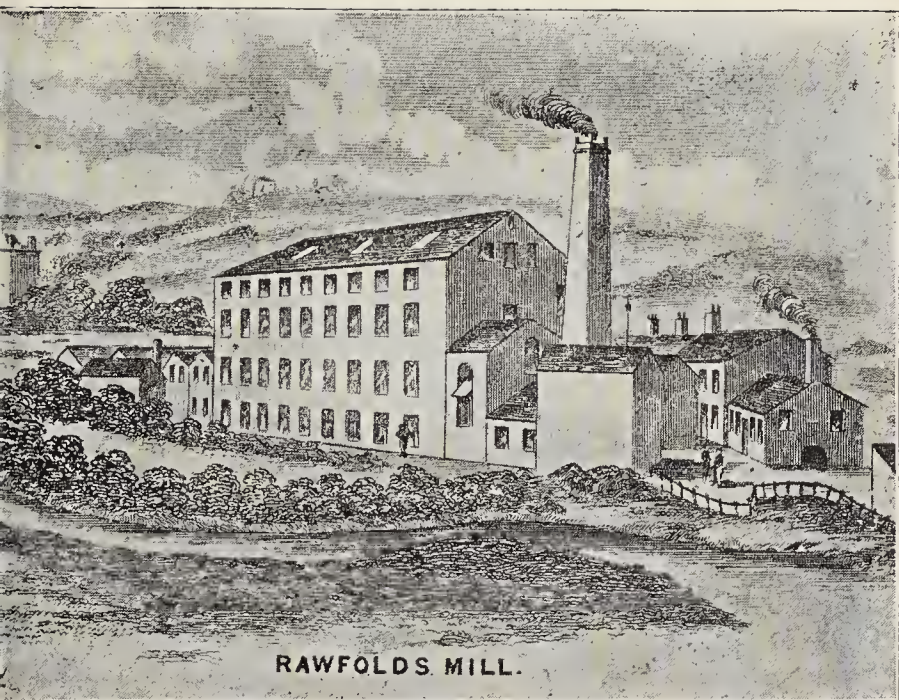


LIVERSEGE CHURCH.

CHRIST CHURCH, Liversedge, was built by the Rev. Hammond Roberson, and is very beautifully situated on a knoll, on the opposite side of the valley to his own house. It was erected entirely at his expense, and he left a most detailed account of the cost, which amounted to £7474 11s. 10³/₄d.

The church was consecrated on August 29th, 1816.

A plain headstone in the churchyard bears the following inscription:—"The Rev. Hammond Roberson, founder of this Church in 1816, died August 9th, 1841, aged 84."



RAWFOLDS MILL,
AT THE TIME OF THE LUDDITE RIOTS.

RAWFOLDS (HOLLOWS) MILL was the historic mill which so gallantly withstood the attack of the Luddites on the night of Saturday, April 11th, 1812. It was situated on the road between Heckmondwike and Cleckheaton and was a stone-built structure. It was entirely destroyed by fire about 20 years ago, and a much larger brick building erected on the site. This also has been burnt down and now no trace of the original mill remains, a large shed used for the wire-making business having since been built.

The mill and surroundings described by Charlotte Brontë in "Shirley" is Hunsworth Mill, about 2 miles further up the stream, but the Rawfolds Mill was where the actual events described in the book took place. It was at that time occupied by Mr. William Cartwright (Robert Gerard Moore) as a cloth-dressing mill. Hollows Cottage, Mr. Cartwright's residence, is still in existence.



REV. PATRICK BRONTË'S HOUSE, HIGHTOWN.

WHEN the Rev. Patrick Brontë was appointed to the living of Hartshead in 1811, he lodged with Mr. and Mrs. Bedford, who had formerly been servants at Kirklees Hall. They lived at a small farm house known as Lousey Thorn, but now changed to the more euphonious name of Thorn Bush.

He was married in December, 1812, to Miss Maria Branwell, of Penzance, and then went to live at the three-storied house standing opposite the top of Clough Lane, Hightown.

Here two of his children, Maria and Elizabeth, were born. He removed in 1815 to Thornton, near Bradford, having exchanged livings with the Rev. Thomas Atkinson, who remained vicar of Hartshead for 51 years.

Mr. and Mrs. Atkinson were God-parents to Charlotte Brontë.



HARTSHEAD CHURCH.

HARTSHEAD (NUNNELEY) CHURCH is beautifully situated on a lofty eminence, commanding extensive and pleasing views over Calderdale. It is one of the oldest churches in Yorkshire. It is known there was a church here in 1120. The tower is supposed to be Saxon. There are fine Norman arches in the south porch and in the chancel. The church was restored in 1881. Under the chancel is the burial vault of the Armytage family of Kirklees Hall.

Rev. Patrick Brontë was incumbent here from 1811 to 1815, and his first child, Maria, was baptized here on the 23rd April, 1814.

Not far from the church is the base of an old Saxon Cross, called Walton Cross, about 4 feet 8 inches in height, and 2ft. 3in. in breadth.



ROE HEAD.

ROE HEAD is a large and pleasant house on the gentle slope of Mirfield Moor, overlooking the valley of the Calder. Almost immediately in front are the woods and extensive park of Kirklee with its ancient hall, the seat of Sir George Armytage. Nestling in the hollow are the fragments of the old Nunnery and the nuns' graves, with the gatehouse of the old Priory, commonly called Robin Hood's House, now used as a dairy. This is the house which tradition points out as the place where the "generous robber" was bled to death, and the window is shown from which he shot his last arrow, and where it fell his body was to be laid. His grave with its curious inscription is on the opposite side of the park. Away in the distance, the smoke can be seen rising from the town of Huddersfield, and further

still the hills about Holmfirth and away to the border line of the County.

It was from about Roe Head that Charlotte Brontë drew that beautiful word-picture to be found in chapter xii. of "Shirley." "The deep valley, robed in May raiment, on varied meads, some pearly with daisies, and some golden with king-cups; to-day, all this young verdure smiled clear in sunlight, transparent emerald and amber gleams played over it. On Nunwood, the sole remnant of antique British forest whose low-lands were once all sylvan chase, as its highlands were breast-deep heather, slept the shadow of a cloud; the distant hills were dappled, the horizon was shaded and tinted like mother-of-pearl, silvery blues, soft purples, evanescent greens, and rose shades, all melting into fleeces of white cloud, pure as azury snow, allured the eyes as with a remote glimpse of heaven's foundations.

"This forest is Nunwood. It is like an encampment of forest sons of Anak. The trees are huge and old. It was one of Robin Hood's haunts and there are mementos of him still existing. And in the bottom lie the ruins of a nunnery."

In January, 1831, Charlotte Brontë went as pupil to Roe Head, to Miss Wooler's School, and in 1835, she again entered the house as assistant, and there is no doubt that while here she accumulated the facts and literary landscape for her story. Miss Wooler was the original of the "Mrs. Pryor" of "Shirley." (See chapter xi.) "Mrs. Pryor you know was my governess, and is still my friend; and of all the high and rigid Tories

she is queen, of all the staunch churchwomen, she is chief."

Miss Wooler died June 3rd, 1885, within a week of completing her 93rd year.



GATEHOUSE OF OLD PRIORY, KIRKLEES.



The late MISS ELLEN NUSSEY.

BRONTË SOCIETY PUBLICATIONS.

PART VIII.

TRANSACTIONS:

INCLUDING

REPORT OF PROCEEDINGS

AT BRADFORD AND HAWORTH,

AND OTHER CONTRIBUTIONS.



PRINTED FOR THE SOCIETY BY
M. FIELD AND SONS, GODWIN STREET, BRADFORD.
—
MARCH, 1898.

PREFACE.

The present issue of the Transactions of the Brontë Society forms the completion of the first volume. It is more bulky than any of its predecessors, inasmuch as it contains, in addition to the report of proceedings at the Bradford meeting in January, 1897, an account of the proceedings and addresses on the occasion of the re-opening of the Brontë Museum in April of last year, and also a valuable paper on Miss Nussey from the pen of Mr. William Scruton.

The Society is indebted to Mr. Clement K. Shorter for the gift of the life-like portrait block of Miss Nussey, which is included in this part.

The Council wish it to be understood that the authors of the various articles are alone responsible for the opinions expressed therein.

B.W.

March, 1898.

CONTENTS.

	PAGE.
Third Annual Meeting at Bradford, with resumé of papers by Dr. Wm. Wright, and Rev. J. B. Lusk 	5
Re-opening of Brontë Museum at Haworth ...	8
Address by Mr. Clement K. Shorter... 	10
Address by Rev. Dr. Robertson Nicoll 	20
Reminiscences of Miss Nussey by Mr. W. Scruton	23
Note on Recent Exhibits in the Brontë Museum	43

ILLUSTRATIONS.

The late Miss Ellen Nussey Frontispiece
The Rydings, Birstall To face page 23

THIRD

ANNUAL MEETING OF THE BRONTË SOCIETY.

The third annual meeting of the Society was held in the Technical College, Bradford, on Saturday, January 16th, 1897, Mr. John Brigg, M.P., taking the chair.

The annual report was read by the honorary Secretary, Mr. W. T. FIELD, and Mr. ALFRED NEWBOULT, the honorary Treasurer, submitted his financial statement and balance sheet. The adoption of these was moved by the CHAIRMAN, seconded by Dr. J. A. ERSKINE STUART, and carried unanimously. The meeting then proceeded to the election of council and officers, and appointed the president and vice-presidents for the ensuing year. Mr. Brigg, who had served as chairman of council since the formation of the Society, having intimated that his parliamentary work would interfere with the proper discharge of his duty as chairman, was elected a vice-president, and the selection of his successor was left in the hands of the council.*

There was a large attendance of members and friends at the evening meeting, which was held in the large hall of the College, under the presidency of Mr. BRIGG. The principal speaker was Dr. WILLIAM WRIGHT, author of *The Brontës in Ireland*, who gave an address entitled "More light on the Brontës in Ireland."

Readers of Dr. Wright's book on the subject will remember that he related a number of remarkable stories of Hugh Brontë, the grandfather of the novelists, and some of the stories were clearly to be recognised as the original foundation of some of the incidents embodied in the Brontë novels. The authenticity of the stories has, however, been called in question, first in an article in the *Westminster Review*, and subsequently by Mr. Clement Shorter in his recently-published book, *Charlotte Brontë and her Circle*. Dr. Wright's address was therefore mainly devoted to a defence of his book. He pointed out that the book consisted of tradition and of history. The tradition rested almost entirely on the stories told by Hugh Brontë—stories which he (Dr. Wright) had heard from his

* The Council at their next meeting unanimously elected Mr. J. J. BRIGG, M.A., as Chairman.

earliest childhood. During his own residence among the Arabs he had come to put much value upon the traditions of a bookless people, but they had to be accounted as traditions, embodying a foundation of history, yet not themselves to be regarded as history. These simple canons of criticism he claimed that he had observed in giving the source of the traditions and the channels through which they had reached himself. Referring to the allegations made in the *Westminster Review*, Dr. Wright disclaimed responsibility for the dates with which the critic had constructed a pedigree of the Irish Brontës for the purpose of convicting him of inconsistency. After meeting some other criticism, Dr. Wright dealt with Mr. Shorter's remarks on his book, and observed that he had no interest in defending or disseminating what was untrue. His business had been simply to place the facts and traditions as they came to him before those who wished to know them. Proceeding to give some further facts and stories, Dr. Wright read a long letter which he had just received from Mr. David Martin, a magistrate, of Newry, Ireland. It will be remembered by readers of Dr. Wright's book that the investigation made by him into the earlier history of the Brontës in Ireland had been defeated by the fact that Hugh Brontë, according to his own story, had under most romantic circumstances been transported as a child from his home by a wicked uncle named Welsh Brontë. Dr. Wright mentioned that he had made extensive inquiries with the hope of discovering the early home of Hugh Brontë, but had been unsuccessful. Mr. Martin described in his letter a visit to a Frank Prunty, a boatman on Loch Erne, and living at Derrykerril, Newtownbutler, county Fermanagh, and recounted Prunty's story of his family history so far as it was known to him. He said that he believed the name of the family was written "Brontë" in the south, and that his own branch of the family had altered it to "Prunty." Dr. Wright thought it possible that this district might prove to be the early home of Hugh Brontë, and might lead to important corroborative testimony to the truth of Hugh Brontë's romantic stories.

The Rev. J. B. LUSK, who has occupied the Ballynaskeagh Manse for many years, delivered an address on the "Brontë Genius at its Source." He said that to understand the peculiar temperament of the Brontë sisters and account for the weird power of *Wuthering Heights* was one of the most fascinating and perplexing problems

in literature ; a problem that many able and distinguished men and women had tried to solve, most of them with but partial success. The cause of their failure has assuredly not been want of ability but rather lack of the absolutely necessary data. The material did not lie ready to hand but had to be patiently collected from a far-off field, the very existence of which was unknown to some. Dr. Wright, in *The Brontës in Ireland* had shown that the source of the Brontë genius was to be found among the remote hills of County Down in the lives and characters of the Brontë ancestors. Heredity was more to the Brontës than it is to most, simply because the Brontë ancestors were strong, intellectual, and imaginative. Dr. Wright traces, what indeed was suspected, the Celtic strain in their blood that gave force and fire to their works. The qualities that distinguish some of the most noted of the Brontë writings are the very qualities which even the casual inquirer at once discerns in the Brontë ancestors and relations. He then called attention to the fact that Dr. Wright's book had lately been subjected to vehement criticism. Mr. Clement K. Shorter says that "it adds nothing to our knowledge of the Brontës" and suggests that Dr. Wright had been imposed on "by the quick-witted Irish peasantry." He forgot though that it was not the south of Ireland but County Down he was speaking of. Mr. Lusk said he had lived eight years among those "quick-witted peasantry" and had seen them in all their moods and under almost all conditions, and if he were sure of anything it was of this—that invention was not their *forte*. Even if they had the strongest inclination in that direction they would turn out very indifferent liars. The Rev. Angus M. Mackay, in his criticism in the *Westminster Review*, says Hugh's (grandfather of the novelists) story of his early life and ancestors as given by Dr. Wright is "impossible" and "improbable." He fails though in spite of the historical chart he has constructed to prove its impossibility. It is hardly necessary to point out that a story may be improbable and yet true. Whether the story is true or false Mr. Lusk was unable to say. That Hugh Brontë told it there could be no manner of doubt. Mr. Lusk confirmed Dr. Wright's narrative back to the point in time where Hugh came to Mount Pleasant lime kilns. There tradition stops now. But Dr. Wright belonged to an earlier generation, and had exceptional opportunities of gathering facts about Hugh's early life

that in the nature of the case are now altogether forgotten. Hugh's children certainly knew the story. Alice, the youngest of the family, gave Mr. Lusk part of it in the interview he had with her in the year 1890. If she remembered something of it, after the lapse of sixty years, we may be sure that Patrick, the eldest, knew it more accurately and fully. Is it conceivable that no hint of what he had so often heard escaped his lips in his children's presence? The English field is practically exhausted, and yet a feeling of dissatisfaction prevails. Mr. Lusk is convinced that in Ireland the solution of the problem is found and that no one who neglects that field can thoroughly understand the Brontës.

Mr. J. J. STEAD then exhibited a most interesting series of about 150 lantern slides of places associated with the lives of the Brontës, or described under other names in their works, and of persons after whom the characters in the novels had been modelled. The exhibition was witnessed with the greatest interest.

RE-OPENING OF THE BRONTË MUSEUM,

APRIL 10TH, 1897.

Notwithstanding the fact that the Society had been exceptionally fortunate in securing loans of great interest from the time of the opening of the Museum in May, 1895, up to the end of 1896, it was reserved for the season of 1897 to see such a fine collection of Brontë relics as had never been brought together before, and it may be added, such as may never be seen again. This result was due to the generosity of Mr. Clement K. Shorter, the author of *Charlotte Brontë and her Circle*, and of Mr. Thomas J. Wise, who is the owner of one of the most valuable collections of books and manuscripts in the kingdom. These gentlemen, whose devotion to the Brontë genius is as disinterested as it is fervent, freely placed their treasures at the disposal of the Society, and thus it became possible to enrich the Museum to an extent which the Council had hitherto been unable to accomplish. In view of this fact the Council felt that it would be a desirable thing to make the re-opening of the Museum a special function, and it was consequently decided to invite these gentlemen, along with Dr. Robertson Nicoll, the editor of the *British*

Weekly, the *Bookman*, and other literary papers, to take part in the proceedings. They readily consented to be present, and it was eventually arranged that the opening should take place on the 10th of April, 1897. At the appointed time a large number of visitors gathered in the moorland village from various parts of the country, even from localities so far distant as London and Scotland. Mrs. Shorter, who accompanied her husband, was presented on her arrival at Haworth with a handsome bouquet by Mrs. C. E. Sugden, on behalf of the Society, and the party then proceeded to the Museum, which was opened by Mr. Shorter, in a few brief sentences appropriate to the occasion.

In the evening a large and enthusiastic meeting was held in the school-room of the West Lane Wesleyan Chapel, presided over by Mr. J. J. Brigg, M.A., the Chairman of the Council, who was supported by Mr. Clement Shorter, Mrs. Shorter, Dr. Robertson Nicoll, Mr. John Brigg, M.P., and other members of the Society. The Chairman, in introducing Mr. Shorter, gave some particulars of the growth and present condition of the Society. He said it now had a membership of 260, of whom 193 belonged to Yorkshire, 15 to Lancashire, 5 each to Ireland and Scotland, and 10 to the United States, while London contributed 16 members.* He stated that 4000 persons had visited the Brontë Museum in 1896, and, as illustrating the world-wide fame of the Brontës, mentioned that when travelling in the United States a short time ago, he found that though not obtaining recognition as coming from Keighley or Bradford, he was immediately made welcome when it became known that he came from a place within a few miles of Haworth. Mr. Shorter then gave an address on "New light on the Brontës," which was listened to with deep attention by the audience. (See page 10). Dr. Robertson Nicoll next followed with an address on the character and genius of the Brontë sisters, the eloquence and force of which roused the listeners to an unusual pitch of enthusiasm. (See page 20.)

At the conclusion of Dr. Nicoll's address Mr. John Waugh proposed, in racy terms, a resolution of thanks to the speakers, and after being seconded by Mr. Claude Meeker, the American Consul, it was heartily carried. Mr. Shorter, in acknowledging the compliment, pointed out that Yorkshire was unique in the possession of a great

* The membership was increased to 290 by December 31st, 1897.

literary tradition in the shape of the Brontës. Devonshire might have its "Lorna Doone," and "Westward Ho!," but no other county had such strong literary associations as that of the Brontës in Yorkshire. A vote of thanks to the Baptist and Wesleyan Chapel authorities for the use of their schools was moved by Mr. John Brigg, M.P., seconded by Mr. W. W. Yates, and adopted, the Rev. W. Slugg acknowledging the vote.

During the interval between the tea and the evening meeting a large number of visitors took advantage of the brilliant weather by wandering over the moors behind the village, and thus seized an opportunity of viewing the scenery which had such an inspiring effect on the Brontë genius.

NEW LIGHT ON THE BRONTËS.

An Address delivered at Haworth on April 10th, 1897, in connection with the Re-opening of the Brontë Museum.

BY MR. CLEMENT K. SHORTER.

I really do not feel the ordinary diffidence in addressing you this evening which I usually experience before strangers, because with the members of the Brontë Society there is certainly no one who should feel more at home than I do. So many of them have written to me again and again; many of them I have troubled again and again with tedious communications about this or that trifling fact and they have always answered me with kindness and a generous gift of time. Consequently, in talking to you for a few minutes this evening, I feel that I am but addressing friends in an ordinary conversation in an ordinary room. It would be impossible, however, to speak here in this village of Haworth without a profound sense of the sacred ground upon which we stand. I remember well the first time I came to Haworth, then almost a boy, that feeling was particularly strong with me as I wandered through the Churchyard and into the Church and Vicarage. All these associations of the Brontës thrilled my heart. I do not know of any place in England, save only Stratford-on-Avon, that conveys the sense of magnetism and of glamour which this village of Haworth gives to the stranger.

Well, if one searches for the reason of that, it is surely largely to be found in the beautiful biography which was written in 1857, exactly 40 years ago, by Mrs. Gaskell. I have been announced to speak to you to-night on the subject of "New Light on the Brontës." Now, in one sense, no more new light on the Brontës was possible after Mrs. Gaskell's book was published. The general impression that we have of the Brontës is the same. Nothing has been written since and nothing can be written that alters in any material point the beautiful story, beautifully told by the pen of that brilliant writer. In the main the facts are known to all. There were three sisters, the daughters of a poor country parson, writing their little books in childhood, and thenceforth plodding on to greater books in the after years, those greater books which made them famous, and nothing that can be said by anybody—and it would be wrong of me to come here without emphasizing this point, although I have tried to emphasize it elsewhere—will alter the fact that Mrs. Gaskell laid the foundation of much of this Brontë enthusiasm. It is quite true that the Brontës wrote immortal books, but these books would certainly not have been read as much to-day as they are if no biography had been written. There are many writers of immortal books in whom we take no such personal interest. Some authors, indeed, have had their books written *out* of popularity by inefficient biographers. But the writers in whom we are interested to-day had their story so beautifully told at the right moment, and it has sunk into our minds and hearts. I have elsewhere asserted that Mrs. Gaskell's biography of Charlotte Brontë has had a far larger sale than any other biography in our literature. This statement has been strongly questioned. It has been urged that Boswell's "Johnson," for example, with sixty years more of regular circulation, has far exceeded the Brontë book in popularity. This is certainly not the case. Boswell was proud of a first edition of 1700 copies. His book was published in 1791. It seems quite clear that up to its author's death in 1795 it had not in spite of its success, a success for those days, sold 3000 copies. Since then it has indeed had a steady sale and has been acknowledged as the best of all biographies, but it has not, after all, appealed to other than distinctively literary people, who in every generation are but a few. Croker, I know, gave the book a singular popularity, and fifty thousand copies of his edition have been sold,

Dr. Birkbeck Hill's edition, the best for our time, has not, however, got into a second edition. There are cheap editions of the book, it is true, but when every factor is considered I am almost certain that Boswell's "Johnson" cannot for a moment compare in mere sales to Mrs. Gaskell's "Memoir of Charlotte Brontë." That book had so many things in its favour. Miss Brontë's popularity was great, but it was enhanced at the time of her death by the rumours abroad of her somewhat pathetic life. Mrs. Gaskell also was popular as a novelist, and so when she wrote her book with a keen eye to the romantic conditions of the Brontë story it was natural that the public which had admired her writings as well as the public which admired the writings of her friend all eagerly obtained the volume. Only Messrs Smith & Elder know the actual sales of Mrs. Gaskell's book during this period of forty years, but it is quite clear that it must have been very extensive. Think of the people you know who have read Mrs. Gaskell. How many people do you know who have read Boswell from cover to cover? It is a current jocularly at the meetings of the Johnson Club that many of its members have not done so. And thus I am entitled to emphasize how large a part Mrs. Gaskell has played in the modern Brontë enthusiasm. If there had not been a Mrs Gaskell there would have been no Brontë Museum, no Brontë Society, and no meeting here to-night.

Let me not, however, fail to acknowledge in the presence of the Brontë Society the good work which it has done by its judicious enthusiasm upon the same lines. Mr. Yates, of Dewsbury, Mr. Stead, of Heckmondwike, Mr. Butler Wood, of Bradford, Mr. Horsfall Turner, Dr. Erskine Stuart,—these and other gentlemen have added materially to our knowledge of the Brontës and of the Brontë country. One and all have furnished us with minute information which only those who live in the very centre of Brontëland could have obtained.

I have heard it said that you people in Yorkshire are very forgiving. That you should be able to devote so much hero-worship to the Brontës does really in one sense show a remarkable openness of mind. A lady from the South of England, after reading *Wuthering Heights*, is reported to have remarked that she would as soon think of visiting the Red Indians as of going into a country in which such people existed as were described in Emily Brontë's weird novel. But although it is quite clear to you that Emily Brontë did not see every side of

the life of the Yorkshire in which she lived yet you have forgiven her limitations in love for her splendid genius, and nothing is too trivial, no incident too inconsiderable, to be placed on record, and that is why you have gathered together so many interesting mementos in the adjoining Museum. I have heard, indeed, even this tendency to collect relics of the Brontës severely censured, but I like to recall the story of hero-worship recorded in Lockhart's *Life of Scott*. Scott, on visiting the town of Sheffield, had purchased as a memento a planter's knife, and had written on a piece of paper the inscription which he wished to be engraved thereon, "Walter Scott, Abbotsford." When it went to the engravers an enthusiastic Scot, Saunders by name, offered his employer a week's work if he might be allowed to keep the card. Scott always referred to this as one of the most gratifying compliments he had ever received in his literary capacity! I do not think, therefore, we need mind exciting the scoffs of a few when a great army of Brontë enthusiasts thank us so cordially for every new point we bring to light concerning the greatest of our women poets and one of our greatest women novelists. My own small share in this research has been a labour of love and an almost unqualified pleasure. It does not come within the scope of my present address to say in detail all I might say about that—to tell you of my visit to Brussels, and of my talk with Mlle. Heger, for M. Heger, although then in the house, was too ill to see me. I have wandered down the Rue d'Isabelle and into the Pensionnat where the Brontë girls spent many happy and some miserable hours. I have been through the school-room and dormitories, now empty, but unchanged from the time when the author of *Villette* made so many mental notes of their characteristics. I have even eaten a pear from the very pear tree under which the Brontë sisters sat, and concerning which they wrote so affectionately. But even Brussels does not exhaust our existing Brontë associations. Within a few yards of Notting Hill Station in London live three sisters, the Misses Wheelwright, and there they have lived for forty years, silently recalling their many memorials of the Brontës, yet never during that time either meeting or corresponding with a single person who had also met the Brontës. Yet these Misses Wheelwright knew the sisters well. One of them had music lessons from Emily, another French lessons from Charlotte, while

the eldest sister, Lætitia, was one of Charlotte's most intimate friends. But there are other intimate associations still available. I would like to tell you something more, if it were not difficult to do so with delicacy, of Mr. Nicholls, who thirty years ago or more was a curate of this parish. I have met him in Ireland several times; I have found him to be an upright, intelligent, interesting, kindly man, a man who has now as always a great feeling of love and devotion for his richly endowed wife and is proud of her great fame. I had to unthink all that I had heard as to his being in every way a different man from what we hero-worshippers might, not without impertinence, have conceived of as a suitable husband for Charlotte Brontë. He is a man whom any woman might revere, and I was pleased to feel as I did, that here before me was the man who brought a little gleam of sunshine and happiness into the home and into the life of one of our greatest novelists, and who still keeps up a warm interest in his old home at Haworth and its Brontë associations. It is utterly untrue as has been hinted that he discouraged his wife's literary aspirations. She read to him every fragment of her writings, and she wrote many short papers after her marriage, some of which will yet see the light. I have read at least three "openings" of stories and they represent quite as much actual writing effort as any other period of Charlotte Brontë's life can claim. You remember that during the seven years previous to her marriage she had only written three novels; why, therefore make a criminal of her husband in that during the nine months after her marriage she did not write three more? Mr. Nicholls recalls to me that he sat with her at the fireside one evening at Haworth and that she read him the opening chapters of a new novel—afterwards republished in the *Cornhill Magazine*—and they chatted pleasantly over the possible development of the plot.

But I am a long time coming to the two or three points of interest which have been made known to me since I published *Charlotte Brontë and her Circle*. The first concerns a curacy of Mr. Brontë's to which no biographer has so far referred. You know that when Mr. Brontë left Ireland he went to Cambridge and then to Wethersfield. There is a very charming story told by Mr. Augustine Birrell of how Mr. Brontë fell in love with a young lady, a Miss Burder, and asked her to be his wife, and how she accepted the proposal, and that then an

irate guardian would not allow her to marry a poor curate, so Mr. Brontë, heart-broken and love-sick, left Wethersfield. That story is very pretty, I do not know how far it is true, I doubt if Mr. Birrell went into the matter very thoroughly, but it does not much matter, the episode leads nowhere. But the biographies tell us that when Mr. Brontë left Wethersfield he went straight away to Dewsbury, and that he passed all the rest of his life in curacies in Yorkshire until he finally died as incumbent of Haworth. Now my information is that when Mr. Brontë left Wethersfield he took up a curacy at Wellington, in Shropshire. There had, it would seem, been living close to Wellington another curate, a Mr. Nunn, whom Mr. Brontë had known at Cambridge, so Mr. Brontë went into Shropshire. He was there about a year, and he left, Mr. Nunn's descendents tell me, because he quarrelled with Mr. Nunn because the latter insisted on becoming engaged to be married, and in support of Mr. Birrell's story of the rejected lover at Wethersfield we have the fact that Mr. Brontë was certainly a very vigorous woman-hater at the time. After a year in Wellington Mr. Brontë went to Dewsbury, in Yorkshire. It is interesting to note that Mr. Brontë's vicar at Wellington was John Eyton, a great preacher of that day (1809) and a zealous antiquarian. I hope you don't find even a triviality such as the discovery of Mr. Brontë's additional curacy entirely unimportant in Brontë records.

My second point is that the first curate Mr. Brontë had in Yorkshire was a Mr. Hodgson, who was here from 1837 to 1839. In my book I state that Mr. Brontë's first curate at Haworth was Mr. Wightman. I based that statement upon Mr. Brontë's funeral sermon on Mr. Wightman in which he certainly seemed to imply that Mr. Wightman was his first curate. But this was a mistake as the following letter from Mr. Hodgson's son-in-law explains. I may add that Mr. Hodgson's daughter and her husband have been to see me, and I was very glad to meet them. Here is the letter from Mr. de-la-Hey, who married Miss Hodgson:—

Bathealton Rectory, Wiveliscombe, Somerset.

DEAR SIR,—I am reading with much interest your lately published *Charlotte Brontë and her Circle*, and, as what I have to say is in connection with your book, you will, I trust, excuse me for troubling you with it.

In one of her letters Charlotte Brontë says that Mr. Hodgson was one of her father's curates, but in your chapter on the Curates of Haworth you say that Mr. Wightman was

Mr. Brontë's first curate, and you add in a footnote that "a Mr. Hodgson is spoken of earlier, but he would seem to have been only a temporary help." On what ground do you make this statement?

Charlotte Brontë says rightly that Mr. Hodgson was her father's *curate*. In fact Haworth was his first and only curacy. He was curate there, as far as I can make out from my wife, who is Mr. Hodgson's daughter, in 1835-6, and left it for the Incumbency of Christ Church, Colne, Lancashire, where he died in 1874. Had you, or any other interested in the matter, made inquiries of the older inhabitants of Haworth, you would have found that they had not forgotten Mr. Hodgson. He liked the people there and was very happy in his curacy.

Mr. Hodgson had a great respect for Mr. Brontë, and scouted with indignation the tales told of his outbursts of intemperate rage. He spoke of him as a man of a very nervous temperament, and, as an instance of it, said that often when he had promised to preach he would send to Mr. Hodgson at the last moment and tell him that he was unable to do so. This was the case on the first or second Sunday on which Mr. Hodgson officiated at Haworth. It had been arranged that Mr. Hodgson should preach in the morning and Mr. Brontë in the afternoon, but while Mr. Hodgson was in the afternoon Sunday School Mr. Brontë sent for him and told him that he felt unequal to the task of preaching and that Mr. Hodgson must take his place. To this Mr. Hodgson demurred, urging that he had no sermon ready. "Oh," said Mr. Brontë, "you, must preach extempore; the people like it better." Poor Mr. Hodgson with much sinking of heart had to do as he was bid, and the Haworth folk used to remind him of that first extempore sermon and say that he never preached a better one.

Mr. Hodgson is mentioned in Charlotte Brontë's letter in connection with Mr. Bryce. Mr. Bryce had expressed a wish to Mr. Hodgson that he could find a suitable partner for life, and it was in consequence of this that Mr. Hodgson took him over to see the Brontës. My wife distinctly remembers that her father told her that several letters passed between the two after Mr. Bryce's visit, and that the notion of marriage was given up because both families being consumptive the union would not be a prudent one. Thus there would seem to have been more in this incident than Charlotte Brontë would have had one suppose.

Mr. Hodgson did not see much of the Brontës, and only paid occasional visits of duty to their father. His impression of the girls was that pride formed a considerable element of their shyness and reserve. He must however, have had a pretty favourable opinion of them on the whole or he would not have taken his curate there for the purpose hinted at above.

My father-in-law was a man of a clear head and sound judgment, and little likely to be led away by imagination; yet I have heard my wife more than once, when asked for a true ghost story, relate the following as she heard it from her father: "During his curacy at Haworth my father lodged in an old house occupied by three coeval generations of women—mother, daughter, and granddaughter. The house had the reputation

of being haunted, but I never heard my father say that he had seen the ghost. His landlady, however, told him that when her granddaughter was a child of about three years old she one day came rushing downstairs in a great fright saying that she had seen a lady standing in the middle of the room with something tied round her throat. The ghost made its presence known to my father in several ways. He was returning in the evening from a visit when he saw a light moving about from one chamber to another in the upper regions of the house. Although it was not very late he thought the people must be going to bed and hurried on accordingly. To his surprise he found the three females sitting quietly at their work round the kitchen fire, and on asking whether anyone had been moving about with a light upstairs was answered in the negative. Another time he had gone upstairs in the dark to fetch a book on which he knew that he could easily lay his hand. He found the book, and was just turning to go downstairs, when close to his ear he heard what sounded to him like the shaking out of a silk gown. More than once as he was sitting reading or preparing his sermon he would hear the crack of a whip in the room above him. He would rush upstairs and the whip would resound in the attic. He would follow it there, and there it was again in the room below.

This ghost had also an unpleasant habit of disturbing him at night. He slept in one of the old four posters which had an understructure of sacking, instead of the more modern laths or strips of wood. When he had got comfortably settled the bed would begin to heave as though someone underneath were uplifting it. He would get up, light his candle, and look beneath, but nothing could be seen. This fact he communicated to Branwell Brontë who was very sceptical on the subject, and my father invited him to come and test the truth of what he said by sharing his bed. He came, and took every precaution for excluding anyone from entering the room after they were in it. He closely examined the room in every way, and satisfied himself that no one was there but themselves. He locked and bolted the door, and securely fastened the windows. But they had not been long in bed before the upheaving began. One night's experience was quite enough for Branwell, and he would not renew it. I was a child when my father at my request told me this ghost story, and he precluded it by saying that for whatever reasons they were allowed to reappear upon earth, they were not allowed to do any harm. I say this, he said, from my own experience, for one night, at Haworth, I had fallen asleep while reading in bed, my candle burning on the chair beside me, when an unconscious movement of mine would probably have pushed the bed curtain into the flame of the candle. Judge my surprise and thankfulness when in the morning I found the candle burnt down into the socket and removed to a safe place at the bed's foot."

It has always seemed strange to me that those who were so anxious to unearth all that they could of the history of the Brontës should never have taken the trouble to apply to Mr. Hodgson.

Believe me to be, yours very truly,

E. OLRIDGE-DE-LA-HEY.

In further support of this contention, so clearly justified, that Mr. Hodgson was curate at Haworth, Mr. Oldridge de-la-Hey sends me the following also :—

A requisition to the Revd. William Hodgson, Assistant Minister of Haworth, Yorkshire, April 30th, 1837.

REVD. SIR, —We the undersigned inhabitants of Haworth, aforesaid, being fully satisfied with your faithful and diligent services, both in the desk, pulpit, Sunday School, and parish, earnestly desire (if you can see it to be the path of duty pointed out by Providence) that you would continue in your present situation for another year, at least, or as long as you conveniently can. And at the same time we wish to state it is our hope and belief that, notwithstanding trade is depressed, your subscription will be conducted in a spirit, similar to that which gave rise to it, last year.

This document bears the name of Mr. Brontë and also of Branwell, followed by some two hundred and thirty-four other signatures, many of them, I doubt not, sufficiently familiar names still to many here in Haworth. The document then concludes as follows :—

All the preceding names or signatures, which are two hundred and thirty-six, were procured in a few hours, and had the requisition been sent round the parish I am persuaded from what I have heard and seen that it would have been signed by all the churchpeople in Haworth and its vicinity.

P. BRONTË, Incumbent.

Before leaving Mr. Hodgson I may add that his curate, who proposed to Charlotte Brontë, was not named Price, as inaccurately stated by me in my book, but Bryce. He died at Colne and is buried in the Christ Church Cemetery, and an inscription on his tomb tells us that his name was David Bryce, and that he died on the 17th January, 1840, aged 29.*

I have but little more to add. The most unacceptable passages in my book were those in which I referred to Charlotte Brontë's relations to the Sidgwicks. The Sidgwicks are now a distinguished family in English literary life, and not the least distinguished member of that family wrote to me to demur to Miss Brontë's characterization of her friends.

"I am reading your book about the Brontë's," she says, "with the greatest interest and pleasure, and I want to tell you that Miss Brontë's description of Mrs Sidgwick, of Stonegappe, is a cruel caricature of a most kind and sweet-natured woman.

*Annals and Stories of Colne and Neighbourhood, by James Carr.—J. Heywood, Manchester, 1878.

I knew Mrs. Sidgwick in her old age and my husband knew her all his life, and we both know that Miss Brontë's stories of her were absurd. Mrs. Sidgwick told me that Miss Brontë had a most unhappy difficult, temper, and that she took offence where no offence was meant. I am quite certain that Mrs. Sidgwick never said in a tone of surprise, 'What, love your governess,' and I cannot easily believe that any of the Sidgwicks would tell a young lady to 'walk behind.' Certainly the family traditions are not of unkindness to others, but of generosity and consideration. Miss Brontë was as much out of place as a nursery governess as Miss Burney was at court; but her unfitness for the duties her fortunes drove her to undertake was hard on her employers as well as on her. Mrs. Sidgwick told me that Miss Brontë often went to bed all day and left her to look after the children at a time when she was much occupied with her invalid father, Mr. Greenwood, at Swarcliffe."

My book has brought me many, many letters from all parts of the world and they are an amazing testimony to the interest in the Brontë sisters which seems to gather volume and increase day by day. My own interest in the Brontës is not in the least diminished by the fact that I have spent so many hours in trying to learn something about them. On the contrary, I want to learn more, and I shall welcome information from whatever source. I have been most generously treated on all hands. Mr. Nicholls, Miss Wheelwright, and others have helped me untiringly in the preparation of my book, and when I came before the public the kindness of those who, having worked in the same field might have been pardoned for not giving me so much of favour, has been most remarkable. I have come to the conclusion that no work can be as pleasant as preparing a biography and the next best thing to making biography oneself is to edit it, and so, sooner or later, I hope to re-edit Mrs. Gaskell's biography of the Brontës, and not till then shall I have completed my researches concerning their most fascinating story.

THE BRONTË SISTERS.

Notes of an address delivered at Haworth, Saturday, April 10th, 1897, in connection with the Re-opening of the Brontë Museum.

BY DR. W. ROBERTSON NICOLL.

Why do the memories of Charlotte and Emily Brontë survive among us with such extreme vitality? Has it ever occurred to you to ask yourselves what the shrinking sisters would have thought of the museum hard by and of this great gathering? What would you yourselves think if you knew that a band of enthusiasts were to be engaged after your death in ferretting out every letter you had ever written, every secret of your loves, and griefs, and shames, every, I was going to say every rag, but that is not the right word — you had ever worn, and putting them all together to be gazed upon by a procession of tourists summer after summer? I think you would not like it, and even in the presence of Mr. Shorter I will venture to say that much as we owe to Mrs. Gaskell, it is scarcely consonant with the best and highest feeling to draw the veil from the whole history and mystery and tragedy of a household, and exhibit it to the world. Yet if the question were put to me: Do you, then, wish Mrs. Gaskell had never written at all? I am afraid I should not make the reply that from my convictions I ought to make; and I feel, for I notice you are becoming a little depressed and conscience-stricken, that the whole blame, such as it is, now rests with Mrs. Gaskell. After she did so much there is nothing to hinder us doing our little in the same way. The history of those who have deeply and long moved the rest is the property, in a certain sense, of the race. No one spoke more fiercely than Tennyson against exposure of the secrets of the day.

“Break lock and steel, betray the trust,
Keep nothing sacred, 'tis but just
The many-headed beasts should know.”

Yet I see it announced that a very large biography of Lord Tennyson, in two volumes, by his son, is to appear in the autumn. However, there is more to say than that. How few human beings could bear the ordeal of Charlotte Brontë and her sister as they have borne it! How few could pass through the flames as they pass—unscathed, without even the smell of fire upon them, standing out to

us to-night as heroines, not merely because they were women of genius, but because they were noble women through and through !

This scene furnishes a suggestive confirmation of a great essayist of our time who wrote on the vanity and glory of literature. We see the glory of literature to-night. Yorkshire is a great county with great sons and daughters, with children who have shown enterprise and genius. But the richest and the mightiest pass out of memory, while the fame of these shy and shrinking girls remains and grows, confirming the saying that the true glory of any country consists in its authors. The genius of Charlotte and Emily Brontë has glorified Yorkshire. They belong to Yorkshire. They were not Irish, nor Cornish. As their ablest critic, William Caldwell Roscoe said, "One finds in their novels the strong cold breezes of your moors." Even the air of that churchyard yonder, in some measure, passed into the substance and texture of their being. It is quite true that they had something of the Celtic temperament. There is a cloudy fire in their writings different from the opener and clearer fire of Yorkshiremen. But how they loved Yorkshire! "If I did not see the heather every year," said Sir Walter Scott, "I think I should die." Of Emily Brontë it is true that though she died early amid these moorlands, she would have died sooner in the sunshine. They knew that when all is said, "dark and true and tender is the North."

Why is it that books published so long ago should still possess such an extraordinary vitality? The main reason, perhaps, is that they are full of intense passion. It was said of Robert Burns, that the touch of his hand would burn yours. This was true of the Brontës, for I put Burns and the Brontës together. There was a time when passion died out entirely from English literature. It was enkindled by Robert Burns. The Brontës, perhaps, did not do the same in the full sense, and yet it must be remembered that they appeared in the age of Lytton, a writer without one touch of true intensity of feeling. They came with their truth, their reality that made all things new. They lit again the fires of passion, and let people know what the revealing of the human heart might be. The power of intense feeling, and expressing that feeling is rarer still. And so these books live and must live. Another reason of their vitality is their remarkable originality. I think that to some extent we can show

that Charlotte Brontë was influenced by Richardson, that *Jane Eyre* occasionally follows *Pamela*, but on the whole there are no more original writers than the Brontës in this century. They were not great readers. They looked into their hearts and wrote. Further, almost alone among really great writers they have no even moderately successful imitators. The true word for that in the history of literature is "separate." They were largely uninfluenced by what went before, and they did not touch to any extent really powerful writers who came after them.

The characteristic note of the Brontës is the note of fortitude. No word other than that puts the case so well. The queerest, most crystallised expression of that fortitude is to be found in the poems of Emily Brontë which will never be forgotten while English literature lasts. Of Charlotte Brontë it was true, as her closest friends said, that from the very beginning she was constitutionally destitute of hope. It was not that hope left her after reiterated and shattering blows of fate. From the very beginning she did not hope. She anticipated bright futures for others, but never had bright dreams for herself. She never leaned upon others; she was self-reliant. She never communicated her whole self to others. It was one of her chief doctrines that in the very closest relationships of life there should be a frontier marking off some inviolate tract or district of the soul. She had so little hope. She was so cruelly pressed by limitations, so sorely wounded by sorrows that I could not but think this afternoon standing in the room in which she died that after all she did not die too soon. Her works remain, not only as the living monument of her genius, but as a proof of the otherwise well-attested greatness of her character.

I had intended to say something of Charlotte Brontë's religion, but the time will not permit. I hold in my hand a book entitled, *The Life, Ministry and Writings of the late Rev. John Fawcett, D.D.*, who was minister of the Gospel first at Wainsgate, and afterwards at Hebden Bridge in the parish of Halifax. Dr. Fawcett preached many times in Haworth, and in his memoirs is a fact not otherwise known to me that the illustrious George Whitfield preached many times to enormous audiences gathered from the surrounding county in the churchyard. Nobody has ever risen amongst us, never before and never since, who exercised the same spell as George Whitfield. No

one ever moved men so deeply, so permanently, so marvellously, and the secret of his magic is buried in his grave. No one since his death has risen to repeat the achievement. Dr. Fawcett had as his pupil a Yorkshire man of whom Yorkshire people ought to make more. He was a great essayist, and critic, and moralist, John Foster, and he left some interesting information as to the state of religion and morals in this country at that time. I think a good service would be rendered by some member of the Brontë Society who would trace the revival of religion in Yorkshire and its effects in Haworth. The religious history of Haworth in the time of the Brontës has been very imperfectly sketched, yet it is evidently a story worth telling, and the lives of Grimshaw, Fawcett, Henry Venn, of Huddersfield, and others, would furnish materials. We are met, however, to-night, not so much to discuss the religious opinion of the Brontës as to express our abiding reverence for their genius and their goodness. We feel, all of us, that we have learnt much from their books and their lives, and, above all, we feel they taught us by precept and example one of the greatest of all lessons—"How sublime a thing it is to suffer and be strong."

REMINISCENCES OF THE LATE MISS ELLEN NUSSEY.

By WILLIAM SCRUTON.

As a Brontë enthusiast I may claim to have been pretty early in the field, for my memory goes back to the time when *Jane Eyre* first took the world by surprise. A surprise it truly was, for, with perhaps the single exception of *Uncle Tom's Cabin*, by Mrs. Stowe, no book of modern times took so sudden and complete a grip of the public taste, and became so popular, as did that fascinating novel by "Currer Bell." I have also a pleasant recollection of a pilgrimage made to Haworth on a fine summer's day somewhere in the fifties and not long after Charlotte Brontë had ended "life's fitful fever" when I had the privilege (for I accounted it no less) of seeing a tall, venerable-looking old man, with hair as white as snow, and a face full of intelligence and benevolence, enter the old church, walk down the aisle, mount the

three-decker pulpit (for it was the Sabbath), and preach what was then known as "the afternoon sermon." This was the Rev. Patrick Brontë. His appearance, to say the least, could not fail to inspire feelings of reverence, and when, soon after, I learnt from Mrs. Gaskell's narrative the life story of this remarkable man, and of his still more remarkable children, this, my first visit to the moorland village of Haworth became all the more deeply impressed upon my memory.

Sometime during the year 1884 I contributed a short article to a Yorkshire monthly magazine, of which the now popular novelist, Mr. J. S. Fletcher, was proprietor and editor, on "The Birthplace of Charlotte Brontë," which was afterwards issued as a booklet. I had often heard of Miss Nussey as Charlotte Brontë's life-long friend, and the heroine of one of her novels, and when a literary friend of mine who was on intimate terms with that lady kindly offered to give me a letter of introduction to her I was only too glad to avail myself of so tempting an opportunity of becoming personally acquainted with one who held so interesting and unique a position. I forwarded the letter of introduction along with an epistle of my own, and a copy of my little book, to Miss Nussey, who then resided at Fieldhead, near Birstall, and in a few days I received from her a neatly written letter in which she said that she would be at home on the following Saturday (March 7th, 1885), and if I would call in the afternoon she would be pleased to see me as a friend of the lady who had given me the letter of introduction.

The appointed time found me, I need scarcely say, at the little hamlet known as Fieldhead, which is about a mile from Birstall, and near to the historic battlefield of Atherton Moor. Miss Nussey's residence was a substantial, bay-windowed house, looking towards Birstall, with the Derbyshire hills in the distance, which are distinctly visible on a clear day. I have a pleasant recollection of the very cordial welcome that I received on the occasion of this my first visit to the home of Charlotte Brontë's friend. It seemed to me as if I must have known this amiable lady for a long time, there was such a complete absence of that constraint and reserve one expects to find on a first introduction. And yet there was a quiet dignity in her manner that betokened the lady of culture and refinement. Of Miss Nussey's personal appearance I need say but little; that has been already



THE RYDINGS, BIRSTALL

Birth-place of the late Miss Ellen Nussey.

done by abler pens than mine. Nor shall I attempt the method adopted by certain present-day interviewers, who, it seems to me, go very much out of their way to describe every article of furniture, even to the carpets on the floors of the dwellings of the distinguished people whom they interview. The comfortable elegance of Miss Nussey's drawing-room, and the peaceful quiet of it as contrasted with the noisy streets of Bradford, are still impressed upon my memory. Outside, the wind and rain were beating upon the house, which occupied an elevated and unsheltered position, but within all was brightness and warmth. The curtains were drawn and the shaded lamp brought in. As Miss Nussey sat at table the light from the latter cast a peculiar yet pleasing effect upon her features, and she looked really beautiful. She was then in her sixty-seventh year, but was far from looking anything like that age. She had a sweet expression which, when brought into full play by an animated conversation or a humorous story, made her all the more pleasing and attractive. By far the best portrait* that I have yet seen of Miss Nussey, as representing her in one of her happier moods, is the one at page 207 of Mr. Shorter's work, *Charlotte Brontë and her Circle*. It was not difficult to understand why this gentle, refined, and intelligent lady had so fascinated Charlotte Brontë, to whom she appears to have been more as a sister than a friend, or that she should have been almost the only person admitted to comparative intimacy with the household at Haworth.

Miss Nussey was a good conversationalist, and pleasant indeed was her chat about new books and their authors. She kept herself well posted up in current events in both the literary and political world, and the topics that arose for comment or criticism were about as plentiful as they were interesting. I soon discovered that she was not only a good Churchwoman, but a sound Tory to boot, her political views having evidently been matured when the terms "Whig" and "Tory" were the distinctive badges of those political factions; indeed, she assured me that the modern designations of "Liberal" and "Conservative" were not at all to her liking. She was not, however, so prejudiced to her party as not to be able to recognise the fact that there were noble and patriotic statesmen whose political views were in strong contrast to her own. Mr. Gladstone was not a favourite of hers as a

* See frontispiece.

politician, and with the Home Rule measure she had no sympathy whatever. In casually alluding to some business matters of her own I was pleased to find that I could be of some assistance to her. My offers of help were readily accepted, and this circumstance brought me into closer contact, and led to a lengthier correspondence with her than would, perhaps, have otherwise been the case.

She occasionally alluded to her antecedents and family connections, but on these, and other matters of a private nature, I do not feel at liberty to speak. It was her lifelong friendship with Charlotte Brontë, and the fact that she was almost the last connecting link with that woman of genius that formed the basis of our acquaintance, and it must be in the light of that character alone that I record the following reminiscences.

Miss Nussey was not by any means a bigot in her devotion to the Church to which she belonged. She was pleased to find that I was a member of the Moravian Church—a religious community towards which she cherished a high regard. That Church had long been represented by congregations at Gomersal and Mirfield, and Miss Wooller had always been wont to speak of the members thereof to her pupils, in terms of the greatest respect. Miss Nussey, when a girl, had herself been a pupil at the ladies' academy connected with the Moravian Church at Gomersal when the Rev. Mr. Grimes was minister there, and she had yet several dear friends who were Moravians. Mr. Grimes' predecessor in the ministry at Gomersal was a Mr. Lauten, whom Miss Brontë has immortalised in *Shirley* as "Mr. Langweilig."

" 'We were all there.' (a Bible Society Meeting) said Miss Mary (Sykes); 'mamma and all of us; we even persuaded papa to go; Hannah would insist upon it; but he fell asleep while Mr. Langweilig, the German Moravian Minister, was speaking. I felt quite ashamed he nodded so.' "
 "Theoretically, Mr. York placed all sects and churches on a level; Mrs. Yorke awarded the palm to Moravians and Quakers, on account of that crown of humility by these worthies worn."

Some members of the Taylor ("Yorke") family were for many years members of the Moravian Church at Gomersal.

Miss Nussey was deeply interested in a letter which I had recently received from the Rev. James La Trobe, a Bishop of the Moravian Church, and the descendant of a noble Huguenot family who had been driven from France by the Revocation of the Edict of Nantes. He was

minister of the Moravian Church at Mirfield from 1836 to 1841, and sometime during that period he had been urgently requested by Anne Brontë to visit her at Roe-Head at a time when she was prostrated by a very serious illness. I am sure I shall be pardoned for giving the extract from his letter which refers to the circumstance. "She was suffering" (he wrote) "from a severe attack of gastric fever which brought her very low, and her voice was only a whisper; her life hung on a slender thread. She soon got over the shyness natural on seeing a perfect stranger. The words of love, from Jesus, opened her ear to my words, and she was very grateful for my visits. I found her well acquainted with the main truths of the Bible respecting our salvation, but seeing them more through the law than the gospel, more as a requirement from God than His gift in His Son, but her heart opened to the sweet views of salvation, pardon, and peace in the blood of Christ, and she accepted His welcome to the weary and heavy laden sinner, conscious more of her not loving the Lord her God than of acts of enmity to Him, and, had she died then, I should have counted her His redeemed and ransomed child. It was not till I read Charlotte Brontë's life that I recognised my interesting patient at Roe Head, where a Christian influence pervaded the establishment and its decided discipline."

From the gentle and pious Anne our conversation drifted on to what had been said in certain quarters concerning Charlotte Brontë's religious faith. Miss Nussey was very indignant at an article in the *Sunday Magazine* of October 1st, 1867, entitled, "Musings in a Yorkshire Valley," in which some uncharitable remarks were made on this subject. The writer (W. G. Blackie) stated that in the story of Charlotte's life he had been unable to discover proof of an active and rejoicing faith in the mediatorial work of Jesus Christ, or of that view of life which comes from consciously appropriating the redemption that is in Him. The revelation of free pardoning grace, which was just what Charlotte Brontë wanted, *did not come to her*. "Truly sorry," said Mr. Blackie in the article alluded to, "we should be to think that on her death-bed she uttered no words more worthy of record than those which her biographer ascribes to her, when her husband told her of her danger, 'Oh,' she whispered forth, 'I am not going to die, am I? He will not separate us, we have been so happy,'" I was quite familiar with the article to which

Miss Nussey referred, having but recently read it, and I called her attention to a remark also contained in it that in Charlotte's earlier years, under the guidance and at the instigation of *a dear friend* she had had times of earnest desire and effort for spiritual peace and life, but that in later years, when more engrossed with literature, such thoughts seem to have occurred seldomer to her mind, and that the treasure once sought did not appear to have ever been found. In reply, Miss Nussey said that the writer would never have given utterance to views so uncharitable and so wide of the truth as these, had he but known Charlotte Brontë better.

Though not so pronounced a pietist as Anne, nor so wide a latitudinarian as Emily, who in one of her most vigorous poems says

Vain are the thousand creeds that move men's minds.

yet she was devoutly religious; but her religion was part of herself—lived and felt, but not talked of except, perhaps, to her most intimate friends. If asked whether Charlotte's theological views leaned more to the Arminian than the Calvinistic doctrine, she should most assuredly say they did. The teaching of Wesley had leavened the Church of England infinitely more than that of Whitfield,—hence the large number of clergymen, especially in the West Riding of Yorkshire, who had thrown open their pulpits to John Wesley, or adopted his views, prominent among whom were Grimshaw, of Haworth, and Venn, of Huddersfield. The Rev. John Crosse, Vicar of Bradford, was on the most friendly terms with Wesley, and was only too glad to place the pulpit of the Parish Church at his disposal, and it was to Mr. Crosse that Mr. Brontë owed his preferment to the living at Thornton, and to Mr. Heap, (Mr. Crosse's successor and an Evangelical clergyman,) for his promotion to Haworth. A good feeling had invariably existed betwixt the Church people and the Wesleyans at Haworth. This was certainly the case during Mr. Brontë's time for she (Miss Nussey) had heard Charlotte Brontë allude to the fact with feelings of satisfaction. On the occasion of a Missionary meeting of the Wesleyans, to which ministers of all denominations had been invited, Mr. Brontë, then old and blind, accepted the invitation, and he entered the large Wesleyan Chapel leaning on Charlotte's arm. It must have been a touching sight to see the venerable and worthy man led on to the

platform where, with outstretched arms, he repeated in tremulous accents and amid breathless silence the short but beautiful Psalm beginning, "Behold, how good and how pleasant it is for brethren to dwell together in unity!" Having done this, and without adding a word of his own, he was taken back to his daughter, who led him gently home. Although Charlotte Brontë's religious views could hardly be circumscribed within the limits of any particular sect or denomination, yet, Miss Nussey assured me, in the main they were doubtless in sympathy with those of her father, though, perhaps, much broader.

On the occasion of a subsequent visit to Fieldhead (April 30th, 1887) Miss Nussey was not looking so well as usual. She ascribed it to over-work. After tea, however, she was much brighter, and began a somewhat discursive conversation which comprised a wide range of subjects. From political and literary matters we passed to such curious topics as thought reading, animal magnetism, second sight, presentiments, &c. Both she and Charlotte had at one time held peculiar views on presentiments. Charlotte had had some very strange dreams, which, no doubt, accounted for this in some measure. Once she dreamt of a bridal party coming to the Church at Haworth, and so real did it seem, and so vivid were her impressions of it that when a marriage took place about six months after, she recognised everything as being the exact repetition, in every detail, of what had happened in her dream; the bride and bridegroom, the officiating clergyman, and even the faces of the onlookers appearing exactly the same. This remarkable dream left a deep impression on Miss Brontë's mind, and she said that she should never forget it as long as she lived.

In speaking of her own experience of strange fore-shadowings and presentiments Miss Nussey alluded to the sad death of Anne Brontë, at Scarbro'. When the latter felt that she was rapidly getting worse she begged that Miss Nussey might be sent for. Although she had no knowledge of the actual state of Anne's health, a strange feeling of sadness and depression overcame her, and she could not get rid of the fear that she was about to die. On hearing of poor Anne's request she at once started off to Scarbro', and on arriving at the railway station at Leeds, one of the first sights that arrested her attention was that of three coffins that had come by rail, and were

being conveyed to the dismal-looking vehicles used for removing the dead. The sequel is told in Mrs. Gaskell's *Life of Charlotte Brontë*, and need not be repeated here. Poor Anne left her home on May 24th, 1849, and died on the 28th of the same month.

During the summer of 1887, when on a visit to Scarbro', I found my way into the God's acre where Anne Brontë's remains are laid, and made a sketch of the tombstone and its immediate surroundings. I afterwards made and sent a copy of it to Miss Nussey, as she had expressed a wish to have one. She acknowledged the receipt of it in the following terms :—

“DEAR SIR,—I thank you very sincerely for your kind presentation of poor Anne Brontë's tomb, as sketched by your own pen. . . . The little remnant of a tomb behind Anne's, with my initials on, is singular. The description you give is exactly what I saw myself many years ago. It was dear Charlotte's wish at one time to have Anne's remains removed to Haworth, but I fancy she gave up the idea entirely after her marriage; yet it seems a pity, though it can make no possible difference hereafter ”

It is sad now to think that Miss Nussey's long and faithful attachment to the members of the Brontë family brought with it many pains and penalties, and that in taking up cudgels in their defence she estranged herself from some whom she had once reckoned amongst her friends. In her later years she was much harassed in the matter of making a judicious disposal of the numerous Brontë letters which she possessed, and I know, from her own admission, that the abandonment of a certain project upon which she had long set her mind was a bitter disappointment to her. Someone has said that Miss Nussey was a lady who had strong likes and dislikes. I can quite believe it. She was a true friend to all the members of the Brontë family, but especially so to Charlotte. The strong attachment she had to her began when they were school girls at Roe Head, and continued without a break to the sad time when Charlotte was stretched upon her dying bed from which she penned the last lines she ever wrote, addressed to her own “Dear Nell.” Can we wonder that during the forty years she was privileged to survive her dearest of friends she should have so jealously guarded her fair name against the imputations and reflections cast upon her by her numerous detractors, most of whom were, alas, those of her own sex? This Miss Nussey has done, and done bravely, though at the cost of many sleepless

nights, and the sacrifice of her own peace of mind. In speaking now of some of her "dislikes" I do so all the more readily because I am committing no breach of confidence, and because it was her own expressed wish to be put right with the world, as far as possible, on several points concerning which there was much ignorance and misapprehension.

Although Miss Nussey had some literary friends in America of whom she thought very highly, yet she was somewhat prejudiced against American literature generally, and especially the newspaper press. Soon after the appearance of Mrs. Gaskell's *Life of Charlotte Brontë*, the *New York Times* had a special article upon it which embittered Miss Nussey's mind against this particular journal in a very marked degree, and little wonder. The article was entitled, "The Brontë Girls, or the Daughters of Doom." A brief extract from it will suffice to show its general tone:—

"When Patrick Brontë, a farmer's son born near Londonderry, in Ireland, shook the dust off his feet of a country which he never trod again, he was a tall handsome young man with a fierce determination to be something better than a tiller of the soil. Educating himself partially while keeping a school, he, in his twenty-fifth year, entered Cambridge, where he took his B.A., and was afterwards ordained to the curacy of Thornton, in Yorkshire,—a dreary, desolate place. . . . With the exception of the Fejee Islanders the Yorkshire people are, perhaps, the wildest and doggedest existing—a race of 'Dandie Dinmonts,' with the vice of a desperate rudeness, which they dignify with the name of sincerity. To make everything more serious, Mr. Brontë married a Cornish lady, which was, as Lamb would phrase it, like throwing a damp upon a funeral. In the parsonage of Thornton his six children were born. In 1820 they removed to even a wilder and more desolate place called Haworth, situated in the West Riding of the same savage county. Here for the rest of their lives dwelt the family of this moody, wretched parson,—a man who like a mad dog ought to have been shot, or like a victim of its bite, smothered between two feather beds. Society is far too tolerant of these domestic hyenas, who are perpetual glooms upon their households. We read in Mrs. Gaskell's *Life* that this clerical brute was in the habit of relieving his pent-up piety by firing off his pistol at midnight, and that at a time when his wife was dying. This father being too religious to vent his suppressed humanity by swearing at or beating his wife and children, got rid of his surplus Christianity by sawing off the legs of his chairs and tables, a species of cruelty rendered cowardly since his furniture not being spiritually informed could not give him a rap in return. He taught his family the worthlessness of finery by tearing up before their female eyes a silk gown,—the most

painful of all operations in a woman's eyes, except that of shaving her head. . . . A few months after their removal to Haworth, this poor persecuted woman died, a victim to the dogged, gloomy asceticism of this believer in the Thirty-nine Articles."

Miss Nussey was naturally very indignant at so gross an aspersion of Mr. Brontë's character as this, though she believed that Mrs. Gaskell's erroneous portraiture of him was answerable for much of it. Unfortunately Mr. Brontë had seen the scurrilous article and no words could express how keenly he felt the injustice of being painted in such colours as these.

For a long time after this Miss Nussey's prejudice against American writers was, on her own confession, deep rooted. When a New York lady, who had written a small work on Charlotte Brontë, and with whom I had been in correspondence, expressed to me a strong desire to be introduced to Miss Nussey, in the event of her making a long-contemplated visit to Yorkshire, which desire I communicated to the latter lady, I received the following reply:—"I should not refuse to see her if she came, but the probability is that I should not feel quite as amiable towards her as I ought. You must, however, use your own judgment in the encouragement you give her." The lady did not visit Yorkshire during Miss Nussey's lifetime, and the opportunity of seeing Charlotte Brontë's dearest friend has now passed away for ever. I feel quite sure, however, that if the meeting had taken place the "amiability" which Miss Nussey deemed to be so essential, would not have been wanting. The American lady was a great admirer of Charlotte Brontë, and that fact alone would have sufficed to secure her a gracious and kindly welcome. I cannot take leave of this subject without giving a brief extract from one of the lady's letters to me at this time:—

"I have many times tried to analyse my feelings towards Charlotte Brontë, but I fail. She seems nearer and more real than any other writer, and at times her life history unrolls itself before me without the slightest effort on my part, and I live in her experiences until the picture passes away, leaving me with a yearning, longing desire to meet her face to face somewhere, at some time. Her influence over my life has been stronger than any other, and she remains an inspiration?"

It is now a matter of common knowledge how it came to pass that the first edition of Mrs. Gaskell's *Life of Charlotte Brontë* had to be suppressed for having dwelt too fully upon the circumstances connected with Branwell's

disgrace, and told to the gaping world a story that ought never to have gone beyond the Brontë family. Unfortunately Miss Robinson's more recent work, entitled *Emily Brontë*, laid bare again the old sore and recapitulated much that Mrs. Gaskell had been compelled to withdraw. This led Mr. Francis A. Leyland, of Halifax, antiquary and historian, to take up the cudgels on poor Branwell's behalf, and in a letter to the *Athenæum* (July 21st, 1883) he endeavoured to clear that young man's character from the evil repute into which it had been brought, first by Mrs. Gaskell, and then by Miss Robinson. There could be no fault found with this, but when he went out of his way to accuse Miss Nussey of having been the cause of all the trouble he fell into a grievous error, and caused that lady untold pain and anxiety. In the letter above mentioned Mr. Leyland had said :—

“There can be no doubt that the occasional irregularities of Branwell's young life now and then clashed painfully with the formal and frigid manners of the parsonage, or that the slightest deviation from the straight and righteous path marked out to him by his father shocked at times the staid notions of the daughters and appalled the rigid principles of the pastor. Under these circumstances it is not surprising that Miss Brontë, being in frequent correspondence with a *particular friend*, (the italics are mine) informed her of the apprehensions she felt respecting her brother, and sometimes entered into lengthy details of his conduct. It is certain, however, that Miss Brontë never intended the private concerns of the parsonage to be made known to others than the one to whom they had with reliance been intrusted.”

The fact that Mr. Leyland's reflections upon Miss Nussey are made by inference does not make his position any the more justifiable. Everyone must have known that it was that most faithful of Charlotte Brontë's friends who was meant, and whom he thus accused of having committed a most serious breach of confidence. Knowing that Miss Brontë frequently corresponded with Miss Nussey, Mr. Leyland jumped to the conclusion that the latter was kept informed of all the details of Branwell's misconduct, and that the letters containing such very private information were placed by Miss Nussey at Mrs. Gaskell's disposal when compiling the *Life*.

Now what are the facts ?

(1) Miss Brontë was extremely reticent of details concerning her brother in writing to Miss Nussey, and that lady did not know the full details of his misconduct

till Mrs. Gaskell herself told her of them after Charlotte Brontë's death.

(2) What Mrs. Gaskell learned of Branwell Brontë's life she learned from other sources than Miss Nussey. In the second edition of the *Life* she states that before Miss Nussey permitted her to use the letters in her possession for the purposes of the memoir, she throughout most carefully and completely effaced the names of the persons and places which occurred in them, and adds that "such information as I have obtained from her (Miss Nussey) bears reference *solely to Miss Brontë and her sisters*, and not to any other individual to whom I may find it necessary to allude in connection with them."

(3) Miss Nussey strongly deprecated the introduction into Miss Robinson's work of the chapters on Branwell Brontë, and urged their elimination from the manuscript when it was submitted to her for advice, and correction of dates, &c.

Other facts might be adduced, if necessary, that would quite clear Miss Nussey from Mr. Leyland's insinuation, but surely the foregoing are sufficient. Fortunately Miss Nussey found a defender in Sir (then Mr.) Wemyss Reid, who wielded his powerful pen in her behalf, and in a letter to the *Athenæum* cleared that lady from the imputation which had been cast upon her. "What I wish to make clear," Mr. Reid wrote, "is, that the responsibility for the publication of Branwell Brontë's history must be divided between his father and Mrs. Gaskell, and that no part of it whatever belongs to Miss Nussey, whose warm love for the memory of her illustrious friend led her to resent the introduction of Branwell's shameful story into the biography." After this Mr. Leyland kept a discreet silence on the subject. It is to be regretted that when he subsequently issued his work, *The Brontë Family* (1886), he made no reference whatever to his former accusation, nor did he offer any apology for the needless pain that he had caused Miss Nussey.

One of the pleasantest evenings I remember spending with Miss Nussey was in looking through her collection of Charlotte Brontë's letters. Not only were they exceedingly interesting in themselves, but they afforded abundant scope for conversation on various matters arising out of them. It was evident that Charlotte Brontë could unbosom herself to her "Dear Ellen" as she could not to anyone

else on earth. The one other early friend besides Miss Nussey, Miss Mary Taylor, went out to Australia soon after Charlotte's return from the Brussels school. She was not with or near her, as Miss Nussey was, during the most vivid and trying experiences of her life, and the letters that she did receive from Charlotte were, unfortunately, not preserved. It was, therefore, upon the letters that Miss Nussey had so carefully treasured up that Mrs. Gaskell had chiefly to rely for material for the *Life*. Of these there were more than five hundred, from which Mrs. Gaskell selected three hundred and thirty for perusal. Miss Nussey keenly felt the giving up of these precious mementos of her friend, but she had no other alternative, as both Mr. Brontë and Mr. Nichols had requested her to comply with Mrs. Gaskell's request, and otherwise to help her as far as she was able. But for these letters and her acquaintance with the members of the Brontë household our knowledge of that remarkable family must have been meagre indeed. Mrs. Gaskell's acquaintance with Charlotte Brontë was very slight, her personal intercourse being restricted to a few visits, and the time she actually passed in her company was to be counted by a few weeks. Mrs. Gaskell was under a promise that every sheet of the MS of the *Life* should be submitted for Miss Nussey's perusal before being sent to the publishers. "This," said Miss Nussey, "was certainly done, but in a fashion. The sheets were sent to me hurriedly with such urgent requests to forward them at once to London that I had barely time to glance through them."

Miss Nussey sometimes visited the Gaskells at Manchester. Mrs. Gaskell's husband, the Rev. William Gaskell, M.A., Minister of Cross Street Unitarian Chapel, was a gentleman of considerable culture and ability. Though invited to do so, Miss Nussey declined to attend at his Chapel, but he was considerate enough to accompany her to the door of the Church which she preferred to attend, and then he went forward to his own place of worship. Soon after the completion of the *Life of Charlotte Brontë* Mrs. Gaskell went on the Continent for a holiday and well-earned rest, and it was during her absence that an action was brought against her in the matter of certain disclosures she had made concerning Branwell Brontë and a lady at whose house he had been engaged as tutor. A settlement of the matter was, however, effected by the suppression of the edition containing

the objectionable chapter, and this, happily, was done by Mr. Gaskell, without his wife becoming aware of what had happened in her absence, and, therefore, without any interruption of her brief season of relaxation.

But to return to the letters. One small packet contained epistles which she had received during a correspondence with the Rev. Mr. Heald, formerly Vicar of Birstall, and prototype of the good "Cyril Hall," of *Shirley*. As he signed his letters "Cyril Hall" she humoured him by signing hers "Caroline Helstone." Of Emily Brontë's handwriting she had nothing left but a few envelopes addressed by her, which had once contained letters lent to a gentleman who had not had the graciousness to return them. The last letter of Emily's that she possessed she had given to the late Lord Houghton, who had been very anxious to possess one. Miss Nussey's correspondence also comprised letters from Mrs. Gaskell, Mr. Wemyss Reid, the Rev. Mr. Nicholls, and Messrs. Smith, Elder & Co., the publishers. The last-named were of a purely business character. They, however, served to remind her of an interesting circumstance relating to Charlotte Brontë's dealings with them as the publishers of her works. Miss Brontë had on more than one occasion been advised to change her publishers on the ground that the great popularity of her novels would now command a higher figure than she had hitherto received. She, however, would not hear of this, and replied that as Messrs. Smith, Elder & Co. had been pleased to accept her manuscripts after they had been rejected by other publishers, unless they forsook her she should certainly never forsake them.

A gentleman residing at Bridlington who knew that I was on friendly terms with Miss Nussey wrote me saying that he should be glad if she could help him to identify the house at which she and Charlotte Brontë had stayed during their visit to that place. I forwarded the letter to Miss Nussey, and she replied as follows:—

"I cannot, I fear, oblige you to any extent regarding the visit to Bridlington which Charlotte Brontë and I made together. We lodged for one week only on the Cliff, close to the Baths, and at the head of the pier,—the only house then remaining on that spot, I think, except, perhaps, an hotel, and since then all in contiguity with it has been swept away by the ever encroaching sea. I have reminiscences of the visit, but I can hardly give them at present as some day some more fitting opportunity may arise for their use."

Though "gentle and tractable," as "Shirley" spoke of "Caroline Helstone" to Mr. Moore, Miss Nussey was capable of evincing a considerable amount of spirit and resolution, especially when acting on the defensive for her friend Charlotte Brontë. The Rev. Canon Bailey, who was a nephew, I believe, of the Rev. Hammond Roberson, the "Mr. Helstone" of *Shirley*, had (in 1887) contributed an article to the *Heckmondwike Herald and Courier*, in which he treated of Mr. Roberson's connection with the Luddite riots. He also alluded to Charlotte Brontë's portraiture of his character as "Mr. Helstone." Canon Bailey's remarks, however, on that head were not to the liking of Miss Nussey. She had heard of the article in question, and requested me to procure for her a copy of the paper in which it had appeared. I did so, and soon after received a letter from her in which she said

"I thank you for sending me the paper with Canon Bailey's article. I am going to write to him. He is unjust in referring to Charlotte Brontë as he does, and I hope to get something of a retraction from him in the next issue. I wonder people of education can look at and judge characters of creation so literally as they do. It must be that it gives them a piquant subject for gossip and speculation."

In an article which subsequently appeared in a local newspaper an attempt was made to identify some of the scenes and characters of *Shirley*. This did not meet with Miss Nussey's approval, and she wrote to me saying :—

"I wish you would oblige me by writing to the Editor of ——— and express to him in strong terms the injustice he has done Charlotte Brontë in drawing attention to her characters, in *Shirley* especially, as if they were literal portraits. People who take upon themselves to inform the public should themselves read accurately. Please point out to him page 310 in the cheap edition of the *Life of Charlotte Brontë* what Miss Brontë says herself of her characters. He ought, in justice, to publish this passage, and apologise for having misled and misinformed his readers."

The passage referred to occurs in a letter from Charlotte Brontë to Miss Nussey, and runs as follows :—

"You are not to suppose any of the characters in *Shirley* are intended as literal portraits. It would not suit the rules of art, nor of my own feelings, to write in that style. We only suffer reality to *suggest*, never to *dictate*. The heroines are abstractions, and the heroes also. Qualities I have seen, loved, and admired are here and there put in as decorative gems, to be preserved in that setting."

But indeed Miss Nussey herself contributed in no small measure towards developing this curiosity in identifying the

actual scenes of the Brontë novels by the assistance which she rendered to Messrs. Smith, Elder & Co. in pointing out to their artist, Mr. E. M. Wimperis, the places described, for their illustrated edition. Although the illustrations bore the fictitious names given in the novels, there were observant men in the West Riding of Yorkshire who were not slow to discover the spots so faithfully depicted by Mr. Wimperis's pencil, and with the discovery of the scenes the identification of the characters also soon followed.

In *Shirley* Miss Brontë took the idea of many of her characters from life, although the incidents and situations were mostly fictitious. She was very clever in throwing her readers off the scent in identifying too closely, the fictitious with the actual, and as a blind she would sometimes form one character out of two living models. Miss Nussey was quite of my opinion in thinking that although Mr. Roberson was, in the main, the prototype of the "Mr. Helstone" of *Shirley*, yet Miss Brontë had her own father in mind also, and introduced some traits of his character into that of "Mr. Helstone." She was also very adroit at placing her models in new positions, and causing them to figure in scenes far different to those in which they had actually lived.

Anne did not possess this gift of Charlotte's, and in her *Agnes Grey* she gave some offence by a too faithful portraiture of certain members of a family who were well known to her. Charlotte Brontë has herself told us that Anne's was "naturally a sensitive, reserved, and dejected nature; what she saw sank very deeply into her mind. . . . She brooded over it till she believed it to be a duty to produce every detail (of course with fictitious characters, incidents, and situations) as a warning to others. . . . She must be honest; she must not varnish, soften, nor conceal. This well-meant resolution brought on her misconstruction, and some abuse, which she bore, as it was her custom to bear whatever was unpleasant, with mild, steady, patience."

Miss Nussey was never reluctant to revive old memories of her dear friend Charlotte Brontë, and was always pleased to hear anything concerning her that she might not have already heard. Her reminiscences were fresh and vivid, and so well told that sometimes one almost felt as if in the very presence of Charlotte Brontë herself. Once I read to her an extract from the letter of

an old Bradford friend of mine who had frequently seen the Miss Brontës, Charlotte, Emily and Anne, in the streets of Bradford. It ran as follows :—

“ I have seen the Brontë sisters many, many times. They were the most timid and sensitive creatures it was possible to gaze upon. They generally dressed in old-fashioned gowns of faded black silk, whilst their feet were encased in strong, low-fitting shoes, and varied-hued stockings. If you met them in Kirkgate, or any other narrow street, on a Thursday or Saturday when throngs of people were about, they invariably clung to the wall, fast hold of each other, as if afraid of being noticed. They were the shyest ladies, too, I ever knew, principally accounted for, no doubt, by their short-sightedness, their not intermixing with general society, and by their living in such an outlandish place as Haworth.”

Miss Nussey was much amused with this description, and yet, she said, it was true to the letter. Although Emily was always considered to be the best looking of the three sisters she had a decided preference for dresses that were old fashioned, and hung very limp. Once I ventured to ask her if she thought the portrait of Charlotte Brontë by Richmond, as reproduced in the *Life*, was really a good likeness. “ Yes, it is, but it does not quite do her justice,” she replied. “ When she arrived at Mr. Richmond’s studio she felt jaded and weary after a long and tedious journey. Mr. Richmond begged her to have a cup of tea and take a rest. This, however, she declined to do, and so the picture fell short of showing her at her best.” I showed Miss Nussey the beautifully-engraved portrait of Charlotte Brontë (also from Richmond’s drawing) which serves as frontispiece to Mrs. Holloway’s book (published in New York), entitled *An Hour with Charlotte Brontë, or Flowers from a Yorkshire Moor*, and this she liked much better as there was a freshness and vivacity about it that the other did not possess. “ Indeed,” she added, “ it represents her very much as she looked on the day of her wedding.” I afterwards procured a copy of this portrait for her which she was very pleased to possess. In a letter which I subsequently received from her I find the following reference to it :—

“ Thank you for taking the framing of C. Brontë’s portrait off my hands as I am not in the way of seeing anything choice. The frame you suggest will, I think, be quite good enough for the picture. The living original is stamped in my memory and needs no costly reminder.”

Miss Nussey was, it is almost needless to say, intimately acquainted with many of the characters depicted in *Shirley*, the Taylor family, Mr. Cartwright, Mr. Heald,

and others. She also knew Mr. Roberson, whose character, she maintained, was not at all overdrawn by Miss Brontë. Although a gentleman of stern rectitude and rigid principle, he was not, in Miss Nussey's opinion, at all cut out for a clergyman. He would have made a drill-sergeant much better. She had often spoken about him to Charlotte Brontë, and told her of his eccentricities. He had a fine spirited horse, wonderfully disciplined, and of which he was very proud. She remembered him once coming into the school which she attended, leading his horse by the bridle, and leaving it standing in the middle of the room while he walked about investigating matters. One of his curates who was with him asked if he might be allowed to ride the animal for a short time. "Oh, certainly," replied Mr. Roberson, "and you may ride it just where you like." The Curate mounted, but in spite of all his efforts to urge it on, the new rider could not prevail upon it to do more than take a few turns round a tree and then stop, and no power on earth could move it until Mr. Roberson took it in hand.

Both in conversation and correspondence Miss Nussey could be sprightly and cheerful. and she delighted in either telling or listening to a humorous story, or droll adventure, at which she could laugh heartily. She was well up in current events, and loved to gossip on books, authors, or prominent public characters.

In replying to one of my letters she wrote :—

"I enjoy your remarks on W. E. Forster's *Life*. He was a man I most truly admired, though a Liberal, which he was in the best sense of that word. . . . I consider we have lost, as a nation, another stronghold of integrity in John Bright as seen lately in his utterances. I am glad his son succeeds him, as he probably will copy his respected father. Another marked character is gone from us in the Rev. Sir F. A. G. Ouseley, Bart. His sudden death came as a shock to me, as he was closely associated with my oldest and most intimate friends who reside in Hertfordshire. St. Michael's, an aristocratic little hamlet in the midst of lovely scenery, near Penbury, owes all to him—church, college, and homestead.

You ask my opinion of Edward Irving's *Life*. It is long since I read it, but I well remember the charm of its perusal, and the marvellous ability displayed by Mrs. Oliphant in gauging so fine and sensitive a character as Irving's; his sympathy was so genial and powerful it made her readers sympathetic and appreciative. Whatever pity you may have felt there is no failing of respect as Irving is presented, and there should not be. He was certainly one of earth's *best men* "

Miss Nussey had been reared within the fold of the Church of England, and she was a most devoted and consistent member of it throughout life. Her absolute faith in it never wavered. I give below a few extracts from her letters, because they will show better than any words of mine could do how great an interest she took in church work, and how single-hearted she was in her efforts to do what she could in deeds of practical charity. Her's was indeed an honoured name among those who are interested in the claims and problems of humanity. Of her private deeds of charity and the sacrifices that she made for the poor she never spoke, but I know that she was a true friend to the destitute and the helpless, and many a lowly dwelling, and many a sad and aching heart were made all the brighter and happier for the welcome visits of the friend of Charlotte Brontë.

"I am often pressed for time," she wrote in April, 1886, "to do all that comes to hand, and my eyesight is risked by much and constant use, giving me considerable pain in the eyeball. Till after Whitsuntide I expect to be very busy indeed. I am expected to introduce here the Primrose League into working action. The bazaar at Wakefield for the Bishopric Fund is another call. Each lady here is asked to send a parcel with her name by June, and before I knew of these calls I had undertaken a large piece of embroidery work for our chancel (Birstall Church) to be finished by Whitsuntide. I trust to some degree of assistance in all these matters, but I am responsible, and must be the chief worker."

Writing to apologise for delay in returning a book I had lent her she said:—

"Pray excuse the delay and pardon it. I can only account for my forgetfulness from the fact of having so many and various occupations pressing upon me, and the general feeling of being overdone, as people say. I was very ill in the spring and incautiously began to enter on my usual habits and doings very much too soon, and not at all recruited in strength. I have never known how to take care of myself, and I suppose I never shall if the spirit lasts."

In one or two of her letters a sad undertone runs through them. And can we wonder? Active and energetic as she usually was there must have been moments when she felt tired and world-weary, especially in times of sickness. When I first knew her she had survived all the members of her own family — a large one. Charlotte Brontë and her sisters had long been laid in their graves and she had outlived many of her dearest friends. A letter that she wrote to me on Good-Friday, 1889, concludes thus:—

"I am sorry to hear you have been losing valued friends. I also have not only lost friends, but a nephew out in Australia, who was, some twenty years ago, a fine, handsome young man, with a great deal of sense and wit. He was trained for and began practice as a medical man, but hated it, partly because of the 'humbug,' as he expressed it, in the profession. Some people will be doctoring, and so create the humbug themselves. They deserve more blame than the doctors.

It is a real privilege to see a Christian die—to see that he can realise the faith that is in him under the hardest test, the very edge of Eternity! Your friend must indeed have been a good man; but no doubt to such there is an unseen Presence, in their last trial, a Presence that may even be felt by those around them."

It was not rank or circumstance that made Miss Nussey what she was. It was her womanly virtues, her strict adherence to the path of duty, and her genuine religion and piety. In her, too, there was a happy union of the intellectual with the domestic life. These were the qualities, doubtless, that captivated Charlotte Brontë and won her love and esteem, for it was to Ellen Nussey that she laid bare her sorrows and troubles as she could to no other.

"Submission, courage, exertion wherever practicable—these seem to be the weapons with which we must fight life's long battle. . . . Life is a battle. May we be all enabled to fight it well." So wrote the author of *Jane Eyre* soon after her return from Scarborough where she had left behind all that remained of her beloved sister Anne. These, too, were the weapons of her friend, Miss Nussey, whose life was one long season of well-doing; of ceaseless activity in deeds of love and charity. Such lives as her's "smell sweet and blossom in the dust."



A NOTE ON SOME OF THE BRONTË EXHIBITS

CONTRIBUTED TO THE MUSEUM BY

MR. CLEMENT SHORTER & MR. THOMAS J. WISE.

In view of the exceptional character of these contributions to the Brontë Museum it may not be undesirable to point out a few of the more important objects in this interesting collection. Amongst those lent by Mr. Shorter is a little thin volume containing a few pages of MSS written by Emily Brontë in 1841, and another of the same character written in 1845. These, along with two other papers written by Anne, were found by Mr. Nicholls in a small tin box which had probably been used at some time as a receptacle for pins and needles. They were folded up into the smallest possible compass and had evidently been overlooked by Charlotte when she destroyed Emily's papers. Upon the earlier is written: "A paper to be opened when Anne is 25 years old, or my next birthday after, if all be well, Emily Jane Brontë, July 30th, 1841." Then follows a description of the weather, the occupants of the Vicarage, and what they were doing at that particular time. She also gives the whereabouts of Charlotte, Anne, Branwell, and other details concerning the family. Anne wrote a similar document from Scarborough, and both were intended to be read four years after they were written. The second fragment, written by Emily in 1845, shows that according to arrangement they duly opened the papers written four years previously; then follows a brief resumé of events which had happened in the family during that time. Anne, on her part, wrote in a similar manner in pursuance of this whimsical compact, and now these precious little MSS, exquisitely bound in leather, may be seen in the Museum, along with the little box in which they were found. In a case close by is another deeply interesting object belonging to Mr. Shorter, namely, a copy of the first edition of *Vanity Fair*, sent from the author to Charlotte Brontë at a time when he knew neither her name nor sex. It contains the following inscription: "With the grateful regards of W. M. Thackeray, July 18th, 1848." Of quite a different character is the collection of Samplers which occupies another case in the Museum. There are specimens of this kind of work by Emily, Anne, Maria,

Elizabeth, and Mrs. Brontë and her sister. That by Emily, worked when she was eleven years of age, is small in size and contains an inscription giving the first nine verses of the thirtieth chapter of Proverbs. Following these are two verses from the 145th Psalm, and across the sampler runs the legend, "Emily Jane Brontë finished this sampler March 1st, 1829." The one by Maria, who is supposed to be the original of Helen Burns in *Jane Eyre*, is probably the only handiwork of this sister in existence. Mr. Shorter also contributes many other relics of the family, including letters of Charlotte Brontë under the three signatures of "C. Brontë," "Currer Bell," and "C. Nicholls," a MS by Branwell, entitled "A History of Young Men," a letter from Madame Heger to Miss Wheelwright, and portraits of M. Heger, Branwell Brontë, and Mr. W. S. Williams.

The collection lent by Mr. Thomas Wise is, if possible, more extraordinary than Mr. Shorter's, inasmuch as it contains no less than seven important MSS by Charlotte Brontë, four by Branwell, one by Emily, and one by Anne. They are all bound in that exquisitely artistic manner which only the true bibliophile knows how to command, and many of them are provided in addition with beautifully made cases for their further protection. The most important is the MSS of the *Professor* bound in the choicest Morocco leather and enclosed in a case of the same material. It will be remembered that this was the identical MSS which went the round of the London publishers without finding acceptance; a fate which is often erroneously attributed to the MSS of *Jane Eyre*. In the same case is laid a precious little volume containing the MSS of Emily Brontë's poems, perhaps the rarest gem in the collection, because so few examples of her handwriting escaped when Charlotte destroyed her sister's papers. Next to it lies a similar volume containing MSS poems by Anne Brontë, bound in red morocco, and dated 1847. Amongst those by Charlotte Brontë are three written when she was very young. One is called, "We Wove a Web in Childhood," written at the age of nineteen; another, "Some thoughts about Arthur," at the age of seventeen; and a "Lettre d'invitation," at the age of twenty-six. They have no value as literature, but are interesting as showing the first flights of her literary genius. A mournful interest attaches to another MSS, "Willie Ellin," which was the last she ever penned. It consists of eighteen octavo pages, and is dated May and June, 1853. Dr. Robertson Nicoll,

we believe, intends to publish it in a new edition of the novels which is to be issued shortly. Branwell Brontë's lucubrations included in Mr. Wise's collection are interesting only in so far as the evidence they furnish of that facility of expression which was so characteristic of all the Brontë children. Many other memorials of the family are included in these collections, but sufficient has been said to indicate their nature and to justify the opinion we entertain of their unique character. It must be a matter of satisfaction to all interested in the Brontës to know that these relics are in the hands of men who fully realise their value, and who have spared no expense in placing them in settings worthy of their importance. Notwithstanding what has been said of the exhibits just referred to it must not be forgotten, however, that they only form a portion of the objects now in the Museum, wherein are many things of importance lent by other owners, or which have been presented by various donors. To all these the members of the Brontë Society, and the public in general, are greatly indebted, and it must be to them a source of gratification to know that their efforts have been highly appreciated, as is evinced by the fact that during the two-and-a-half years of its existence no less than 15,000 persons have visited the Museum of the Society at Haworth.

THE EDITOR.





J. A. BINNS



J. F. GREENWOOD.



DR. STUART.



J. H. FALL TURNER.



T. T. EMPSALL



W. S. CAMERON.



JOHN J. STEAD.



PROF. C. A. FEDERER.



MRS. G. E. GUDEN.



F. C. GALLOWAY TREASURER.



ALD. JOHN BRIGG M.P.
CHAIRMAN.



MISS COCKSHOT.



W. T. FIELD SECRETARY.



W. E. R. PRIESTLEY, JP.



J. J. BRIGGS M.A., LL.M., A.



BUTLER WOOD
BIBLIOGRAPHICAL SECT.



F. PEEL ESQ.



CANON CLARKE, MA.



L. HAINWORTH AUDITOR.



W. J. JENNINGS



W. W. YATT



JOHN WAUCHOPE

MEMBERS OF COMMITTEE.

A DESCRIPTIVE CATALOGUE
OF
OBJECTS IN THE MUSEUM
OF THE
BRONTË SOCIETY
AT
HAWORTH.

COMPILED BY
F. C. GALLOWAY,

Hon. Treasurer, Brontë Society.

PRINTED FOR PRIVATE CIRCULATION.

BRADFORD, 1896.

✂ ONLY 250 COPIES OF THIS CATALOGUE
HAVE BEEN ISSUED, OF WHICH THIS
IS No.

*60 Extra Copies of which
this is No 29.*

Preface.

In deference to the wishes of my friend, Mr. F. C. Galloway, the Hon. Treasurer to the Brontë Society—expressed I suppose on the ground of our long intimacy with each other, as well as our common interest in anything relating to the gifted Haworth family—I venture to make a few prefatory remarks by way of introduction to his Catalogue of the contents of the Brontë Museum. These remarks, it seems to me, need be very few:

Although this pamphlet is not to be considered as a part of the publications of the Brontë Society, it has the full sanction of the Council, and each member of the Society at the time of its issue will be presented with a copy by the Compiler. It is not intended and indeed is scarcely suitable for general circulation. To possessors of the Catalogue, however, it will be calculated to revive, in future years, pleasant recollections of visits to the museum in its earliest stages, and of the interest attached to seeing not only personal relics of the family, such as manuscripts, paintings, drawings, &c., but also first and other editions of their works—some of them presentation copies, with autograph inscriptions—as well as many other objects of minor attraction.

That the time had come for the establishment of a Brontë Museum has been amply demonstrated by the large and increasing attendances which have been recorded since the opening day, May 18th, 1895.

The various items enumerated in the following pages are many of them only on loan, and some may possibly have been returned to their respective owners before this Catalogue is ready; but it is hoped that a more extensive and permanent collection will be gathered together, and that then a complete and suitable list for general distribution will be issued.

LEWIS HAINSWORTH.

FARSLEY, NEAR LEEDS,

February, 1896.



Memorial Notice
OF
MR. F. C. GALLOWAY,
Late Treasurer of the Brontë Society.

THE last proofs of this Catalogue were placed in Mr. Galloway's hands only a few days before he was seized with the illness which ultimately proved to be fatal. Under ordinary circumstances it would have been issued by the end of February, but death interrupted the work upon which he had set his heart, and, therefore, it has been left for others to bring it to its completion.

Soon after the opening of the Brontë Museum Mr. Galloway conceived the idea of issuing, at his own expense, a catalogue of the exhibits, and he entered into his self-imposed task with all his accustomed thoroughness, sparing neither time nor money in his endeavour to place before the members of the Brontë Society a record which should prove worthy of their acceptance. It was decreed that he should not live to see his desire fulfilled, but many times during his brief illness it was evident his thoughts were dwelling upon his unfinished work, and this being the case, Mrs. Galloway determined to carry out faithfully her late husband's intentions with respect to the catalogue, and it is now issued in exactly the same form as was contemplated by its compiler.

Mr. Galloway was for many years a devoted admirer of the Brontë genius, and when the Society was first inaugurated he was appointed Honorary Treasurer, a post

which he held at the time of his death. It is needless to say that he threw himself into the work with great energy, and proved himself such an able officer that his loss will be deplored by every member of the Society. Speaking from an intimate personal knowledge, the writer can truly say that to know him was to love him. His kindness of heart was ever striving to find expression in acts of thoughtfulness to his friends, whom he was always ready to help by word and deed. If one were asked to name his most characteristic quality, the reply would be *Thoroughness*; for this was apparent both in his business and in his pleasures. One had only to look through his fine collection of local books to find how thoroughly he had done his work, inasmuch as it contains many rarities which could only have been obtained by long and patient search. Although not a writer himself, many Yorkshire authors enjoyed the personal acquaintance of Mr. Galloway, who could always be relied upon as a liberal supporter of their literary ventures. His library, in which he took a great pride, was rich in topographical and historical lore, and more especially in works which bear on local history. His tastes, however, were not confined to these subjects exclusively, for he had some acquaintance with Conchology, Geology, and Numismatics, and had many specimens illustrative of these sciences in his possession.

He was not, however, long privileged to enjoy these cultured surroundings, for he was suddenly stricken with fever, and succumbed to this malady on the 8th of February last, after an illness of only ten days. His loss is felt not only by members of the Brontë Society, but by a wide circle of friends in many walks of life.

B.W.

Note :—The Compiler wishes to acknowledge the kindly assistance he has received from the members of the Council of the Brontë Society in the preparation of this Catalogue. He is especially indebted to Mr. J. J. Stead, of Heckmondwike, for the illustrations, and to Mr. Butler Wood for the descriptive notes.

CONTENTS.

LOANS	...	...	...	PAGE	9
GIFTS	...	...	...	„	27
PURCHASES	...	...	...	„	35

ILLUSTRATIONS.

MEMBERS OF COMMITTEE	...	...	Frontispiece.
BRONTË MUSEUM (EXTERIOR)	...	...	<i>to face page 9</i>
BRONTË MUSEUM (INTERIOR)	...	...	„ 17
FACSIMILE OF BRONTË MS.	...	...	„ 24



THE BRONTË MUSEUM (EXTERIOR).



Loans.

LENT BY MR. J. ARMITAGE, SALTAIRE.

Print Frock and Cape worn by Charlotte Brontë.

Toy Smoothing Iron belonging to Charlotte Brontë.

Small Earthenware Plate belonging to Emily Brontë.

Small Silk Shawl belonging to Charlotte Brontë.

Oil Portrait of John Brown, painted by Branwell Brontë.

Branwell received his tuition in portrait painting from a Mr. William Robinson, of Leeds, who had a reputation for this class of work. While studying there Branwell became intimate with a fellow-student named J. Hunter Thompson, who subsequently set up as a portrait painter in Bradford, where he became fairly successful in his profession. Here Branwell joined his friend, and the two worked together at the same studio in Fountain Street. Thompson was the more accomplished artist, and it is known that Branwell's work often received finishing touches from the hand of his friend. The above portrait is probably a good likeness, but it is not in Branwell's best manner.

LENT BY

BRADFORD FREE LIBRARY COMMITTEE.

Charlotte Brontë's Wedding Shawl.

Grey with coloured stripes.

LENT BY MR. F. C. BARRANS, MANNINGHAM.

Small Water-colour Drawing by Charlotte Brontë,
entitled "Bessy Bell and Mary Gray," date 1830.

This is a typical example of Charlotte Brontë's water-colour drawing. It is simply an attempt to reproduce in this medium an ordinary steel-plate engraving, but the result is disproportionate to the great pains which must have been taken in producing it. Most of her drawings are of this character, and though they serve as evidence of her application and industry, they have little claim to consideration from an artistic point of view.

LENT BY MR. JOSEPH BINNS, MANNINGHAM.

Two Funeral Cards—Charlotte Brontë's and the Rev.
P. Brontë's.

Walking Stick used by the Rev. Patrick Brontë.

Pair of Heel Spikes worn by the Rev. Patrick Brontë.

Pencil Portraits of Branwell, Charlotte, Emily, and
Anne Brontë, by Branwell Brontë, on one side of
a sheet of paper, with Sepia Drawing on the back
of the sheet.

Photo. of Anne Brontë's Gravestone (Cabinet).

Photo. of Charlotte Brontë's drawing of Welsh
Peasants (Quarto).

Photo. of Charlotte Brontë's drawing of Sisters of Scio.

Photo. of Charlotte Brontë's drawing of Water
Fountain.

LENT BY MISS BINNS, SALTAIRE.

Pair of Net Undersleeves	}	formerly belonging
Net and Lace Collars		to
Jet Necklace		Charlotte Brontë.
Pair of Scissors		

NOTE.—The Scissors have been blunted at the ends. Mr. Brontë would not allow pointed scissors in the house.

Gold Brooch, enclosing a lock of Charlotte Brontë's hair.

The colour of the hair is light brown.

Four Funeral Cards of the Brontë Family, as follows:—

IN MEMORY OF
PATRICK BRANWELL BRONTË,

WHO DIED SEPTEMBER 24TH, 1848,

AGED THIRTY YEARS.

IN MEMORY OF
EMILY JANE BRONTË,

WHO DIED DECEMBER XIX., MDCCCLXVIII.,

AGED TWENTY-NINE YEARS.

IN MEMORY OF
CHARLOTTE NICHOLLS,

WHO DIED MARCH XXXI.. MDCCCLV.,

AGED THIRTY-EIGHT YEARS.

IN MEMORY OF
REV. PATRICK BRONTË, B.A.

(Incumbent of Haworth,)

WHO DIED JUNE VII., MDCCCLXI., AGED LXXXIV. YEARS.

Two Letters from Mrs. Gaskell to Martha Brown.

LENT BY MR. WILLIAM BINNS, CACKLESHAW.

Charlotte Brontë's Work-basket.

Pencil Portrait by Branwell Brontë, framed.

Portion of Dress given by Charlotte Brontë to Martha Brown on the occasion of Charlotte's wedding.

Branwell's copy of Thorne's "Rambles by Rivers," with marginal notes.

When Branwell resided at Broughton-in-Furness, he visited the Duddon Valley, and in the above copy he has made several marginal notes. The author having mentioned that the Baptists and Methodists had meetings at Seathwaite, Branwell writes "This is since I left; I am sorry for it—the pests."

Christian Remembrancer for July, 1857.

July, 1857. Review of Mrs. Gaskell's *Life of Charlotte Brontë*.

The Rev. P. Brontë's Sermon on "An Eruption of Mud and Water." Bradford: 1824.

"A sermon preached in the Church of Haworth on Sunday, the 12th day of September, 1824, in reference to an earthquake and extraordinary eruption of mud and water that had taken place ten days before on the moors of that chapelry."

The Rev. P. Brontë's copy of the Apocrypha.

Charlotte Brontë's copy of "Paradise Lost," with autograph.

Has been well used, and contains many marked passages, besides some corrections of the spelling. It is a poorly printed little 16mo, published in 1797.

Pencil Drawing by one of the Brontë children.

Silk and Trimming from Charlotte Brontë's Wedding Dress.

Funeral Card on thin paper. It reads as follows:—

REV. W. WEIGHTMAN, M.A.,

WHO DIED SEPTEMBER VI., MDCCCXLII.,

AGED TWENTY-SEVEN YEARS.

"Betty Hoyle, Haworth," written on the bottom

This gentleman was curate at Haworth for a short time. The sisters often refer to him in their letters as "Miss Celia Amelia."

LENT BY MRS. BINNS, OAKWORTH.

Manuscript Trunk.

This is a small trunk measuring about 2 ft. long, 1 ft. wide, and 8 in. deep. It is covered with cow-hide, and is said to have conveyed MSS. of the novels to London.

Charlotte's Work-basket.

Emily's Work-basket.

Coffee Pot used by the Rev. Patrick Brontë.

Greek Testament used by the Rev. Patrick Brontë.

Ten Pencil Drawings by Branwell Brontë.

Three parts of *Christian Remembrancer*.

April, 1848. Containing a review of "Jane Eyre."

April, 1851. Containing a review of "Poems by C., E. & A. Bell."

April, 1853. Containing a review of "Villette."

Framed Water Colour (Daughters of Scio).

Painted by Charlotte Brontë.

LENT BY MRS. ENOCH BROWN, HAWORTH.

Portion of Brontë China Tea Service.

Six cups, six saucers, cream jug, basin, and teapot.

LENT BY MR. C. E. CROUCH,

(SMITH, ELDER AND CO., LONDON).

Mrs. Gaskell's Life of Charlotte Brontë, with inserted Portraits of many persons mentioned in the text.

This is quite a notable volume, belonging to a gentleman long connected with the firm of Messrs. Smith, Elder & Co. It contains fine portraits of Mr. George Smith, Mr. Williams, the Reader of the firm, and many others equally interesting.

Statuette of Thackeray, after Boehm.

LENT BY DR. DOBIE, KEIGHLEY.

Drawing of Aldborough in Suffolk, by C. Brontë.

Water Colour Sketch of Anne Brontë, by C. Brontë.

These pictures were bought by Dr. Dobie, in 1882, from Tabitha Radcliffe (*née* Brown), sister to Martha Brown.

Prayer Book given by Charlotte Brontë to her sister Emily, February 1st, 1842.

Anne Brontë's German Dictionary.

With signature, "Anne Brontë, September 14th, 1843," thought to be her own handwriting.

Quarto copies of *Homer* and *Horace*, gained as prizes by the Rev. Patrick Brontë at Cambridge.

"Homeri ilias. Græce et Latine. Samuel Clarke, S.T.P. Impensis Jacobi et Johannis Knapton, in Coemeterio D. Pauli, mdccxxix."

This book bears the College Arms on the cover, and has the following inscription:—"My prize book for always having kept in the first class at St. John's College, Cambridge. P. Brontë, A.B. To be retained *semper*."

Horatius Flaccus, Rich. Bentleii. Amstelædami, 1728.

Prize obtained by Rev. Patrick Brontë, St. John's College.

NOTE:—This edition of Horace was held in high esteem by scholars.

LENT BY REV. J. E. FARRAR, FLAXTON.

Three framed Oil Paintings attributed to Branwell Brontë.

LENT BY MR. EDWIN FEATHER, HAWORTH.

Oil Portrait of John Feather, by Branwell Brontë.

LENT BY MR. F. C. GALLOWAY, BRADFORD.

Quarterly Review, containing article on "Jane Eyre,"
December, 1848.

Post Card from Miss Nussey to Mr. W. Scruton.

Dated April 29th, 1885.

Photo. of Old Bell Chapel, Thornton, Exterior.

Photo. of Old Bell Chapel, Thornton, Interior.

From a Painting.

Copper Plate from Brontë pew, Thornton.

LENT BY MR. H. S. GREEN, MANCHESTER.

Pencil Drawing by Charlotte Brontë.

Pen-and-ink Drawing by Branwell Brontë.

This is one of the best specimens of Branwell's artistic work. It is reproduced in the "Life of Charlotte Brontë," by Mrs. Gaskell.

Free Lance for 1868, containing an article on the Brontës by J. Stores Smith.

LENT BY MR. ALFRED GLEDHILL, BRIGHTON.

Framed Autographs of Currer, Ellis, and Acton Bell, and two letters relating to them.

In response to an application from Mr. F. Enoch, the sisters sent the above autographs to him through their publishers, Messrs. Aylott & Jones. The following letter, quoted from Mrs. Gaskell's "Life," was also sent to the publishers:—

"The Messrs. Bell would be obliged to you to post the enclosed note in London. It is an answer to the letter you forwarded, which contained an application for their autographs from a person who professed to have read and admired their poems. I think I before intimated that the Messrs. Bell are desirous for the present of remaining unknown, for which reason they prefer having the note posted in London to sending it direct, in order to avoid giving any clue to residence or identity by post-mark, etc."

LENT BY MR. LEWIS HAINSWORTH, FARSLEY.

14 Mounted Views of Haworth, etc., carte size.

Anne Brontë's Grave, St. Mary's Church Yard, Scarbro'.
 Tablet in memory of Brontë Family in Haworth Church.
 Brontë Waterfall, Haworth.
 Haworth Parsonage.
 Haworth Old Church.
 Charlotte Brontë.
 Patrick Brontë.
 An old Portrait of Patrick Brontë.
 The Rev. A. B. Nicholls.
 The Rev. Wm. Grimshaw.
 Pulpit in Haworth Old Church.
 Organ, Haworth Church.
 Brontë Group.
 Martha Brown.

10 Mounted Views of Haworth, etc., cabinet size.

Haworth Church.
 Patrick Brontë.
 Haworth Church, Interior.
 Haworth Old Church.
 Old Portrait of Patrick Brontë.
 Haworth Parsonage.
 Nancy Garrs.
 Brontë Group.
 Mrs. Heslip, the only surviving cousin of Charlotte Brontë.
 Charlotte Brontë.

Letter from Martha Brown to Abm. Holroyd.

Dated from Haworth Parsonage, August 10th, 1859.
 (Martha Brown was a servant in the Brontë household.)

Jottings on Currer, Ellis, and Acton Bell, by W.P.P.
 Paper Covers. London, 1856.

2 Brontë Articles from Cornhill.

Hours in a Library. The Last Sketch.

Brown's Pamphlet of Reprints.

Reprint of Two Sermons preached in the Church of Haworth, by the Rev. P. Brontë. Also "A Phenomenon, or an account in verse of the extraordinary disruption of a Bog, which took place in the moors of Haworth, on the 2nd day of September, 1824, by the Rev. Patrick Brontë, A.B., Incumbent of Haworth." Reprinted 1885.



THE BRONTË MUSEUM (INTERIOR).

"COTTAGE IN THE WOOD," second edition, 1818.

"COTTAGE IN THE WOOD; or the Art of becoming Rich and Happy, by the Rev. P. Brontë, A.B., Minister of Thornton, Bradford, Yorkshire. Frontispiece, second edition, Bradford, 1818."

"COTTAGE IN THE WOOD," Holroyd's Edition.

"COTTAGE IN THE WOOD; or the Art of becoming Rich and Happy, by the Rev. P. Brontë, A.B., Incumbent of Haworth. Reprinted by permission from the second edition of 1818. Bradford, 1859." The cover often bears the date 1860. Only the prose portion is reprinted.

"JANE EYRE," Second Edition, 3 vols.

"JANE EYRE, an Autobiography, by Currer Bell, 3 vols. London, 1848. The second edition, issued in January, 1848," with a Preface, in which the Author dedicates the work to Thackeray.

Volume of Tracts, containing the following :—

"A BRIEF TREATISE on the Best Time and Mode of Baptism, chiefly in answer to a Tract of Peter Pontifex, alias the Rev. M. S—, Baptist Minister, by P. Brontë, A.B., Incumbent of Haworth, Yorkshire. Keighley, 1836."

Scruton's "BIRTHPLACE OF CHARLOTTE BRONTË", vellum.

"BIRTHPLACE OF CHARLOTTE BRONTË. By William Scruton." With two etchings by the author. Paper covers. Leeds, 1884. Reprinted from the "Yorkshire Illustrated Magazine." There was only one edition, but on the paper covers, the words second, third, and fourth edition often appear.

"MAID OF KILLARNEY, by the Rev. P. Brontë, 1818."

"THE MAID OF KILLARNEY; or Albion and Flora, a modern Tale, in which are interwoven some cursory remarks on Religion and Politics." London, 1818.

[Although the title bears the imprint of Baldwin, Cradock & Joy, the book was printed and published by Thomas Inkersley, Bank Street, Bradford.]

"COTTAGE POEMS." 1811.

"COTTAGE POEMS, by the Rev. P. Brontë, A.B., Minister of Hartshead-cum-Clifton, near Leeds, Yorkshire." Halifax, 1811.

"RURAL MINSTREL." 1813.

"THE RURAL MINSTREL, a Miscellany of Descriptive Poems, by the Rev. P. Brontë, A.B., Minister of Hartshead-cum-Clifton, near Leeds, Yorkshire." Halifax, 1813.

POEMS BY CURRER, ELLIS, AND ACTON BELL. London, Smith, Elder & Co., 1846. (cloth).

Funeral Card of Nancy Malone. (*née* Garrs).

IN MEMORY OF

NANCY MALONE,

WHO DIED MARCH 26TH, 1886,

AGED 82 YEARS,

And was interred at Undercliffe Cemetery on the 30th.

(Nancy Garrs was a servant in the Brontë household.)

Etched View of Haworth Church and Parsonage, by
Wagstaff.

LENT BY MR. J. W. F. INGHAM, FRIZINGHALL.

Framed Pencil Drawing by Charlotte Brontë.

Letter from Charlotte Brontë to Dr. Ingham.

No date.

Letter from the Rev. P. Brontë to Dr. Ingham.

Haworth, September 14th, 1840.

LENT BY MR. JOHN INGRAM, DEWSBURY.

Portrait of Mr. Kirby.

Portrait of Mrs. Kirby.

Portrait of Miss Hartley (now Mrs. Ingram).

All by Patrick Branwell Brontë. Painted while he was living
with Mr. and Mrs. Kirby in Fountain Street, Bradford.

LENT BY MRS. KNOWLES, BINGLEY.

Letter from the Rev. P. Brontë to Mr. Simeon Townend,
Ebor House, Haworth, dated February 27th, 1827.

LENT BY MR. P. F. LEE, DEWSBURY.

A Brontë book of Music for the Pianoforte.

Reference Catalogue of the British and Foreign
Autograph Society (first part). Charlotte Brontë

200 Copies printed. 1893, London.

LENT BY MR. WILLIAM LAW, LITTLEBOROUGH.

Emily Brontë's copy of the Poems, with dates of the poems in her own handwriting.

Copy of Vignette in Bewick's "Birds."

Signed "Emily Jane Brontë, April the 25th, 1829. Aged 10 years."

YOUNG MEN'S MAGAZINE for 1830.

A microscopic MS. by Charlotte Brontë.*

Portrait of Charlotte Brontë.

A beautiful little positive photograph, on glass, taken direct from Richmond's drawing.

LENT BY MRS. LISTER, OTLEY.

Framed Water-colour Portrait of Emily Brontë.

LENT BY MR. R. LONSDALE, KEIGHLEY.

Water-colour Portrait of Anne Brontë, by Charlotte Brontë.

Long thought to be a portrait of Emily Brontë, but Miss Nussey informs us that it is a portrait of Anne.

LENT BY MISS LUND, ILKLEY.

Collar worn by Emily Brontë's dog "Keeper."

"The Rev. P. Brontë, Haworth," engraved on collar.

Bread and Butter Plate.

From Tea Service belonging the Brontë Family.

LENT BY MR. THOMAS PARKER, HAWORTH.

Oil Painting by Branwell Brontë.

LENT BY MR. J. W. PICKLÈS, HAWORTH.

Chair belonging to the Brontë family.

* See facsimile of title opposite page 24.

LENT BY MR. W. E. B. PRIESTLEY, MANNINGHAM.

Letter from Charlotte Brontë to Martha Brown, quoted
on page 110, vol. 2, third edition, "Life of
Charlotte Brontë," by Mrs. E. C. Gaskell. 1857.

Dated June 5th, 1849.

Letter from the Rev. Patrick Brontë, A.B.

Haworth, July 18th, 1855.

The Rev. Patrick Brontë's Spectacles.

Drawing by Charlotte Brontë.

Drawing by the Rev. Patrick Brontë.

LENT BY MRS. ROBERT RATCLIFFE, HAWORTH.

Blue Delaine Skirt.

Figured silk Shawl, worn by Charlotte Brontë.

White Veil.

Striped Silk Dress, worn by Charlotte Brontë.

Two framed Photos of members of Brontë family.

Baptism Certificate of Martha Brown.

Signed by the Rev. Patrick Brontë, 1828.

Letter from the Rev. Patrick Brontë to Martha Brown.

June 9th, 1855.

Small Wooden Stool.

Used by Emily Brontë on the Moors.

Miniature Chest of Drawers, formerly belonging to
the Brontë family.

LENT BY MR. J. ROEBUCK, BURLEY, NEAR LEEDS.

Framed Water Colour Drawing by Charlotte Brontë.

Signed, "Charlotte Brontë, July 6th, 1833."

Letter by Charlotte Brontë.

LENT BY MR. ABRAHAM RILEY, BRAMLEY.

Old Paisley Shawl used by Charlotte Brontë.

Bought from the Brontë sale at Saltaire.

LENT BY MR. T. A. SMITH, KEIGHLEY.

Two Water Colour Drawings by Charlotte Brontë.

LENT BY MR. GEORGE SMITH, LONDON.

Copy of Richmond's Portrait of Charlotte Brontë, by
Mr. Bright Morris (framed).

A most artistic and faithful copy of Richmond's famous drawing.
The original is in the possession of the Rev. A. B. Nicholls.

First Vol. of MSS. of "Jane Eyre."

First Vol. of MSS. of "Villette."

These treasures are undoubtedly the most important contributions to the Museum. In them we are able to note the final alterations in the text of these novels. "Jane Eyre" does not contain many alterations, but "Villette" appears to have been subjected to rigid correction and revision. In places line after line has been cut out bodily from the page, while many others have been altered or cancelled.

LENT BY MR. J. HORSFALL TURNER, IDLE.

A Lock of Charlotte Brontë's hair.

Derwentwater; a lead-pencil drawing after a print in
Allom's *Westmoreland*, signed "Charlotte Brontë,
October, 1832."

Charlotte Brontë's Autograph Letters to Miss
Nussey:—

1833, Haworth, July 3.

1836, October 2nd, Dewsbury.

1837, December 29th.

1840, with lead pencil drawing on it of horse's head and
child's head by Rev. Wm. Weightman, curate, November
12th.

1840, May 15th, Haworth.

LETTERS—continued.

1840, May 29th.

1841, March 3rd, Rawdon.

1843, August 6th, Brussels.

1843, Brussels, with pen sketch adieu. Charlotte Brontë,
March 6th, 1843.

1844, March 25th. "Dear Nell."

1848, October 14th, on Branwell's death. To Miss Ellen
Nussey's sister.

1851, September 10th.

1851, December 8th.

1854, April 15th, Haworth.

1854, April 28th, Manchester.

1854, October 31st.

Letter sent to Miss Nussey from Conway. Written on
her Wedding-day, June 29th, 1854. Signed, "C. B. N."

Autograph Letters :—

Miss Mary Taylor, 1837.

Miss Mary Taylor, 1838.

Miss Ellen Nussey,

Rev. A. B. Nicholls, 1855.

Rev. A. B. Nicholls, 1894.

George Smith, publisher, 1872.

A. R. White, Charlotte Brontë's Rawdon pupil.

Thos. Branwell, Penzance.

Dr. May, Co. Down, Brontë doctor. (2)

First Lord Houghton.

Mrs. Gaskell.

Sir T. Weymss Reid.

A. C. Swinburne.

F. A. Leyland.

Augustine Birrell, M.P.

Miss Mary Robinson (Mrs. Darmesteter).

Miss Laura C. Holloway, Brooklyn.

The Rev. Dr. Wm. Wright.

Dr. W. Robertson Nicoll.

Clement K. Shorter.

Autograph Signature of the Rev. W. Carus Wilson.

8 Cabinet Photographs :—

Upperwood, Rawdon, front view, where Charlotte Brontë was
governess.

Ditto, back view.

Roehead.

Filey Boarding-house, where "Villette" was finished.

Wethersfield Church, where Rev. Patrick Brontë held his first curacy.

Law Hill, Halifax, where Emily Brontë was governess.

Hartshead Parsonage, Rev. Patrick Brontë's first home after marriage.

Mrs. Gaskell, from Richmond's Drawing.

9 Carte-de-visite Photographs :—

Filey Boarding-house, where "Villette" was finished.

Haworth Parsonage.

Haworth Church Old Pulpit.

Rev. Patrick Brontë's Marriage Entry: from Guiseley Register.

Rev. A. B. Nicholls.

Miss E. Nussey.

Martha Brown.

Branwell's Painting of himself and sisters.

Alice Brontë, Rev. Patrick Brontë's sister.

"Cottage Poems," by the Rev. Patrick Brontë, A.B.,
Hartshead. P. K. Holden, Halifax, 1811.

"Signs of the Times, a Familiar Treatise on some
Political Indications in 1835," by Rev. Patrick
Brontë, A.B., Haworth. R. Aked, Keighley, 1835.

Funeral Sermon for the late Rev. Wm. Weightman,
M.A., Haworth, by the Rev. Patrick Brontë,
A.B. J. W. Walker, Halifax, 1825.

"Cottage in the Wood," prose portion reprinted by
Abraham Holroyd as pamphlet.

Reprint as pamphlet by R. Brown, of Two Sermons
by Rev. Patrick Brontë (on Mr. Weightman and
Bog Eruption).

"Children's Friend" for 1827, a monthly Magazine
by Rev. W. Carus Wilson.

Vindication of Clergy Daughter's School, and Rev. W.
Carus Wilson v. Mrs Gaskell's Life of Charlotte
Brontë, by Rev. H. Shepherd, 1857.

Jottings on Currer, Ellis, and Acton Bell, by W. P. P.,
1856.

War, Want, Discontent, &c., a Sermon at Hartshead,
1813, by the Rev. Hammond Roberson.

(Parson Helstone in "Shirley.")

Currer Bell and her sisters; pamphlet by Abraham
Holroyd.

Catalogue of Brown's Brontë Museum.

Influence of the Moorlands on Charlotte and Emily
Brontë; pamphlet by Butler Wood.

Birthplace of Charlotte Brontë, by W. Scruton.

Ditto, in vellum covers.

"Haworth, Past and Present," by J. Horsfall Turner.

"A Day at Haworth," by J. Horsfall Turner.

"The Story of the Brontës. Charlotte Brontë's
Letters." by J. Horsfall Turner. Second part.

Brontë Society. First Annual Report.

Brontë Society. Bibliography of Brontë Works.

LENT BY MR. JOHN WAUGH, C.E., BRADFORD.

Twelve Autograph Letters by Charlotte Brontë, with
type-written copy of each letter. Charlotte
Brontë to Miss Nussey.

July 21st, 1832.

July 2nd, 1835.

May 10th, 1836.

August 24th, 1837.

April 15th, 1839.

July 26th, 1839. Signed "Yours wilfully, Charlotte Brontë."

October 24th, 1839.

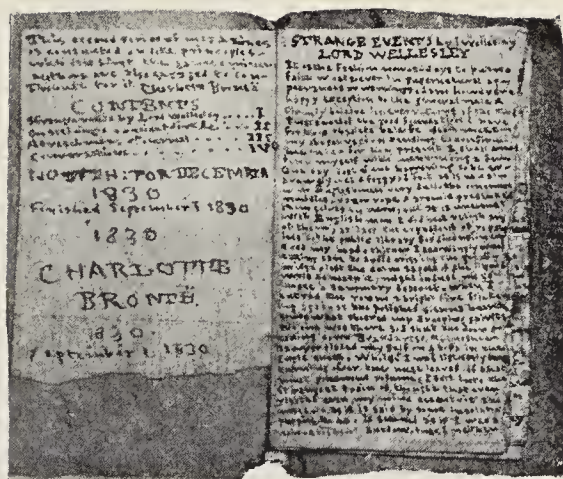
December 21st, 1839.

March 17th, 1840. Signed "Charivari."

April 7th, 1840.

August 20th, 1840. Signed "Caliban."

November 2nd, 1841.



FAC-SIMILE OF BRONTË MS.

LENT BY MR. J. H. WIDDOP, BRADFORD.

Leather Case given by Branwell Brontë to Nancy Garrs.

Sovereign Scales used by the Rev. Patrick Brontë.

Letter from the Rev. Patrick Brontë *re* Nancy and Sarah Garrs.

Haworth, August 17th, 1857.

Three Old Photographs, cabinet size :—

Haworth Church.

Haworth Parsonage.

Martha Brown.

LENT BY MISS E. WIDDOP, HAWORTH.

Two Pencil Sketches by Branwell Brontë, not signed ; both portraits.

LENT BY DR. WM. WRIGHT, LONDON,

Author of "The Brontës in Ireland."

Photographs used in the Production of Plates for
"The Brontës in Ireland."

Patrick Brontë's Signature.

Patrick Brontë's Matriculation Signature.

Patrick Brontë's Birthplace.

The Brontë Dancing Green.

General View of Brontë Neighbourhood (2).

The Ducking Pond.

Presbyterian Meeting House, where Patrick Brontë was
Precentor.

The Haunted Glen.

Glascar School, where Patrick Brontë taught.

Courting Bower.

Brontë House.

Ballynaskeagh Manse.

Dr. Wright in his Study.

Note from the Rev. Patrick Brontë to Hugh Brontë.

2 Mounted Etchings:—

The Brontë House.

Rev, Patrick Brontë's Birthplace.

Copy of JANE EYRE, with note by the Rev. Patrick Brontë.

Book with Hugh Brontë's Signature.





Gifts.

PRESENTED BY

MR. W. CRAIBE ANGUS, GLASGOW.

Archivist's Journal.

Contains reproductions of Letters written by Charlotte Brontë.

PRESENTED BY MR. Æ. BINNS, WILSDEN.

Fraser's Magazine for Town and Country, vol.
xxxviii., July to December, 1848.

The Dublin University Magazine, October, 1846.

Containing articles on the Brontës.

PRESENTED BY MISS COCKSHOT, OAKWORTH.

CHARLOTTE BRONTË : a Monograph, by Sir T. Wemyss
Reid.

Eleven illustrations and fac-simile letter. London, 1877. 3rd
edition.

PRESENTED BY MISS DIXON, LANCASTER.

Embossed Needle Case—a Present from Maria Brontë.

The needle case is thus inscribed :—"To my dear Margaret,
from her affectionate schoolfellow, M. S. [or J.] Brontë."

PRESENTED BY MESSRS. J. W. DENT & CO., LONDON.

THE WORKS OF CHARLOTTE, EMILY, AND ANNE BRONTË,
in 12 volumes, embellished with Etchings and
Photogravures.

Vols. I.-II. JANE EYRE. London, 1893.

Vols. III.-IV. SHIRLEY. London, 1893.

Vols. V.-VI. VILLETTE. London, 1893.

Vol. VII. THE PROFESSOR. London, 1893.

Vol. VIII. POEMS by Currer, Ellis and Acton Bell, with
COTTAGE POEMS by the Rev. Patrick Brontë. London, 1893.

Vols. IX.-X. WUTHERING HEIGHTS, by Emily Brontë;
and AGNES GREY, by Anne Brontë. London, 1893.

Vols. XI.-XII. TENANT OF WILDFELL HALL. London, 1893.

PRESENTED BY MR. C. A. FEDERER, BRADFORD.

JANE EYRE—German Edition. Hartleben's Collec-
tion, 3 vols. Also a bound copy.

JANE EYRE. Die Waise aus Lowood, von Currer
Bell. Leipzig. 3 vols.

JOHANNA EYRE. Die Waise von Lowood, von
Currer Bell. Leipzig. 3 vols.

JANE EYRE. Die Waise von Lowood, Eine
Autobiographie, von Currer Bell. 1 vol., small.

JANE EYRE — Tauchnitz Edition. An Auto-
biography by Currer Bell. 2 vols. in one.
Leipzig, 1850.

WUTHERING HEIGHTS, and AGNES GREY, by Ellis
and Acton Bell. 2 vols. Leipzig, 1851.

VILLETTE, by Currer Bell. 2 vols. Leipzig, 1853.

SHIRLEY, by Currer Bell. 2 vols. Leipzig, 1849.

THE PROFESSOR, by Currer Bell. 1 vol. Leipzig,
1857.

All these are Copyright Editions.

THE PROFESSOR. First Edition, 2 vols.. 1857.

PRESENTED BY

MR. CHARLES F. FORSHAW, BRADFORD.

THE POETS OF KEIGHLEY, BINGLEY, HAWORTH AND DISTRICT. By Charles F. Forshaw. Bradford, 1891.

THE POETS OF KEIGHLEY, BINGLEY, HAWORTH AND DISTRICT, 2nd edition. By Charles F. Forshaw. London, 1893.

PRESENTED BY

MR. F. C. GALLOWAY, WEST BOWLING.

A NOTE ON CHARLOTTE BRONTË, by Algernon Charles Swinburne. London, 1877.

PRESENTED BY

MRS. F. C. GALLOWAY, WEST BOWLING.

The Set of Illustrations from Dr. Wright's "Brontës in Ireland," on tinted paper, comprising 9 framed Pictures, namely :—

1. { Rev. Patrick Brontë's Birthplace.
General View of Brontë Neighbourhood.
Ballynaskeagh Manse.
2. { Map of the Brontë District.
Plan of the Brontë Homeland.
3. Rev. Patrick Brontë.
4. The last of the Brontë Aunts.
5. Charlotte Brontë.
6. { Glascar School, where Rev. Patrick Brontë first taught.
Presbyterian Meeting House, where Rev. Patrick Brontë was
Precentor.
7. { The Brontë Home.
The Courting Bower.
8. { The Ducking Pond.
The Haunted Glen.
The Brontë Dancing Green.
9. { Rev. Patrick Brontë's Matriculation Signature.
Rev. Patrick Brontë's Signature on proceeding to his Degree.
Rev. Patrick Brontë to Hugh Brontë, regarding the price paid
for the Novels.

PRESENTED BY MR. JOHN GILL, KEIGHLEY.

7 Photographs, unmounted, quarto size.

Black Bull Inn.

Haworth Church (from an old print).

Ponden, probably the Thrushcross Grange of WUTHERING HEIGHTS.

Haworth Vicarage.

Sowden's, the former residence of Rev. Wm. Grimshaw.

Withins (WUTHERING HEIGHTS).

Old Mechanics' Institute, Keighley, where the Brontës borrowed books. From negative by Mr. Alex. Keighley.

PRESENTED BY MR. ALFRED GLEDHILL, BRIGHTON.

Old-fashioned Stand belonging to the Brontë Family,
with Drawer and Cupboard.

PRESENTED BY SIR REGINALD GRAHAM.

Framed Photograph of Norton Conyers.

PRESENTED BY

MR. LEWIS HAINSWORTH, FARSLEY.

Volume of Newspaper Cuttings relating to Haworth
and the Brontës.

PRESENTED BY MR. W. HOWGATE, LEEDS.

Portrait in Oils of the Rev. Patrick Brontë.

2 Framed Photographs of Haworth, namely :—

View of Parsonage.

View of Church.

PRESENTED BY

MR. WOOLLER JENNINGS, BRADFORD.

SHIRLEY, 2nd edition, 1 vol. Martha Brown's copy.

Containing the following inscription :—"The gift of this
volume by the Rev. Patrick Brontë, A.B., Incumbent of
Haworth, to Martha Brown."

PRESENTED BY MR. W. LAW, LITTLEBOROUGH.

Oil Painting, "Jacob's Dream," by Branwell Brontë.

This is an enlargement from a steel plate in the "Souvenir."

Portrait of Charlotte Brontë, in velvet case.

PRESENTED BY MR. LEACH, GILSTEAD.

Manuscript Box used by the Brontës.

PRESENTED BY

THE LATE MR. A. MEGSON, BRADFORD.

A Fruit Knife, used by the Rev. Patrick Brontë.

PRESENTED BY

MISS MAGGIE MITCHELL, AMERICA.

Portraits, Bills, &c., relating to Miss Mitchell in the character of JANE EYRE, including the following:—

Carte-de-visite Photograph of Miss Mitchell as JANE EYRE (sitting).

Carte-de-visite Photograph of Miss Mitchell as JANE EYRE (half-length).

Cabinet Photograph of Miss Mitchell as JANE EYRE.

Cabinet Photograph of Miss Mitchell as JANE EYRE (full length).

PRESENTED BY

MR. GEO. F. PARKER, U.S. CONSUL, BIRMINGHAM.

The 1st American Edition of BRONTË POEMS.

Philadelphia. 1848.

PRESENTED BY MR. JOHN PATCHETT, BRADFORD.

Portrait in Oil of Charlotte Brontë, attributed to Branwell Brontë, but probably painted by J. H. Thompson, Bradford.

PRESENTED BY

MRS. MATILDA POLLARD, HERTFORD.

JANE EYRE, an Autobiography by Currer Bell.
London, 1888.

SHIRLEY, a Tale, by Currer Bell. London, 1891.

VILLETTE. 1st Edition. London, 1853. First two
vols. only.

Book of Newspaper Cuttings relating to the Brontës.

PRESENTED BY

MR. ROBERT REDMAN, LIVERPOOL.

Positive Photograph on Glass of Joseph Redman,
Haworth, Parish Clerk; in velvet case. Taken
in the year 1860.

PRESENTED BY

MESSRS. ROUTLEDGE & SONS, LONDON.

BRONTË WORKS, 6 vols. Routledge & Sons. 1894.

JANE EYRE, an Autobiography, by Currer Bell.
London. New edition.

SHIRLEY, a Tale, by Currer Bell. London, 1892.

PRESENTED BY MR. WALTER SCOTT, LONDON.

BRONTË WORKS, Scott Library. Edited by C. K.
Shorter. London, N.D.

JANE EYRE, an Autobiography, by Charlotte Brontë,
with an introduction by Clement K. Shorter.
London, N.D. 1 vol.

LIFE OF CHARLOTTE BRONTË, by Augustine Birrell.
Large paper. 1887, London.

PRESENTED BY A. SHACKLETON, BRAITHWAITE.

THE PHENOMENON: or an Account in verse of the
Extraordinary Disruption of a Bog, which took
place in the Moors of Haworth, 12th Sept., 1824.
By the Rev. P. Brontë.

Intended as a Reward Book.

Misses Brontë's Circular announcing the establish-
ment of a private School at Haworth :—

THE MISSES BRONTËS' ESTABLISHMENT

FOR

THE BOARD AND EDUCATION OF A LIMITED NUMBER OF
YOUNG LADIES.

*The Parsonage, Haworth,
Near Bradford.*

PRESENTED BY

MR. JOHN JAMES STEAD, HECKMONDWIKE.

Two large Groups of Photographs, comprising :—

1. { Branwell Brontë's Chair in the Black Bull, Haworth.
Rev. Hammond Roberson, the original of Rev. Matthew
Helstone, of SHIRLEY.
Rev. Canon Heald, the original of Rev. Cyril Hall, of SHIRLEY.
Brontë Waterfall on the Haworth Moors.
Mary Taylor, the Rose Yorke of SHIRLEY.
Anne Brontë's Grave, Old Churchyard, Scarbro'.
2. { Birstall Church, Briarfield of SHIRLEY.
The Rydings, Birstall, Thornfield Hall of JANE EYRE.
Oakwell Hall, Birstall, Fieldhead of SHIRLEY.
Oakwell Hall, Birstall, Interior.
Red House, Gomersall, Briarmains of SHIRLEY.
Hollows Cottage, Rawfolds, the residence of Mr. Cartwright.
the Mr. Moore of SHIRLEY.

PRESENTED BY

DR. J. A. ERSKINE STUART, HECKMONDWIKE.

LITERARY SHRINES OF YORKSHIRE, with portrait of the
author inserted. London, 1892.

Contains notices of Haworth and the Brontës.

PRESENTED BY MR. W. SUGDEN, HAWORTH.

Photo. of the Black Bull Hotel in 1856, showing Stocks
at Church gates; quarto size.

PRESENTED BY MR. JOHN WAUGH, BRADFORD.

Autograph Letter from Mrs. Gaskell to Martha Brown.

Signed, E. C. Gaskell. Plymouth Grove, Sept. 3rd.

PRESENTED BY MRS. WHITLEY, BURY.

Framed Autograph Letter.

Rev. Patrick Brontë to the late Mr. Wm. Robinson, artist, of
Leeds, who taught Branwell and Charlotte the art of
painting.

PRESENTED BY MR. BUTLER WOOD, BRADFORD.

Programme of Oratorio Selection performed in
Haworth Church, 1846:—

ORATORIO.

The public are respectfully informed that an

ORATORIO

WILL BE PERFORMED IN

ST. MICHAEL'S CHURCH, HAWORTH,

ON MONDAY, JULY 20TH, 1846,

FOR THE BENEFIT OF MR. PARKER.

Under distinguished patronage.

THE REV. PATRICK BRONTË, B.A.

MR. G. FEATHER, }
MR. E. MERRALL, } Churchwardens.

PRESENTED BY W. W. YATES, DEWSBURY.

An enlarged Carbon Copy of the Richmond Portrait
of Charlotte Brontë, in gilt frame.

PRESENTED BY A RUSSIAN LADY, PER
MR. J. J. BRIGG, KEIGHLEY.

Russian Translation of JANE EYRE.

PRESENTED BY AN ANONYMOUS DONOR.

BIRTHPLACE OF CHARLOTTE BRONTË. By William
Scruton. With two etchings (Thornton Chapel
and Parsonage), by the author. 1884. 24mo.,
pp. 58, paper covers. Leeds, J. S. Fletcher & Co.

Reprinted from the *Yorkshire Illustrated Magazine*. There
was only one edition, but on the paper covers, the
words second, third and fourth edition often appear.

Purchased.

Positive Photograph of the Rev. Patrick Brontë.
By Moore, of Haworth.

BRADFORD :

PRINTED BY THORNTON AND PEARSON, 56, BARKEREND ROAD.

THE BRONTË SOCIETY AND MUSEUM.

FIRST ANNUAL REPORT.

[ANNOUNCEMENT OF ANNUAL MEETING,
SEE PAGE 16.]

PRINTED FOR THE SOCIETY BY
CHARLES GREENING, ALBION COURT, KIRKGATE, BRADFORD.

DECEMBER, 1894.

LIST OF OFFICERS, 1894.

President :

THE RIGHT HON. LORD HOUGHTON.

Vice-Presidents :

HIS GRACE THE DUKE OF DEVONSHIRE, K.G.	SIR T. WEMYSS REID.
SIR ISAAC HOLDEN, BART, M.P.	A. BIRRELL, Esq., M.P.
H. I. BUTTERFIELD, Esq.	Rev. WILLIAM WRIGHT, D.D.
C. MILNES GASKELL, Esq.	Dr. PETER BAYNE.
Rev. ROBERT COLLYER, D.D., New York.	Mrs. DARMESTETER.
	GEORGE SMITH, Esq.

Committee :

Chairman, ALDERMAN BRIGG, J.P.

Mr. J. ARTHUR BINNS.	Rev. T. KEYWORTH.
Mr. J. J. BRIGG.	Mr. JOHN LISTER, M.A.
Mr. W. S. CAMERON.	Mr. W. T. MCGOWEN.
Miss COCKSHOTT.	Mr. H. J. PALMER.
Dr. DOBIE.	Mr. FRANK PEEL.
Mr. T. T. EMPSALL.	Mr. J. H. S. REDMAN.
Mr. C. A. FEDERER.	Mr. W. SCRUTON.
Mr. C. F. FORSHAW.	Mrs. C. E. SUGDEN.
Mr. J. F. GREENWOOD.	Mr. JOHN WAUGH, C.E.
Mr. Councillor JENNINGS.	Mr. W. W. YATES.

Treasurer :

Mr. F. C. GALLOWAY, West Bowling, Bradford.

Bibliographical Secretary :

Mr. BUTLER WOOD, Free Library, Bradford.

Corresponding Secretary :

Mr. J. HORSFALL TURNER, Idel, Bradford.

LIFE MEMBERS.

Adam, A., Steeton Hall, Keighley
 Devonshire, His Grace the Duke of, Devonshire House,
 London
 Houghton, The Rt. Hon. Lord, Dublin Castle, Ireland
 Holden, Sir Isaac, Bart., M.P., Oakworth, Keighley
 Law, William, Littleborough, near Manchester
 Smith, George, 15, Waterloo Place, London, S.W.
 Waugh, John, Sunbridge Road, Bradford

ANNUAL SUBSCRIBERS.

Ackroyd, Geo., J.P., North Park Road, Manningham
 Aked, Frank, Highgate Road, Dewsbury
 Anderton, Mrs., The Nook, Parkroyd, Manningham
 Bairstow, James, Manufacturer, Sutton, Yorkshire
 Barrans, F. C., c/o Brear & Co., Kirkgate, Bradford
 Beaver, Mr., Gledhow Mount, Oxenhope
 Behren, Charles, Manchester
 Bentham, T. H., 7, Spring Place, Bradford
 Bevers, Geo. Herbert, 15, Talbot Street, Batley
 Bingham, Hugh, Low Moor, Bradford
 Binns, J. Arthur, Official Receiver, Bradford
 Bishop, Charles F., 69, Queen's Road, Nottingham
 Bottomley, Alfred, 14, Cook Street, Keighley
 Brooks, W. M., 3, Carnarvon Street, Bradford
 Brigg, Ald. John, J.P., Kildwick Hall, near Keighley
 Brigg, B. S., Burlington House, Keighley
 Brigg, J. J., Guard House, near Keighley
 Brigg, M. M., Kildwick Hall, near Keighley
 Brigg, W. A., Kildwick Hall, near Keighley
 Briggs, Wm., Wakefield
 Byles, W. P., M.P., "Observer" Office, Bradford
 Caldwell, Jonathan, "Echo" Office, Brighouse
 Cameron, W. S., "Mercury" Office, Leeds
 Chadwick, Mrs. John, Netherton Hall, near Wakefield
 Chadwick, S. J., Lyndhurst, Dewsbury
 Clapham, J. A., Market Street, Bradford
 Clarke, Rev. Canon Lowther, Vicarage, Dewsbury
 Clough, Annie, Beechcliffe, Keighley
 Clough, Marion, Beechcliffe, Keighley
 Clough, Miss Maud, Haincliffe, near Keighley
 Clough, Miss Minnie, 99, New Cross St., West Bowling

Clough, John, Junr., The Shroggs, Steeton, nr. Keighley
 Clough, William, The Knoll, Keighley
 Cockerham, J. W., Heather Bank, Bingley
 Cockshott, Miss Pattie, Wildfell, Oakworth
 Cockshott, Miss, Keighley
 Cockshott, J. S., Dockroyd, Oakworth
 Collyer, Rev. Robert, D.D., New York, U.S.A.
 Cortazzo, Mrs. E. C., 330, Dartmouth St., Boston, Mass.
 Couper, W. J., 73, Market Street, Musselburgh, Scotland
 Craven, C. A., Gas Works, Savile Town, Dewsbury
 Crook, W. J., Almora, The Ridgeway, Enfield, London
 Dickons, J. Norton, 12, Oak Villas, Bradford
 Dobby, Council. J., Tyrrel Street, Bradford
 Dobie, Dr., Keighley
 Dunlop, Geo., Standard Office, Kilmarnock
 Dunne, Rev. J. W., St. Michael's Vicarage, Laisterdyke
 Dyson, George, Argyle Street, Marsden
 Empsall, T. T., Ashgrove, Bradford
 Fawthrop, Joseph, Bowling Old Lane, Bradford
 Feather, Ald. Smith, The Rookery, Baildon
 Federer, C. A., Hallfield Road, Bradford
 Field, George, West Bank, Heaton, Bradford
 Field, W. T., 45, Athol Road, Bradford
 Fox, T. Bateman, Dewsbury
 Forshaw, C. F., Winder House, Bradford
 Galloway, Jesse, Ashton House, Morecambe
 Galloway, F. C., Greenfield House, West Bowling
 Gaskell, C. Milnes, 36, Hertford Street, London, W.
 (Four years subscription)
 Gordon, James, Bradford Old Bank Limited, Bradford
 Greenwood, J. F., Oxenhope, Keighley
 Greener, Miss, 84, Arlington Road, Tulse Hill, London,
 S.W.
 Gumnell, Alex., Bradford Old Bank, Keighley
 Haddock, Allan, Market Street, San Francisco, California
 Haggas, Mrs. J. H., The Manor, Oakworth
 Haggas, T. H., Myrtle Grove, Cross Roads, Keighley
 Haigh, David, South View, Holmfirth
 Hainsworth, L., Oakwell Cottage, Farsley, near Leeds
 Hardy, Herbert, Earlsheaton, Dewsbury
 Harrison, Miss, The Mount School, York
 Haygarth, Thomas, South Street, Keighley
 Heaton, J. P., Manorlands, Oxenhope
 Hemingway, Wilson, Anroyd, Dewsbury

- Hobson, Mrs. A. J., Coverdale Lodge, King's Road,
Richmond, Surrey
- Holmes, A., Lees School, Keighley
- Holt, C. R., 1016, Market Street, San Francisco, U.S.A.
- Horsfall, T. W., Heckmondwike
- Ingram, John, Dewsbury
- Jackson, F. W., R.B.A., Studio, Middleton, Manchester
- Jennings, Council. W., Auctioneer, Bradford
- Keeling, Rev. W. H., Grammar School, Bradford
- Keighley, Alex., Floss House, Keighley
- Keyworth, Rev. T., Halifax
- Knowles, Miss E., 11, Queen's Road, Manningham
- Lee, Edmund, Rydal Bank, Park Drive, Bradford
- Lee, P. F., West Park Street, Dewsbury
- Leyland, John, Crimsworth Dene, Forest Hill, Kent
- Locking, Miss, Heaton Hall, Bradford
- Lössels, W., 5, Park Field Road, Manningham
- Lund, Regd. W., Malsis Hall, Keighley
- Lusk, Rev. J. B., Ballynaskeagh Manse, Co. Down
- Marriott, C. H., Manor, Dewsbury
- Maudesley, E., Town Clerk, Dewsbury
- Meeker, Claude, Swan Arcade, Bradford
- Means, Mr., 41, Lincoln Street, Boston, Mass., U.S.A.
- Merritt, Mrs., 39, Huntingdon Avenue, Boston, Mass.,
U.S.A.
- Merritt, Mrs. E. P., 407, Marlborough Street, Boston,
Mass., U.S.A.
- Merritt, E. P., 407, Marlborough Street, Boston, Mass.,
[U.S.A.]
- Mitchell, H., Bowling Park, Bradford
- Moore, Miss, Claremont, Bradford
- Moore, F. D., Eastroyd, Oakworth
- Newbould, Alfred, 175, Hollings Road, Bradford
- Paget, Mrs., Westwood, Keighley
- Palmer, H. J., Editor "Yorkshire Post," Leeds
- Parker, Mrs., Whinn Knowle, Oxenhope
- Patchett, George, Manor Royd, Halifax
- Patchett, Frank, J. P., Heathside, Halifax
- Patchett, Riley, Fearnside, Halifax
- Peel, Frank, Heckmondwike
- Popplewell, Council. J., Manufacturer, Bradford
- Pollard, Mrs. Mary M., Belle Vue Bengoe, Hereford
- Pollard, Collingwood, Thornton, Bradford
- Pringle, Rev. E., Rock Cottage, Keighley
- Pyrah, Asa H., Mayor, Town Hall, Dewsbury

Rabagliati, Dr., 9, Walmer Villas, Bradford
 Redman, Mrs. Percy, Craven Royd, Haworth
 Redman, J. H. S., Chairman of the Local Board,
 Haworth
 Richards, Ald. Thomas, Westtown, Dewsbury
 Robinson, J. Ryley, Westgate, Dewsbury
 Ross, P., Surveyor, North Bierley
 Scott, Miss C. Helen, Ashfield, Skipton-in-Craven
 Scott, Maggie, Schoolhouse, Island of Eigg, Oban
 Sleath, J. S., Oaks House, Halifax
 Smith, Surrie, Keighley
 Speak, Miss Sarah, Springfield, Oxenhope
 Stevenson, Mrs., Dingley Grange, Market Harborough
 Steinthal, Frank, Ilkley
 Stead, J. J., Drysalter, Heckmondwike
 Stuart, J. A. E., Author, Heckmondwike
 Sutcliffe, Tom, Binns Hill, Warley
 Sugden, John, Oakworth
 Sugden, Miss, Worth View, Oakworth
 Sugden, Charles E., Ashmount, Haworth
 Sugden, Mrs. Charles E., Ashmount, Haworth
 Tattersfield, Geo. H., Mirfield
 Taylor, Rev. R. V., Melbecks Vicarage, Richmond
 Taylor, James, Savile Town, Dewsbury
 Taylor, W., Lightcliffe
 Teal, J., 4, Rhodes Street, Halifax
 Thompson, W. R., 1, Highbury Terrace, Dewsbury
 Thornton, Councl. R., Eightlands, Dewsbury
 Town, William, The Hills, Bingley
 Turner, J. Horsfall, Idel, Bradford
 Unwin, S. P., Shipley
 Vint, W. W., Broom Hill, Keighley
 Walker, Walter, Westcliffe, Dewsbury
 Wallis, Mrs., Earlsheaton, Dewsbury
 Wallis, A., Clayton
 Wallis, Miss F., Clayton
 Watson, C., 8, Carrington Street, Bradford
 Wilkinson, Rev. Dr., M. A., Christ Church, Leamington
 Whitley, Jonas, J.P., Mayor, Town Hall, Bradford
 Wood, Butler, Chief Librarian, Bradford
 Wright, Rev. Dr. Wm., Woolsthorpe, Upper Norwood,
 London, S.E.
 Yates, Miss, Elmwood Terrace, Dewsbury
 Yates, W. W., Dewsbury



REPORT.

VARIOUS suggestions having been made during recent years for the formation of a BRONTË SOCIETY, the matter culminated in the issue of a circular, of which the following is a copy :—

PROPOSED BRONTË SOCIETY AND MUSEUM.

DEAR SIR,

I have been waited upon by a deputation to ask if I would call a Meeting of admirers of Brontë Literature in the West Riding, to consider the advisability of forming a Brontë Society and Museum.

Heartily concurring with the proposal, I have pleasure in inviting you and your friends to a Meeting to be held in the Town Hall, Bradford, on Saturday, December 16th, at 3 p.m.

Your obedient servant,

J. WHITLEY, *Mayor*.

Bradford, Dec. 11th, 1893.

P.S.—If you are unable to attend the Meeting please write to Mr. J. Horsfall Turner, Idle, or to Mr. W. W. Yates, Dewsbury, stating whether you approve of the proposal to establish a Society and Museum.—J. W.

The circular having been very liberally distributed, a numerously attended meeting was held by favour of his Worship the Mayor, in the Council Chamber, Town Hall, Bradford, at the time stated. The Rev. W. H. KEELING, M.A., (Bradford Grammar School,) was voted to the chair. He expressed his regret at the unavoidable absence of the Mayor, and of Mr. MILNES-GASKELL, who had undertaken to preside. He thought it very desirable that a memorial to the Brontës should be established. Unless immediate steps were taken to collect the personal relics of the unique family, the opportunity would be lost, and the task of collecting them in future years might become almost impossible. There were many reasons why a memorial to the Brontës should be established. In the first place, the Brontës represented the true Yorkshire spirit, though they were

not Yorkshire people themselves, the father being an Irishman, and the mother a Cornish woman. In their deep insight into human nature, their utter detestation of all that was not sound, and the absence of sentimentalism, they reflected the true Yorkshire type. In their works one found also capital representations of the scenery of the uplands of West Yorkshire. The brown, bare moorlands formed the background of most of their works, the gaunt, and unprepossessing factory, with its suggestion of stern labour to be accomplished, formed the foreground, and through their writings there swept the cool breath of the upland winds. In these respects the Brontës formed a strong link between Yorkshire and the great world of literature. The Brontë family had scarcely a parallel in the literature, not of England only, but of the world. There was no record of any family in ancient or modern times which produced three sisters of such distinguished ability, not to mention their somewhat unhappy brother, of whom some held the opinion that he was not the least gifted of that gifted family.

Mr. Horsfall Turner read a number of letters of approval which had been received from the Bishop of Ripon, the Vicars of Bradford and Dewsbury, Mr. T. Wemyss Reid, the Rev. Dr. W. Wright, Mr. M. Oldroyd, M.P., Mr. Pyrah, Mayor of Dewsbury, Mr. Woodhead, Huddersfield, and others.

Mr. W. W. Yates proposed, and Mr. S. P. Unwin seconded a resolution that a Brontë Society be and is hereby formed, and that the objects of such Society be amongst other things, to establish a Museum, to contain not only drawings, manuscripts, paintings, and other personal relics of the Brontë family, but all editions of their works, the writings of authors upon those works, or upon any member of the family, together with photographs of places or premises with which the family was associated. The resolution having been supported by Mr. Edmund Lee, Dr. Erskine Stuart, the Rev. T. Keyworth, and Mr. W. T. McGowen (Town Clerk, Bradford), was carried unanimously. The Committee, as given previously, was elected, and Mr. J. Horsfall Turner was empowered to call the first Committee Meeting, which was held by favour of Mr. Butler Wood, chief librarian, and his committee,

in the Free Library, Bradford, on January 13th, 1894, at 3 p.m. As a result of the first two Committee Meetings, the President, Vice-Presidents, and Officers of the Society were elected, as recorded on page 2. Lord Rosebery, owing to pressure of duties, declined eventually to become the President, and the Marquis of Lorne, and Mr. A. C. Swinburne, to serve as Vice-Presidents.

The Annual Membership Fee was fixed at 2s. 6d., and the Life Membership at £2 2s.

A circular was issued giving a list of the Officers and Committee, and the summarized objects and terms of membership, as follows:—

OBJECTS.—(1.) To acquire literary, artistic, and family memorials of the Brontës; photographs of persons and places identified with them and their works, in Yorkshire, Ireland, Cornwall, Essex, Brussels, &c.; copies of all books and fugitive articles illustrating the novels, and the districts in which the Brontës resided.

(2.) To place the same at Haworth, or some other appropriate locality, for the free inspection of Members of the Society at such hours as the Society may from time to time appoint, and also to offer the same for public exhibition under certain regulations to be fixed upon by the Society.

(3.) To hold an annual meeting for the election of Officers and Committee, and for the reading of general, bibliographical, and financial reports; and for specific addresses.

TERMS OF MEMBERSHIP.—Members shall be elected by majority vote at any duly-called Committee Meeting or General Meeting.

The annual fee shall be HALF-A-CROWN, due January 1st of each year, for which an Annual Report shall be sent post free in December following, containing the various reports, lists of members and officers, &c.; and the fee shall also cover free admission to the Museum when established.

A ticket of membership shall be annually signed by the Treasurer and Secretary, and forwarded to the member on receipt of the Annual Fee. Life Membership may be secured by payment of a compounding sum of Two GUINEAS.

The Treasurer or Secretary will be pleased to receive your name for proposition as Member, accompanied by the Annual or Life Fee.

With regard to the Museum, a resolution was carried in Committee by a large majority in favour of Haworth as the most suitable place for its reception, though the Corporations of Dewsbury, Keighley, and Bradford, offered every facility if one or other should be selected. The Haworth Local Board, and Haworth Mechanics' Institute made similar advances. The purchase of

Messrs. Brown's collection of Brontë relics was postponed because of the high price asked. Two sub-committees were appointed; the first to secure suitable premises at Haworth, and the second to furnish the same. After considerable delay, the Committee have been enabled to obtain from the Yorkshire Penny Bank the tenancy of their upper room.

A third circular, which unfortunately, has not resulted as yet in raising a very large sum, has been distributed to many local gentlemen:—

BRONTË SOCIETY AND MUSEUM.

SPECIAL MUSEUM FUND.

DEAR SIR,

At a Meeting of the Committee of the above Society, held on the 12th of April, 1894, it was unanimously resolved to create a Special Museum Fund, for the purpose of enabling the Society to secure certain important Relics of the Brontë family which can only be obtained by purchase.

The Committee have taken this step in order that the income, from Membership fees, may be reserved for the ordinary current expenditure of the Society, and for defraying cost of printing Report and Bibliography.

It is estimated that £300 will be sufficient to purchase all the relics worth preserving, and as several gifts of Brontë relics and books are to hand, or have been promised, it may be assumed that very little expenditure in this direction will be necessary in the future.

With this object in view, we shall be obliged if you will fill in the amount you are willing to subscribe, on the annexed form, which may be sent to the Hon. Treasurer, Mr. F. C. GALLOWAY, West Bowling, Bradford.

HOUGHTON, *President.*

JOHN BRIGG, *Chairman of Committee.*

J. HORSFALL TURNER, *Secretary.*

BUTLER WOOD, *Bibliographical Secretary.*

F. C. GALLOWAY, *Treasurer.*

The Committee are anxious to trace all literary and personal relics of the Brontës, in order that they may be secured by gift, loan, or purchase; and any intimation of even a trivial memorial will be gratefully accepted by the Secretary. A register of such possessions is being kept, and the Committee gratefully acknowledge the gift of the following articles.—

Swinburne's "Note on Charlotte Brontë," 1st edition,
by Mr. F. C. Galloway.

The set of Illustrations from Dr. Wright's "Brontës in Ireland," specially prepared and elegantly framed,
by Mrs. F. C. Galloway.

- "Shirley," 2nd edition, Martha Brown's copy, by Mr. Wooller Jennings.
- A Fruit Knife (Mr. Brontë's), by Mr. A. Megson.
- A Box for MSS. (Brontë's) by Mr. Leach.
- Mr. Scruton's Booklet, "Birthplace of Charlotte Brontë," by anonymous donor.
- "The Poets of Keighley, Haworth, &c.," both editions, by the author, Mr. C. F. Forshaw.
- Portrait of Joseph Redman, Haworth clerk, from Mr. Robert Redman.
- An enlarged carbon copy of the Portrait of Charlotte Brontë, in massive gilt frame, by Mr. W. W. Yates.
- Misses Brontës' Circular, announcing the establishment of a private school at Haworth, by Mr. A. Shackleton.
- Pamphlet by Mr. Brontë, on the Crow Hill Bog Disruption, by Mr. A. Shackleton.
- An Autograph Letter from Mrs. Gaskell, by Mr. John Waugh, C.E.
- Portraits, Bills, &c., respecting Miss Mitchell's representation of "Jane Eyre," from Miss Mitchell, America, per Mr. Claude Meeker, U.S. Consul.
- Oil Painting, by Mr. B. Brontë, "Jacob's Dream," enlarged from steel plate in the "Souvenir," per the Secretary, from Mr. W. Law, Littleborough.
- Messrs. Dent & Co.'s Brontë Works, 12 vols., small edition, per the Secretary, from the Publishers.
- Messrs. Routledge, Brontë Works, 6 vols., per the Secretary, from the Publishers.
- Mr. Walter Scott, Brontë Works, 2 vols., per the Secretary, from the Publisher.
- A Painting of Charlotte Brontë, by Mr. Patchett, Bradford.
- Reid's Monograph, by Miss Cockshott.
- Magazine Excerpts, by Mr. Æ. Binns.
- Cabinet Photo-copy of Richmond's Portrait of Mrs. Gaskell, by Miss Gaskell.
- A German edition of "Jane Eyre," by Mr. C. A. Federer.

BY PURCHASE.

Photograph of Rev. P. Brontë (Moore's original positive) per W. Scarborough.

The following have promised to lend various items to the Museum:—

- Sir U. K. Shuttleworth, Portrait of Sir J. K. S.
 Mr. George Smith (Smith, Elder & Co.,) Various items.
 Mr. J. Waugh, a Letter of Charlotte Brontë's.
 Mr. Armitage, Saltaire, Various items.
 Mr. W. E. Briggs Priestley, Various Volumes, &c.
 Mr. Barrans, (Messrs. Brear & Co.,) Drawing by
 Charlotte Brontë.
 Mr. Law, Various Books, Letters, and Drawings.
 Mr. F. C. Galloway, Various Books and Views.
 Mr. J. Horsfall Turner, Various Books, Pamphlets,
 Views, Letters, Drawing, Hair, Autographs, &c.
 Mr. T. T. Empsall, Letter, Crockery, &c.
 Dr. W. R. Nicoll, Rev. A. B. Nicholls, Miss Douglas,
 Miss Gaskell, Dr. Dobie, Mr. A. Riley, Mr. Joy
 Anderton, Mr. J. H. Pighills, Mr. C. Jackson,
 Mrs. Greenwood (Ky.,) C. Dobson (sampler) Dean-
 clough Mills, Miss Wheelwright, Mr. J. J. Green.

Various offers of Articles on Sale have been received.

Besides gathering information respecting Brontë relics, the Secretary has spent some time in identifying the places and persons referred to in the Brontë novels, and to this end has visited the Rev. A. B. Nicholls, in Ireland, who has promised his advice as required. A brief report of the interview appeared in the *Yorkshire Post*, in September last. It is desirable that the photographs of all Brontë authors should be preserved on the walls of the Museum. The original MSS. are very desirable acquisitions. The Secretary, on his own responsibility, has written a Lecture on the Brontës, their Homes and Works, with ninety-five views or portraits. It has been delivered by him at Brighouse, Heckmondwike, Halifax, Idle, Bradford, Haworth, Keighley, Hebden Bridge, Cleckheaton; and several other places have bespoken its delivery. Mr. H. Hibbert has generally accompanied the lecturer with his magnificent triunial lantern, and large audiences have been brought into more intimate acquaintance with the Brontë history, and the operations of the Society have thus, and by the frequent notices of the public press, been kept before the public. The first instalment of Brontë bibliography, which will shortly be delivered to each member, will in itself be ample proof of the need of a Brontë Society, and of the thorough manner in which, without loss of time, the

objects of the Society are being attended to. In the first instance, only Brontë books and pamphlets are being chronicled, but all Brontë articles in newspapers and magazines are being noted for future issues, and to this end the Society has purchased a large scrap-book, in which the Bibliographical Secretary carefully enters items of interest from the newspapers, and he also secures copies of Brontë articles in magazines. The collection of such items from the literature of the past fifty years (English, American, and Foreign), bespeaks the kindly assistance of all Brontë readers, at home and abroad.

We hope to enlist the services of our local photographers in obtaining selections of views to illustrate the biographies and works of the Brontë family. Mr. Walter Fisher, (Filey), Mr. J. J. Stead, (Heckmondwike), Mr. A. Holmes, (Lees, near Keighley), Mr. A. E. Hall, (Haworth), and Mr. Feather, (Haworth), have photographs of many places.

We gladly acknowledge the valuable work that the Rev. Dr. W. R. Nicoll, the Rev. Dr. W. Wright, and Mr. C. Shorter are engaged upon, and hope to be able to induce others to produce original articles on Brontë subjects.

Various topics for similar papers suggest themselves in "The Origin of the Brontë Name and Family," "Errors in the Works of Brontë Biographers," "Critical Analyses of the Brontë Novels," "The Prototypes of the Characters in the Novels," &c.

We venture to think that the present report of the first year's work will not only gratify the goodly number of subscribers who have already joined, but will induce a large number to become members.

Apart from any advantages of the Museum, the literary aspect should commend itself to readers far and wide.

The Annual Meeting for the election of Officers and Committee will be held in the Mayor's Reception Room, Dewsbury, on Saturday, December 8th, at 3-30 p.m., and our Dewsbury friends have promised to provide tea.

The Committee have held eight meetings in the Free Library, Bradford, and they desire to tender their hearty thanks to the Library Committee for this great privilege, and to the Mayor of Bradford, for the use of the Town Hall at the first meeting.

THE BRONTË SOCIETY AND MUSEUM.

TREASURER'S ACCOUNT of the above Society for the year ending December 31st, 1894.

RECEIPTS.			PAYMENTS.		
	£	s. d.		£	s. d.
156 Annual Subscribers of 2/6 each...	...	19 10 0	1894. Mch. 8 Joseph Woodhead, Reporters and Postage	0	2 1½
C. Milnes Gaskell, 4 Years' Subscription ...	...	0 10 0	Apr. 12 J. Horsfall Turner's Stamps, Envelopes, &c.	1	15 11
7 Life Members	...	14 14 0	" 13 Senior & Co., Circulars, Postage, &c. ...	1	7 9
			July 12 Henry Gaskarth, 1,000 Prospectuses ...	1	16 6
			" 13 Thos. M. Woodhead, Receipt Books, &c. ...	0	19 0
			" 13 G. Harrison & Sons, Guard Book ...	0	10 6
			" 13 Butler Wood, Postage, Papers, &c. ...	0	5 0
			Oct. 8 J. Horsfall Turner's Postcards, Stamps, &c.	0	10 0
			" 23 Cheque Book	0	2 0
			Nov. 15 J. Horsfall Turner's Stamps, Postcards, &c.	0	2 2
			" 16 Thos. M. Woodhead, Circulars with fly leaf	0	4 6
Bank Interest	...	0 2 6	Cash in the Bradford Old Bank ...	24	1 0
			Cash in hand	3	0 0½
				£34	16 6

The above accounts are duly audited and found correct by L. HAINSWORTH.

THE BRONTË SOCIETY AND MUSEUM.

TREASURER'S ACCOUNT of the SPECIAL MUSEUM FUND, 1894.

RECEIPTS.		PAYMENTS.	
	£ s. d.		£ s. d.
Sir Isaac Holden, Bart, M.P. ...	 5 0 0	July 13 Charles Greening, Circulars, Museum	...
Mrs. C. E. Sugden ...	 3 3 0	Fund	 0 12 6
Mrs. Jonathan Holden ...	 3 0 0	Oct. 8 J. Horsfall Turner, for Portrait of	...
W. W. Yates ...	 2 2 0	P. Bronte, per Mr. Scarborough,	...
Seth Lancaster ...	 0 2 6	Halifax	 1 0 0
		Balance in Bradford Old Bank ...	 11 15 0
	<u>£13 7 6</u>		<u>£13 7 6</u>

The above accounts are duly audited and found correct by L. HAINSWORTH.

PUBLIC NOTICE.

THE FIRST ANNUAL MEETING of the Society will be held on SATURDAY, *December 8th*, 1894, at 3-30 p.m., in the MAYOR'S RECEPTION ROOM, DEWSBURY, when the Reports will be read, the Committee for 1895 elected, and Mr. YATES will read a paper on the "REV. P. BRONTË AT DEWSBURY," and Dr. STUART one on "BRONTË NOMENCLATURE." Friends in Dewsbury are providing Tea, and Mr. Yates, *Reporter* Office, Dewsbury, desires to receive (two days before the meeting), the names of all who intend to be present. Committee Meeting at 3-0 p.m., December 8th.

THE
BRONTË SOCIETY
AND
MUSEUM.

SECOND
ANNUAL REPORT,

PRESENTED AT THE ANNUAL MEETING
HELD AT KEIGHLEY, ON SATURDAY, JAN. 18TH, 1896.

PRINTED FOR THE SOCIETY BY
M. FIELD & SONS, GODWIN STREET PRINTING WORKS, BRADFORD.
JANUARY, 1896.

THE BRONTË SOCIETY AND MUSEUM.

President :

THE RIGHT HON. VISCOUNT CREWE.

Vice-Presidents :

HIS GRACE THE DUKE OF
DEVONSHIRE, K.G.

SIR ISAAC HOLDEN, BART.

SIR T. WEMYSS REID.

H. I. BUTTERFIELD, Esq.

C. MILNES GASKELL, Esq.

Rev. R. COLLYER, D.D.,
New York.

A. BIRRELL, Esq., M.P.

Rev. WILLIAM WRIGHT, D.D.

Dr. PETER BAYNE.

Mrs. DARMESTETER.

GEORGE SMITH, Esq.

Committee :

Chairman : JOHN BRIGG, Esq., M.P.

Mr. J. ARTHUR BINNS.

Mr. J. J. BRIGG, M.A., LL.M.

Mr. W. S. CAMERON.

Rev. CANON CLARKE, M.A.

Miss COCKSHOTT.

Dr. DOBIE.

Mr. T. T. EMPSALL.

Mr. C. A. FEDERER.

Mr. J. F. GREENWOOD.

Mr. COUNCILLOR JENNINGS.

Mr. FRANK PEEL.

Mr. W. E. B. PRIESTLEY, J.P.

Mr. J. H. S. REDMAN.

Mr. J. J. STEAD.

Dr. J. A. ERSKINE STUART.

Mrs. C. E. SUGDEN.

Mr. J. HORSFALL TURNER.

Mr. JOHN WAUGH.

Mr. W. W. YATES.

Local Committee : Mrs. Sugden, Miss Cockshott, Mr. J. J. Brigg,
Mr. J. H. S. Redman, Mr. J. F. Greenwood (*Secretary*),
and Mr. Wm. Robertshaw (*Treasurer*).

Treasurer :

Mr. F. C. GALLOWAY, West Bowling, Bradford.

Bibliographical Secretary :

Mr. BUTLER WOOD, Free Library, Bradford.

Corresponding Secretary :

Mr. W. T. FIELD, 64, Godwin Street, Bradford,

To whom all Communications should be addressed.

ANNUAL REPORT.



THE year just closed has been an eventful one in the history of our Society, and the Council are pleased to be able to report that satisfactory progress has been made. Increased interest has been taken in our operations, and the Brontë Society may now be considered to have taken its place amongst the permanent literary societies of our country.

THE ANNUAL MEETING

was held in the Council Chamber of the Dewsbury Town Hall, on Saturday, December 8th, 1894. Alderman Pyrah presided and there was a good attendance of members. In addition to the Election of Officers, the Annual Report and Balance Sheets were submitted and interesting Papers were read by Mr. W. W. Yates, on "Dewsbury and the Brontës," and by Dr. J. A. Erskine Stuart, on "Brontë Nomenclature." Through the kindness of a few Dewsbury friends, the members were entertained at tea and altogether a very pleasant afternoon was spent.

On Saturday afternoon, May 18th, 1895, the

OPENING CEREMONY OF MUSEUM

at Haworth was performed by John Brigg, Esq., M.P. Sir T. Wemyss Reid, of London, who had promised to be present, was unfortunately prevented by illness, but very kindly sent the address which he had prepared to Mr. W. S. Cameron, of Leeds, who read it at the Opening Ceremony. In the evening a Public Meeting was held at the Wesleyan Schoolroom, which was crowded. Amongst the speakers were the Rev. Canon Lowther Clarke, M.A., Vicar of Dewsbury, and the Rev. Dr. Wright, author of the "Brontës in Ireland," who journeyed specially from London to be present. Haworth was quite *en fête* and the proceedings were of a very enthusiastic nature. A special train carried large numbers of people from the surrounding towns and villages. A full report of the speeches and also those delivered at the Annual Meeting is published in Part III. of the Society's "Transactions."

MEMBERSHIP.

During the year the Membership Roll has been largely augmented. We have now 230 members who have paid their subscriptions against 164 last year—a nett increase of 66.

COUNCIL MEETINGS.

Nine Council Meetings have been held with an average attendance of 11. In order that the affairs of the Society may be conducted in a constitutional manner, rules have been carefully drawn up by the Council. We are greatly indebted to the Free Library Committee of the Bradford Corporation for kindly granting us the use of the room in which the meetings have been held. The Council are pleased that during the year our worthy Chairman, Mr. John Brigg, has been advanced to the position of Member of Parliament for the Keighley Division, and trust he may long be spared to attend to the duties of his office.

PUBLICATIONS.

This year we have issued Part III. of the "Transactions" and Mr. Claude Meeker, U.S. Consul, Bradford, has kindly presented to each member a copy of his admirable pamphlet "Haworth, Home of the Brontës." The Treasurer, Mr. F. C. Galloway, has expressed his intention of shortly giving each member an "Illustrated Descriptive List of Objects in the Museum," which will form a pleasing souvenir

THE MUSEUM

at Haworth has occupied a large portion of the time and attention of the Council. Showcases and other requisites have been purchased and a hearty response has been accorded to our appeal for loans and gifts of articles for exhibition. The manuscript copies of "Jane Eyre" and "Villette," have been on view during the season and have attracted a large amount of attention. Messrs. Smith, Elder & Co., of London, kindly lent them to the Society. A local Committee to take charge of management details has been formed, consisting of ladies and gentlemen residing in the district and Mr. William Robertshaw, accountant, of Keighley, has consented to act as Treasurer. Promises of many exhibits have been received, and there is reason to think that next season a very interesting collection of objects will be brought together. Anyone who has Brontë relics to lend will oblige the Council by sending them, and they may rest assured that the greatest care for their protection will be exercised. An insurance policy

against fire and burglary has been taken out and the showcases are all kept securely locked. During the year the following have presented articles to the Museum:—

MRS. WHITLEY (of Bury): Autograph Letter from the Rev. Patrick Brontë to the late Mr. Wm. Robinson, artist, of Leeds, who taught Branwell and Charlotte Brontë the art of painting.

MR. G. F. PARKER (U.S. Consul, Birmingham): First American Edition of Brontë Poems.

MR. W. HOWGATE (Leeds): Portrait in oils of the Rev. Patrick Brontë.

MR. W. CRAIBE ANGUS (Glasgow): A copy of the Archivists' Journal, containing reproductions of letters written by Charlotte Brontë.

MR. J. J. STEAD (Heckmondwike): Two frames, containing Photographs of Scenes and Characters mentioned in the Brontë Novels.

MRS. POLLARD (of Hertford): Small editions of "Jane Eyre," "Shirley," and "Villette," and a Scrap Album of Brontë Cuttings.

MR. L. HAINSWORTH (of Farsley): A Scrap Album of Brontë Cuttings, and Scruton's "Birthplace of Charlotte Brontë," bound in vellum.

MISS DIXON (Lancaster): Needle Case, with inscription written by Maria Brontë.

THE KEIGHLEY PHOTOGRAPHIC SOCIETY presented photos. of places of Brontë interest in Haworth and neighbourhood, and others have been promised.

We regret that the appeal on behalf of the Museum Fund which was issued about a year ago has not met with the support wished for. We are extremely anxious to acquire by purchase and otherwise articles for the Museum, and would strongly appeal to all Brontë admirers to assist by monetary and other gifts. The attendance at the Museum has been very satisfactory. Although it has only been open about 7 months there have been nearly 10,000 visitors, and the visitors' book bears the signatures of people residing in almost every part of the world. The interest taken in the writings of the talented sisters is universal, and their names will live amongst the foremost writers of this or any generation. The primary objects of our Society are to gather together the few remaining relics connected with the family before they are all dispersed, and to bind together the admirers of those who have done so much to make our Yorkshire life and moors known all over the world.

LIFE MEMBERS.

Adam, A., Steeton Hall, Keighley
 Devonshire, His Grace the Duke of, Devonshire House, London
 Crewe, Rt. Hon. Viscount, Dublin Castle, Ireland
 Holden, Sir Isaac, Bart, Oakworth, Keighley
 Law, William, Littleborough, near Manchester
 Smith, George, 15, Waterloo Place, London, S.W.
 Waugh, John, Sunbridge Road, Bradford

ANNUAL SUBSCRIBERS.

Ackroyd, George, J.P., 6, North Park Road, Manningham
 Aked, Frank, Birch Cottage, Dewsbury
 Anderton, Mrs., The Nook, Park Road, Bradford
 Ashworth, Thomas E., Todmorden Hall, Todmorden
 Aylward, F. Graham, High Street, Hereford
 Backhouse, Miss, Park View, 650, Heaton Road, Bradford
 Bairstow, James, Manufacturer, Sutton, Yorks.
 Barrett, John, Technical School, Dewsbury
 Beaver, John H., Gledhow, Oxenhope
 Beever, John, Devonshire Street, Keighley
 Behrens, Charles, 36, Princess Street, Manchester
 Bevers, Geo. Herbert, 15, Talbot Street, Batley
 Bingham, Hugh, 14, Salthorn Street, Oakenshaw
 Binns, William, Cackleshaw, Oakworth, near Keighley
 Bishop, Charles F., 69, Queen's Road, Nottingham
 Bland, Hophni, Haworth
 Bottomley, Alfred, 14, Cooke Street, Keighley
 Brade, Margaret, "Black Bull" Hotel, Haworth
 Brigg, B. S., Burlington House, Keighley
 Brigg, J. J., Guard House, Keighley
 Brigg, Miss M. M., Kildwick Hall, near Keighley
 Brigg, Ald. J., M.P., Kildwick Hall, near Keighley
 Brigg, W. A., Kildwick Hall, near Keighley
 Briggs, Wm., Wakefield
 Brooke, G. H., Mechanics' Buildings, Bradford
 Brookes, W. M., 6, Hinchcliffe Street, Bradford
 Bullock, Coun. Benj., Oxford Road, Dewsbury
 Caldwell, Jonathan, "Echo Office," Brighouse
 Cameron, W. S., "Mercury" Office, Leeds
 Cardew, Arthur, 4, North View, Wimbeldon
 Carson, Rev. Thos. W., M.A., Clarisford, Cowper Road, Dublin
 Chadwick, Mrs. John, Netherton Hall, near Wakefield
 Chadwick, Coun. Thos., Beckett Road, Dewsbury
 Chadwick, S. J., Lyndhurst, Dewsbury
 Clapham, J. A., Market Street, Bradford
 Clarke, Rev. Canon L., M.A., The Vicarage, Dewsbury
 Clough, Miss Annie, Beechcliffe, Keighley
 Clough, John, Junr., The Shroggs, Steeton, near Keighley
 Clough, Miss Maud, Haincliffe, near Keighley
 Clough, Miss Minnie, 99, New Cross Street, West Bowling, Bradford
 Clough, Miss Marion, Beechcliffe, Keighley
 Clulow, Robert H., "Liverpool Express" Office, St. Helens, Lancs.
 Cockerham, J. W., Heather Bank, Bingley
 Cockshott, Jonas S., Dockroyd, Oakworth
 Cockshott, Miss P., Wildfell, Oakworth
 Cockshott, Miss, Oakworth, near Keighley
 Collyer, Rev. Robert, D.D., New York, U.S.A.

Constable, W., 29, Kirkgate, Bradford
 Cortazzo, Emma C., Meadville, Pennsylvania, U.S.A.
 Couper, W. J., M.A., 73, Market Street, Musselburgh, Scotland
 Crabtree, Councillor Wm., Dewsbury Moor, Dewsbury
 Craven, C. A., Gas Works, Savile Town, Dewsbury
 Crawshaw, C. Brooke, Rufford Lodge, Oxford Road, Dewsbury
 Crook, W. J., Almora, The Ridgeway, Enfield, London
 Davis, Mrs. Maxwell, 2, Albert Mansions, Hove, Brighton
 Denham, J. W., Hartford House, Huddersfield
 Dewsbury Public Free Library (W. H. Smith, Librarian), Dewsbury
 Dickens, J. Norton, 12, Oak Villas, Bradford
 Doubleday, W. E., 48, Priory Road, London, N.W.
 Dunlop, George, "Standard" Office, Kilmarnock
 Dunne, Rev. J. W., St. Mary's Vicarage, Laisterdyke
 Dyson, George, Argyle Street, Marsden, near Huddersfield
 Empsall, T. T., Ashgrove, Bradford
 Fawthrop, Joseph, Bowling Old Lane, Bradford
 Feather Edwin, Main Street, Haworth
 Federer, C. A., Hallfield Road, Bradford
 Fearnside, Miss, Bank Top, Dewsbury
 France, Hiram, "Herald" Office, Keighley
 Field, George, West Bank, Heaton, Bradford
 Field, W. T., 45, Athol Road, Manningham, Bradford
 Flint, Mrs. Alonzo, 122, Waterman St., Providence, Rhode I., U.S.A.
 Fox, Ald. T. Bateman, Springfield Terrace, Dewsbury
 Fox, Miss Annie, Ivy Terrace, Dewsbury
 Frankland, M., Principal, Grammar School, Ossett
 Galloway, F. C., Greenfield House, West Bowling, Bradford
 Galloway, Mrs. F. C., Greenfield House, West Bowling, Bradford
 Galloway, Jesse, Ashton House, Morecambe
 Gaskarth, Henry, 26, Howard Street, Bradford
 Gaskell, C. Milnes, 36, Hertford Street, London, W.
 (Four years' Subscriptions.)
 Gleave, Joseph J., 8, Oldham Street, Manchester
 Glover, Miss Edith H., 69, Wynnstay Gardens, Kensington, London, W.
 Gordon, James, Bradford Old Bank, Ltd., Bradford
 Greener, Miss Amy, 84, Arlington Road, Tulse Hill, London, S.W.
 Greenwood, Miss Marion, Newnham College, Cambridge
 Greenwood, Dr. Frederick, Brampton, Chesterfield
 Greenwood, J. F., Oxenhope
 Haddock, A., Market Street, San Francisco, California, U.S.A.
 Haigh, David, South View, Holmfirth, near Huddersfield
 Haigh, Rev. John, Beechcliffe, Keighley
 Hamilton, Thomas., The Elms Altrincham, near Manchester
 Hainsworth, L., Oakwell Cottage, Farsley, near Leeds
 Hardy, Herbert, Earlsheaton, near Dewsbury
 Harrison, Miss, The Mount School, York
 Hartley, Miles F., 17, Boynton Terrace, Bradford
 Hawley, Miss Margaret F., Santa Barbara, California, U.S.A.
 Hawley, Miss J. M., Santa Barbara, California, U.S.A.
 Haygarth, Thomas, South Street, Keighley
 Heaton, John P., Manorlands, Oxenhope
 Hemingway, Wilson, Anroyd, Dewsbury
 Hobkirk, C.P., F.L.S., Park Street, Dewsbury [Surrey
 Hobson, Mrs. A. Jean, Coverdale Lodge, King's Road, Richmond,
 Horsfall, T. H., The Mount, Heckmondwike
 Holmes, A., 6, Victoria Road, Haworth
 Holmes, John, Ivy Cottage, Daisy Hill, Bradford
 Hurst, Arthur, 6, Fern Street, Haworth

Ingram, John, Dewsbury
 Jennings, Councillor W., Auctioneer, Bradford
 Jones, Rev. E. Ceredig, Bertram Road, Manningham
 Keighley, Alex., Low Street Mill, Keighley
 Keyworth, Rev. Thomas, 9, Elmfield Terrace, Halifax
 Kilburn, Alderman Edward (Mayor), West Park Street, Dewsbury
 Kitson, Miss Hilda, Gledhow Hall, Leeds
 Knowles, Miss E., 11, Queen's Road, Manningham
 Lancaster, Seth, Wakefield Road, Bradford
 Lancaster, W. W., Wakefield Road, Bradford
 Lund, R. W., Malsis Hall, Keighley
 Lee, Edmund, Rydal Bank, Park Drive, Bradford
 Lee, P. F., Technical College, Dewsbury
 Leigh, Rev. N. Egerton, Kirkstall Vicarage, Leeds
 Lord, Miss Mary, 90, Horton Road, Bradford
 Lössels, W., 5, Parkfield Road, Manningham
 Lusk, Rev. J. B., The Manse, Ballynaskeagh, Longhbrickland, Co. Down
 Marriott, C. H., Manor Lawn, Dewsbury
 Matthews, W. H., Mechanics' Buildings, Bradford
 Mawdesley, E., Town Clerk, Dewsbury
 McMenan, Wm., B.A., Kilmarnock House, Kilmarnock
 Meeker, Claude, U.S. Consul, Swan Arcade, Bradford
 Merritt, E. P., 407, Marlborough Street, Boston, Mass., U.S.A.
 Merritt, Mrs. E. P., 407, Marlborough Street, Boston, Mass., U.S.A.
 Merritt, Mrs. Geo. W., 39, Huntingdon Avenue, Boston, Mass., U.S.A.
 Mitchell, Herbert, Bowling Park, Bradford
 Moore, Miss, Ashfield, Bradford
 Moore, F. D., East Royd, Oakworth
 Moore, Miss, Highfield, Oakworth
 Morrison, Lady, St. Clair, Greencroft Gardens, Hampstead, Lond. N.W.
 Newbould, Alfred, 175, Hollings Road, Bradford
 Nicoll, Dr. Robertson, Bay Tree Lodge, Frogmal, Hampstead, N.W.
 Nutter, John, Technical College, Bradford
 Ogle, J. J., 258, Hawthorne Road, Bootle
 Oldfield, J. Reffitt, c/o Mr. James Newman, 24, Soho Sq., London, W.
 Oldroyd, Mrs. G. H., Firdine, Gomersal, near Leeds
 Parker, Mrs., Whinn Knowle, Oxenhope
 Parkin, Robert, Spring Cottage, Heckmondwike
 Parry, Mrs. J. W., 31, Beverley Road, Anerley, London, S.E.
 Patchett, George, Manor Royd, Halifax
 Patchett, Frank, J.P., Heathside, Halifax
 Patchett, Riley, Fernside, Halifax
 Pawson, Thomas, 90, Sydenham Place, Bradford
 Peel, Frank, Heckmondwike
 Pollard, Mrs. M., Belle Vue, Bengoe, Hertford
 Pollard, Collingwood, 5, Cheapside, Bradford
 Pollock, Hugh, 50, Northumberland Road, Dublin
 Priestley, W. E. B., Rosemount, Manningham Lane, Bradford
 Prior, Rev. Robert, Prage, Crowan, near Penzance, Cornwall
 Rabagliati, Dr., St. Paul's Road, Manningham
 Redman, J. H. S., Haworth
 Redman, Mrs. Percy, Craven Royd, Haworth, near Keighley
 Richards, Alderman T., West-town, Dewsbury
 Roberts, Kilburn, 21, Cunliffe Terrace, Manningham
 Robinson, Arthur, 3, Regent Terrace, Gateshead-on-Tyne
 Robinson, Miss M. A., Dockroyd, Oakworth
 Robinson, J. Ryley, Westgate, Dewsbury
 Ross, Percival, Surveyor, North Bierley, near Bradford
 Scholes, E. F., J.P., Somerset House, Morley

Scott, A. F., 5, Cleveland Road, Manningham
 Scott, Miss C. H., Ashfield, Skipton-in-Craven
 Scott, Miss Maggie, School-house, Lauder, Scotland
 Scharff, W., Hick Street, Vicar Lane, Bradford
 Shannon, W. C., Editor, "Catholic World," 27, Kirkgate, Bradford
 Shaw, John, 128, Meadow Street, Alexandra Park, Manchester
 Shaw, Walter T., 31, Spring Gardens Road, Heaton, Bradford
 Shorter, Clement, Editor, 198, Strand, London, W.C.
 Skidmore, Charles, Stipendiary, Bradford
 Sleath, J. S., Oakes House, near Halifax
 Slugg, Rev. Josiah T., Wesleyan Minister, Oxenhope
 Smith, Rev. Canon Travers, Vicarage, Clyde Road, Dublin
 Smith, Swire, Keighley
 Smith, W. H., Public Free Library, Dewsbury
 Speak Miss, Springfield, Oxenhope
 Stead, J. J., Heckmondwike
 Steinthal, Francis, Currer Street, Bradford
 Stuart, Dr. J. A. Erskine, High Street, Heckmondwike
 Sutcliffe, Tom, Binns Hill, Warley, near Halifax
 Sugden, C. E., Ashmount, Haworth
 Sugden, Mrs. C. E., Ashmount, Haworth
 Sugden, John, 22, Greenhead Road, Huddersfield
 Sugden, John, Oakworth
 Sugden, Miss, Worth View, Oakworth
 Sutton, Charles W., Free Reference Library, King Street, Manchester
 Sylvester, Rev. Father, St. Charles' College, North Kensington, W.
 Taylor, H. J., Portland Villas, Bath Street, Dewsbury
 Taylor, Rev. R. V., Melbeck's Vicarage, near Richmond
 Taylor, Wm., Rydal Mount, Brighouse
 Taylor, Miss Emily Howson, 118, Chester Road, Northwich, Cheshire
 Tattersfield, G. H., Bankfield Mill, Mirfield
 Teal, J., 4, Rhodes Street, Halifax
 Thompson, W. R., 1, Highbury Terrace, Dewsbury
 Thornton, Councillor R., Eightlands, Dewsbury
 Town, William, The Hills, Bingley
 Turner, J. Horsfall, Idle, near Bradford
 Unwin, S. P., Hall Royd, Shipley
 Walker, Alderman John, Lees House, Dewsbury
 Walker, Walter, Westcliffe, Dewsbury
 Wallis, A., Clayton
 Wallis, Miss F., Clayton
 Walliss, Mrs. E., Earlsheaton, near Dewsbury
 Ward, Miss M. A., 3, The Terrace, East Boldon, Durham
 White Wm., Gilstead, Bingley
 Whitley, Jonas, Canal Road, Bradford
 Williamson, Reuben, West Field, Huddersfield
 Wilson, Mrs Fred, 1, Anroyd Street, Dewsbury
 Wise, Thomas J., Ashley Road, Crouch Hill, London, N.
 Women's Tour Rest Association, Boston, U.S.A.
 (Fifteen years' Subscriptions, from January 1st 1895).
 Woodhead, A. L., M.A., Langdenholme, Huddersfield
 Woodhead, Ernest, M.A., Clovelly, Huddersfield
 Woodhead, Joseph, Langdenholme, Huddersfield
 Wood, Butler, Free Library, Bradford
 Wright, Rev. Dr. Wm., Woolsthorpe, Upper Norwood, London, S.E.
 Yates, W. W., "Reporter Office," Dewsbury
 Yates, Miss, Elmwood Terrace, Dewsbury
 Young, Miss, Glen Villa, Egerton, Huddersfield

THE BRONTË SOCIETY, MUSEUM ACCOUNT.

Local Treasurer's Statement, December 31st, 1895.

W. Robertshaw, Local Treasurer.

RECEIPTS.		PAYMENTS.	
1895.	£ s. d.		£ s. d.
May. Cash received for admissions (per Caretaker)	1 2 0 1 17 0	Caretaker's Wages	9 6 6
June. " " " " " "	13 13 0	Sundries	0 2 4
July. " " " " " "	8 18 0	Gas Account	0 3 1
August. " " " " " "	11 7 0	Balance remitted to Brontë	£ s. d.
September. " " " " " "	9 2 0	Society's Treasurer	17 10 0
October. " " " " " "	2 10 0	Do.	21 14 7
November. " " " " " "	0 13 0	Do.	1 2 9
December. " " " " " "	0 13 3		40 7 4
Bank Interest	0 3 3		
	<u>£49 19 3</u>		<u>£49 19 3</u>

January 10th, 1896. Examined and found correct, LEWIS HAINSWORTH } Auditors.
ALFRED NEWBOULT }

THE BRONTË SOCIETY AND MUSEUM.

Special Museum Fund.—*Treasurer's Statement, December 31st, 1895.*

RECEIPTS.		PAYMENTS.	
	£ s. d.		£ s. d.
Balance brought forward	11 15 0	Exhibition Showcases	32 7 6
C. Milnes Gaskell (donation)	5 0 0	12 Chairs	2 2 0
Dewsbury friends per Mr. Yates (surplus on Annual Tea)	1 4 6	Contribution Boxes and repairs	0 13 3
Miss M. A. Ward	0 1 6	Blinds	3 9 0
Miss Maggie Scott	0 5 0	Linoleum, &c.	5 14 0
Contribution Boxes at Museum	1 2 2½	Fire Guards	2 13 0
" per Miss H.	0 0 4	Insurance Premium	1 10 0
Admission Fees at Museum	40 7 4	Keighley Union Poor Rate	1 0 0
		Painting	0 13 4
		" Sign	0 3 0
		Advertising	1 7 0
		Bill Posting	0 6 0
		Printing	3 7 6
		Coals	1 2 0
		Stamps, Post Cards, &c.	2 0 5
		Expenses at Opening of Museum	0 18 0
		Rent—March 1st to November 30th, 1895	9 0 0
Balance transferred from Society's General Fund	8 10 1½		
	£68 6 0		£68 6 0

January 10th, 1896. Examined and found correct, LEWIS HAINSWORTH } Auditors.
ALFRED NEWBOULT }

THE BRONTË SOCIETY AND MUSEUM.

Treasurer's Statement, December 31st, 1895.

[illegible]

January 10th, 1896.	Examined and found correct,	LEWIS HAINSWORTH	} Auditors.
		ALFRED NEWBOULT	

THE
BRONTË SOCIETY.

THIRD
ANNUAL REPORT,

PRESENTED AT THE ANNUAL MEETING
HELD AT
BRADFORD, ON SATURDAY, JANUARY 16TH, 1897.



PRINTED FOR THE SOCIETY BY
M. FIELD & SONS, 64, GODWIN STREET, BRADFORD.

JANUARY, 1897.

THE BRONTË SOCIETY.

Officers for 1897.

President :

THE RIGHT HON. THE EARL OF CREWE.

Vice-Presidents :

HIS GRACE THE DUKE OF DEVONSHIRE, K.G.	Rev. R. COLLYER, D.D., New York.
SIR ISAAC HOLDEN, BART., M.P.	Rev. WM. WRIGHT, D.D.
SIR T. WEMYSS REID.	Rev. CANON CLARKE, M.A.
SIR REGINALD GRAHAM.	H. I. BUTTERFIELD, Esq.
AUGUSTINE BIRRELL, ESQ., M.P.	C. MILNES GASKELL, Esq.
JOHN BRIGG, Esq., M.P.	WM. LAW, Esq.
	GEORGE SMITH, Esq.

Council :

Chairman : Mr. J. J. BRIGG, M.A., Keighley.

Mr. J. CALDWELL,	Brighouse.	Mr. P. F. LEE,	Dewsbury.
Mr. W. S. CAMERON,	Leeds.	Mr. W. E. B. PRIESTLEY, J.P.,	Bdfd.
Miss COCKSHOT,	Oakworth.	Mr. J. H. S. REDMAN,	Haworth.
Mr. C. A. FEDERER,	Bradford.	Mr. WM. ROBERTSHAW,	Keighley.
Mrs. F. C. GALLOWAY,	Bradford.	Mr. J. J. STEAD,	Heckmondwike.
Mr. J. F. GREENWOOD,	Oxenhope.	Mrs. C. E. SUGDEN,	Haworth.
Mr. L. HAINSWORTH,	Farsley.	Mr. WM. TAYLOR,	Brighouse.
Mr. COUNCILLOR JENNINGS,	Bradford.	Mr. J. HORSFALL TURNER, J.P.,	Idle.
Mr. CLAUDE MEEKER,		Mr. JOHN WAUGH,	Settle.
U.S. Consul, Bradford.		Mr. W. W. YATES,	Dewsbury.

Local Committee : Mrs. Sugden, Miss Cockshott, Mr. J. J. Brigg,

Mr. J. H. S. Redman, Mr. J. F. Greenwood (*Secretary*),
and Mr. Wm. Robertshaw (*Treasurer*)

Caretaker at Museum : Mr. J. M. Helliwell, 8, Shirley Street, Haworth.

Hon. Treasurer :

Mr. ALFRED NEWBOULT, 175, Hollings Mount, Bradford.

Bibliographical Secretary :

Mr. BUTLER WOOD, Free Library, Bradford.

Corresponding Secretary :

Mr. W. T. FIELD, 64, Godwin Street, Bradford.

To whom all Communications should be addressed.

ANNUAL REPORT.



It is again the pleasing duty of the Council to have a satisfactory year's work to report. The objects of the Society have been pursued with vigour, and progress has undoubtedly been made.

THE ANNUAL MEETING

was held at the Keighley Mechanics' Institute on Saturday, January 18th, 1896. The Rev. Canon Lowther Clarke (Vicar of Dewsbury) presided in the unavoidable absence of Mr. John Brigg, M.P. The Annual Report was read and the usual business, including election of officers, transacted. The Rev. Thos. Keyworth, of Halifax, read an excellent paper on "Morton Village in *Jane Eyre*," whilst "Stray Notes on the Brontës" was the subject taken by Dr. J. A. Erskine Stuart, of Batley. The members were afterwards entertained at tea through the kind invitation of Mr. John Brigg. The attendance was good, and the re-union proved a very interesting one.

MEMBERSHIP.

We have now a membership of 260, a nett increase of 30 on last year. As only those members who have paid their subscription are taken into account, this result is very satisfactory.

THE COUNCIL

has met during the year at the Bradford Free Library. A lively interest has been taken in our meetings at which there has been an average attendance of nearly 12. It is with keen regret that we have to report the death of two members of the Council, Mr. F. C. Galloway and Mr. T. T. Empsall. Mr. Galloway, who had filled the post of treasurer since the formation of the Society, passed away on the 8th of February last. He was a warm friend to the Society, one of his last acts being to make arrangements for presenting each member with a copy of his "Illustrated List of Objects in the Museum." Mr. Empsall had also been a member of the Council since the commencement,

and was an enthusiastic Brontë admirer, as well as student of antiquarian lore. Votes of condolence were forwarded to the families of both gentlemen, and the Society was represented at their funerals. The Council has been fortunate in securing the services of Mr. Alfred Newbould, as treasurer.

THE MUSEUM

at Haworth still maintains its popularity. During the year we have taken the sum of £42 16s. 10d., against £40 7s. 4d. last year, which is an increase of £2 9s. 6d. The Council acknowledges with thanks the gift to the Museum, by Mr. C. E. Crouch, of Messrs. Smith Elder & Co., London, of four framed photos. (two of Mr. George Smith, one of Mr. Williams, and a view of the old publishing house in Cornhill.)

The following articles have been purchased during the year:—One water-colour and three chalk drawings by Charlotte Brontë; a spectacle case, sovereign scales, and silk handkerchief which belonged to the Rev. Patrick Brontë, besides a copper tea urn, leather letter case, and three pieces of china which were formerly in use at the Haworth Vicarage; and a silk shawl worn by Charlotte Brontë on her wedding tour. Our purchases have also included three old photographs, a letter written by Rev. Patrick Brontë to Nancy Garrs, and a frame containing valuable autograph signatures by Currer, Ellis, and Acton Bell.

For next spring we have received the promise on loan of a valuable collection of exhibits from London and elsewhere, and the Council intend to do everything in their power to keep the Museum in as efficient a state as possible. They would again remind those who have Brontë articles of interest, manuscripts, letters, drawings, &c., that they would be pleased to receive them on loan. It is the desire of the Council to make the permanent collection as large as possible, and subscriptions to the Museum Furnishing Fund will be gladly received.

The Society has fully justified its existence, and the renewed interest taken in the Brontës is everywhere manifest, letters of inquiry are regularly received from all parts of the United Kingdom and America. From statistics issued by the librarians of public institutions and free libraries it is evident that the Brontë novels are read more than ever. Mr. Shorter's work *Charlotte Brontë and her Circle*

has undoubtedly been one of the chief events of the year to Brontë students, and has given a stimulus to the study. If its issue had been delayed many years longer the difficulties in the way would have been unsurmountable. It is pleasing to note that Mr. Shorter has received material assistance in its production from members of our Society. Notwithstanding the thoroughness of Mr. Shorter's work there is still a large field open for Brontë students, inasmuch as he has purposely made no attempt to deal with the topographical side of the subject. This, together with the critical study of the writings, will supply the Society with ample material for its labours for many years to come.



LIFE MEMBERS.

Adam, A., Steeton Hall, Keighley
 Devonshire, His Grace the Duke of, Devonshire House, London
 Crewe, The Rt. Hon. The Earl of, Dublin Castle, Ireland
 Dyson, George, Argyle Street, Marsden, near Huddersfield
 Holden, Sir Isaac, Bart., Oakworth, Keighley
 Law, William, Littleborough, near Manchester
 Smith, George, 15, Waterloo Place, London, S.W.
 Waugh, John, Sunbridge Road, Bradford

Women's Tour Rest Association, Boston, U.S.A.
 (Fifteen years' Subscription from Jan. 1st, 1895.)

ANNUAL SUBSCRIBERS.

Ackroyd, George, J.P., 6, North Park Road, Bradford
 Aked, Frank, Birch Cottage, Highgate Road, Dewsbury
 Allbutt, H. A., M.R.C.P., E., &c., 24, Park Square, Leeds
 Anderton, Mrs., The Nook, Park Royd, Bradford
 Ashworth, Thos. E., Todmorden Hall, Todmorden
 Backhouse, Miss, Park View, 650, Heaton Road, Bradford
 Bairstow, James, Manufacturer, Sutton-in-Craven
 Barrett, John, Trinity Mount, Dewsbury
 Barrans, F. C., Mount Pleasant, Oak Lane, Bradford
 Barker, W. T., Bank House, Apperley Bridge, near Leeds
 Beaver, John H., Gleadhow Mount, Oxenhope, near Keighley
 Beaver, John, 89, Devonshire Street, Keighley
 Bentham, T. H., 7, Spring Place, Bradford
 Benington, Henry, 7, Wentworth Terrace, Wakefield
 Bingham, Hugh, 14, Salthorn Street, Oakenshaw
 Binns, J. A., 11, Oak Lane, Bradford
 Binns, Wm., The Sykes, Oakworth, near Keighley
 Bishop, Charles F., 69, Queen's Road, Nottingham
 Bland, Hophni, Haworth, near Keighley
 Bottomley, Alfred, 14, Cooke Street, Keighley
 Brigg, B. S., Burlington House, Keighley
 Brigg, J. J., Guard House, Keighley
 Brigg, Miss M. M., Kildwick Hall, near Keighley
 Brigg, Alderman J., M.P., Kildwick Hall, near Keighley
 Brigg, W. A., Kildwick Hall, near Keighley
 Briggs, Wm., Wakefield
 Brooke, G. H., Mechanics' Buildings, Bradford
 Brookes, W. M., 6, Hinchcliffe Street, Bradford
 Burrell, Arthur, M.A., 64, St. Mary's Road, Bradford
 Butterworth, J. S., c/o Messrs. Smithson Bros., 9, York Street,
 Byles, W. P., "Observer," Office, Bradford [Manchester
 Byles, Mrs., Oakfield, Manningham, Bradford
 Caldwell, Jonathan, Holme View, Brighouse
 Cameron, W. S., "Mercury" Office, Leeds
 Cardew, Arthur, 4, North View, Wimbledon Common, Surrey
 Chadwick, Mrs. John, Netherton Hall, near Wakefield
 Chadwick, S. J., F.S.A., Lyndhurst, Dewsbury
 Clapham, J. A., 5, Bank Street, Bradford
 Clarke, Rev. Canon L., M.A., The Vicarage, Dewsbury

Clough, Miss Annie, Beechcliffe, Keighley
 Clough, Miss Marion, Beechcliffe, Keighley
 Clough, John, Junr., The Shroggs, Steeton, Yorks.
 Clough, Miss Maude, Haincliffe, near Keighley
 Clough, Miss Minnie, 97, New Cross Street, West Bowling, Bradford
 Clough, Wm., The Knoll, Keighley
 Clulow, Robt. H., "Liverpool Express" Office, St. Helens, Lancs.
 Cockerham, J. W., Heather Bank, Bingley
 Cockshott, Miss P., Wildfell, Oakworth, near Keighley
 Cockshott, Miss, Oakworth, near Keighley
 Collyer, Rev. Robert, D.D., New York, U.S.A.
 Constable, W., 29, Kirkgate, Bradford
 Constantine, Joseph, 23, Oxford Street, Manchester
 Copley, James, 60, Whetley Hill, Bradford
 Cortazzo, Madame E. C., Meadville, Pennsylvania, U.S.A.
 Couper, Rev. W. J., M.A., Free Manse, Kirkurd, Dolphinton, N.B.
 Craven, C. A., Gas Works, Saville Town, Dewsbury
 Crawshaw, C. Brooke, Rufford Lodge, Oxford Road, Dewsbury
 Crook, W. J., Almora, The Ridgeway, Enfield, London
 Daniel, Miss Cecilia H., Lough Kee Lodge, Glasson, Athlone,
 Co. Westmeath, Ireland
 Davis, Mrs. Maxwell, 2, Albert Mansions, Hove, Brighton
 Day, George, J.P., Hemp Merchant, Hanging Heaton, Dewsbury
 Denham, J. W., Hartford House, Huddersfield
 Dewsbury Public Free Library (W. H. Smith, Librarian)
 Dickons, J. Norton, 12, Oak Villas, Bradford
 Doubleday, W. E., 48, Priory Road, London, N.W.
 Dunlop, George, "Standard" Office, Kilmarnock.
 Fawthrop, Joseph, Bowling Old Lane, Bradford
 Feather, Edwin, 7, Mill Hey, Haworth, near Keighley
 Feather, Alderman Smith, The Rookery, Baildon
 Fearnside, Miss, Bank Top, Dewsbury
 Federer, C. A., 8, Hallfield Road, Bradford
 Ferguson, Miss M. D., 25, Albert Place, Stirling
 Field, George, West Bank, Heaton, Bradford
 Field, W. T., 45, Athol Road, Bradford
 Flint, Mrs. Alonzo, 122, Waterman St., Providence, Rhode I., U.S.A.
 Fox, Miss A. M., 2, Highbury Terrace, Dewsbury
 France, Hiram, "Herald" Office, Keighley
 Galloway, F. C. (the late), Greenfield House, West Bowling, Bradford
 Galloway, Mrs. F. C., Greenfield House, West Bowling, Bradford
 Galloway, Jesse, Ashton House, Ashton Road, Morecambe
 Gaskarth, Henry, 26, Howard Street, Bradford
 Gaskell, C. Milnes, 36, Hertford Street, London, W.
 Gleave, Joseph J., 8, Oldham Street, Manchester
 Glover, Miss Edith H., 10, Leonard Place, Kensington, London, W.
 Gordon, James, Bradford Old Bank, Bradford
 Graves, Henry, 16, Marlborough Road, Bradford
 Green, Fred, Ward Street, Dewsbury
 Greener, Miss Amy, 84, Arlingford Road, Tulse Hill, London, S.W.
 Greenwood, Miss Mariou, Newham College, Cambridge
 Greenwood, J. F., Oxenhope, near Keighley
 Greenwood, R. M., 2, Mannville Terrace, Bradford
 Greenwood, Dr. Fredk., Haddon Cottage, Brampton, Chesterfield
 Haddock, A., Market Street, San Francisco, California, U.S.A.
 Haggas, Mrs. J. H., The Manor, Oakworth, near Keighley

Haigh, David, South View, Holmfirth, near Huddersfield
 Haigh, Rev. John, Beechcliffe, Keighley
 Hainsworth, Lewis, Oakwell Cottage, Farsley, near Leeds
 Hailstone, Rev. S., M.A., Walton Lodge, Broughton Park, Manchester
 Hamilton, Thos., The Elms, Altrincham, near Manchester
 Hardy, Herbert, Earlsheaton, near Dewsbury
 Harrison, Miss, The Mount School, York
 Hartley, Miles E., 17, Boynton Terrace, Bradford
 Hawley, Miss Margaret F., Santa Barbara, California, U.S.A.
 Hawley, Miss J. M., Santa Barbara, California, U.S.A.
 Haygarth, Thos., South Street, Keighley
 Heaton, John P., Manorlands, Oxenhope, near Keighley
 Hemingway, Wilson, Anroyd, Dewsbury
 Hewitson, Rev. J. R., 3, Connaught Park Gardens, Dover
 Hirst, Arthur, 6, Fern Street, Haworth, near Keighley
 Hobkirk, C. P., F.L.S., Park Street, Dewsbury
 Hobson, Mrs. G. A. Coverdale Lodge, King's Rd., Richmond, Surrey
 Holmes, Albert, 6, Victoria Road, Haworth, near Keighley
 Holmes, John, Ivy Cottage, Daisy Hill, Bradford
 Horsfall, T. H., The Mount, Heckmondwike
 Ingram, John, Dewsbury
 Jackson, F. W., R.B.A., Studio, Middleton, Manchester
 Jennings, Councillor W., 66, Thornton Road, Bradford
 Keeling, Rev. W. H., M.A., Grammar School, Bradford
 Keighley, Alexander, Floss House, Keighley
 Keyworth, Rev. Thos., 9, Elmfield Terrace, Halifax
 King, J. A., West Bank, Heaton, Bradford
 Kitson, Miss Hilda, Gledhow Hall, Leeds
 Knowles, Miss E., 12, Queen's Road, Bradford
 Lancaster, Seth, 48, Wakefield Road, Bradford
 Lancaster, W. W., 48, Wakefield road, Bradford
 Lee, Edmund, Rydal Bank, Park Drive, Bradford
 Lee, P. F., Technical College, Dewsbury
 Leigh, Rev. N. Egerton, Kirkstall Vicarage, Leeds
 Locking, Miss, Heaton Hall, Bradford
 Lodge, S., Junr., M.D., 13, Manningham Lane, Bradford
 Lord, Miss Mary, 90, Horton Road, Bradford
 Lund, R. W., Malsis Hall, Keighley
 Lusk, Rev. J. B., The Manse, Ballynaskeagh, Loughbrickland, Co. Down
 Marriott, C. H., Manor Lawn, Dewsbury
 Matthews, W. H., Mechanics' Buildings, Bradford
 Mawdesley, E., Town Clerk, Croydon
 Mayne, W. G., Hollington, Uttoxeter
 McCarm, Councillor, Westgate, Dewsbury
 McMennan, Wm., B.A., Kilmarnock House, Kilmarnock
 Means, Charles J., Puritan Club, Boston, U.S.A.
 Meeker, Claude, U.S. Consul, Swan Arcade, Bradford
 Merritt, E. P., 199, Marlborough Street, Boston, U.S.A.
 Merritt, Mrs. E. P., 199, Marlborough Street, Boston, U.S.A.
 Miller, J. Reynolds, Stukeley's Banking Co., Ltd., Wellington, Somerset
 Miller, Mrs. J. Reynolds do. do.
 Mitchell, Herbert, Bowling Park, Bradford
 Moore, Miss, Highfield, Oakworth, near Keighley
 Moore, Miss, 7, Ashfield, Bradford
 Morrison, Lady St. Clair, Greencroft Gardens, Hampstead, London, N.W.
 Newbould, Alfred, 175, Hollings Mount, Bradford

Newsome, Miss Annie, Wellfield, Staincliffe, Dewsbury
 Nicoll, Dr. Robertson, Bay Tree Lodge, Frognaal, Hampstead,
 Nutter, John, Technical College, Bradford [London, N.W.
 Oddy, John, Veterinary Surgeon, Moor End, Cleckheaton
 Ogle, J. J., 258. Hawthorne Road, Bootle
 Oldfield, J. Reffitt, *c/o* Mr. James Newman, 24, Soho Sq., London, W.
 Oldroyd, G. H., Firdine, Gomersal, near Leeds
 Oldroyd, Mrs. G. H., Firdine, Gomersal, near Leeds
 Palmer, H. J., Editor, "Yorkshire Post," Leeds
 Parker, Mrs., Whinn Knowle, Oxenhope, near Keighley
 Parkin, Robert, Spring Cottage, Heckmondwike
 Parr, J. A., Birkdale Road, Dewsbury
 Parry, Mrs. J. W., 31, Beverley Road, Anerley, London, S.E.
 Partington, S., 62, Russell Street, Bolton
 Patchett, George, Manor Royd, Halifax
 Patchett, Frank, J.P., Heathside, Halifax
 Patchett, Riley, Fernside, Halifax
 Patchett, John, Mildred House, Undercliffe Lane, Bradford
 Pawson, Thos., 6, Grange Terrace, Undercliffe, Bradford
 Peel, Frank, Author, Heckmondwike
 Pollard, Mrs. M., Belle Vue, Bengoe, Hertford
 Pollard, Collingwood, 5, Cheapside, Bradford
 Pollock, Hugh, 50, Northumberland Road, Dublin
 Popplewell, Alderman John, Manufacturer, Bradford
 Priestley, W. E. B., Rose Mount, Manningham Lane, Bradford
 Pringle, Rev. E., Rock Cottage, Keighley
 Puntis, Henry W., 22, College Street, Rotherham
 Rabagliati, Dr., St. Paul's Road, Bradford
 Redman, J. H. S., Haworth, near Keighley
 Redman, Mrs. Percy, Craven Royd, Haworth, near Keighley
 Richards, Alderman T., West Town, Dewsbury
 Riley, James, White's View, Bradford
 Roberts, Kilburne, 21, Cunliffe Terrace, Bradford
 Robertshaw, W., 12, Hartington Street, Keighley
 Robinson, Arthur, 3, Regent Terrace, Gateshead-on-Tyne
 Robinson, Miss M. A., Dockroyd, Haworth, near Keighley
 Robinson, J. R., Westgate, Dewsbury
 Ross, Percival, Surveyor, North Bierley, near Bradford
 Rothera, H., Stationer, Heckmondwike
 Russell, Miss Irene C., Greenhill Manse, 673, Leeds Road, Bradford
 Scarborough, Fred, 53, Mill Hey, Haworth, near Keighley
 Scholes, E. F., J.P., Somerset House, Morley
 Scharff, W., Hick Street, Vicar Lane, Bradford
 Scott, A. F., 5, Cleveland Road, Bradford
 Scott, Miss C. H., 93, Woodstock Road, Oxford
 Scott, Miss Maggie, School-house, Cleikmin, Lauder, Scotland
 Shaw, John, 128, Meadow Street, Alexandra Park, Manchester
 Shaw, James, Brow Cottage, Hove Edge, Lightcliffe
 Shepherd, Mrs., Shaw End, Kendal
 Shorter, Clement, Editor, 198, Strand, London, W.C.
 Skidmore, Charles, Stipendiary, Bradford
 Sleath, J. S., Oakes House, near Halifax
 Slugg, Rev. Josiah T., Wesleyan Minister, Oxenhope, near Keighley
 Smith, Swire, Keighley
 Smith, W. H., Public Free Library, Dewsbury
 Smith, Wm., 68, Queen Street, Morley

Speak, Miss, Springfield, Oxenhope, near Keighley
 Stead, J. J., Drysalter, Heckmondwike
 Steinthal, Francis, Currer Street, Bradford
 Stuart, Dr. J. A. Erskine, Undercliffe, Batley
 Sugden, Mrs., Black Bull Hotel, Haworth, near Keighley
 Sugden, C. E., Ashmount, Haworth, near Keighley
 Sugden, Mrs. C. E., Ashmount, Haworth, near Keighley
 Sugden, John, Oakworth, near Keighley
 Sugden, Miss, Worth View, Oakworth, near Keighley
 Sugden, John, 22, Greenhead Road, Huddersfield
 Sutcliffe, Tom, Binns Hill, Warley, near Halifax
 Sutton, Chas. W., Free Reference Library, King Street, Manchester
 Sutton, Frank, 30, Donegal Place, Belfast
 Sylvester, Rev. Father, St. Charles' College, North Kensington,
 Tattersfield, G. H., Bankfield Mill, Mirfield [London, W.
 Taylor, H. J., Portland Villas, Bath Street, Dewsbury
 Taylor, Rev. R. V., Melbeck's Vicarage, near Richmond, Yorks.
 Taylor, Wm., Rydal Mount, Brighouse
 Taylor, Miss Emily Howson, 86, New Lane, Patricroft, near Manchester
 Teal, J., 4, Rhodes Street, Halifax
 Thompson, W. R., 1, Highbury Terrace, Dewsbury
 Thornton, Councillor R., Eightlands, Dewsbury
 Town, W., The Hills, Bingley
 Turner, J. Horsfall, J.P., Idle, near Bradford
 Unwin, S. P., Hall Royd, Shipley
 Waddington, T. A. J., 1, Cumberland Street, York
 Wallis, A., Clayton, Bradford
 Wallis, Miss F., Clayton, Bradford
 Walliss Mrs. E., Highgate Terrace, Dewsbury
 Walker, Alderman John, Lees House, Dewsbury
 Walker, Walter, Westcliffe, Dewsbury
 Ward, Miss M. A., 3, The Terrace, East Boldon, Durham
 White, Wm., Gilstead, Bingley
 Williamson, Reuben, West Field, Huddersfield
 Wilson, Denison, Glenholm, Oak Mount, Bradford
 Wingrave, Wyatt, 11, Devonshire Street, Portland Place, London, W.
 Wise, T. J., Ashley Road, Crouch Hill, London, N.
 Wood, Butler, Free Library, Bradford
 Woodhead, A. L., M.A., Langdenholme, Huddersfield
 Woodhead, Joseph, Langdenholme, Huddersfield
 Woodhead, Ernest, M.A., Clovelly, Huddersfield
 Wright, Rev. Dr. Wm., Eversleigh, Glamorgan Road, Hampton Wick,
 Yates, W. W., "Reporter" Office, Dewsbury [London
 Yates, Miss A. M., Elmwood Terrace, Dewsbury
 Young, Miss Emmeline, 3, Murray Road, Egerton, Huddersfield

Annual Financial Statement—December 31st, 1896.

Dr.	RECEIPTS.		PAYMENTS.		Cr.	£ s. d.	
	£	s. d.	£	s. d.		£	s. d.
To Balance from 1895—			By Printing and Stationery	...	...	15	2 3
General Account...	...	41 9 1	Postage and Telegram	...	...	4	11 9½
Less Museum Account	...	8 10 1½	" Purchase of Brontë Society Pamphlets (part 2)	...	...	1	1 8
			" Rent of rooms for Annual Meeting at Keighley	...	...	1	15 0
" Annual Subscriptions, 1896	...	32 18 11½	" Sundry disbursements	...	...	0	12 6
" " arrears...	...	31 2 6	MUSEUM ACCOUNT.				
" " in advance	...	3 0 0	By Rent	...	...	12	0 0
" Life Member's Subscription (5/- previously paid)	...	0 7 6	General District Rate	...	...	1	2 6
" Sale of Society's Publications	...	1 17 0	Poor Rate	...	...	1	4 0
			Gas	...	...	0	6 5
MUSEUM ACCOUNT.			" Caretaker's Wages	...	...	11	7 0
To Donation, Dr. J. A. Erskine Stuart	...	1 1 0	" Insurance on Contents of Museum	...	...	2	5 3
" Miss Cockshott	...	1 1 0	" Insurance on Exhibits in transit	...	...	0	5 0
" Admission Fees at Museum	...	39 15 3	" Carriage of Exhibits	...	...	0	9 4
" Voluntary Contributions in boxes at Museum	...	0 8 9	" Repairing and Polishing Exhibition Case	...	...	1	3 6
" Sale of Photo Views and Publications at Museum	...	3 1 7	" Enamelled Sign Plate	...	...	0	12 6
" Bank Interest, Yorkshire Penny Bank,	...	0 6 1	" Purchase of Brontë Pictures and Relics	...	...	18	0 0
Haworth	...	45 13 8	" Purchase of Photo Views for Sale at Museum	...	...	0	10 0
			" Framing Pictures	...	...	1	0 3
			" Sundry Repairs and Disbursements	...	...	0	15 5
						51	1 2
MEMO. AS TO MUSEUM ACCOUNT.			" Balance at Yorkshire Penny Bank,	...	...	28	16 9
Amount due to Treasurer Dec. 31. 1896	8 10 14		Haworth	...	...	10	17 8
Payments during 1896	61 1 2		" Balance at Bradford Old Bank, Bradford	...	...	2	5 5
			" " Cash in hand	...	...	41	19 10
Receipts during 1896	69 11 84					£116	4 2½
Balance due to Treasurer	46 13 8						
	£13 17 7½						

Audited and found correct, J. A. CLAPHAM, } Auditors.
MILES E. HARTLEY, }

THE
BRONTË SOCIETY.

FOURTH
ANNUAL REPORT,

PRESENTED AT THE ANNUAL MEETING
HELD AT
HALIFAX, ON SATURDAY, JANUARY 15TH, 1898.



PRINTED FOR THE SOCIETY BY
M. FIELD & SONS, 64, GODWIN STREET, BRADFORD.

FEBRUARY, 1898.

THE BRONTË SOCIETY.

Officers for 1898.

President :

THE RIGHT HON. THE EARL OF CREWE.

Vice-Presidents :

HIS GRACE THE DUKE OF
DEVONSHIRE, K.G.
SIR T. WEMYSS REID.
SIR REGINALD GRAHAM.
AUGUSTINE BIRRELL, Esq., M.P.
JOHN BRIGG, Esq., M.P.
Rev. R. COLLYER, D.D., New York.
Rev. WM. WRIGHT, D.D.

Rev. W. ROBERTSON
NICOLL, LL.D.
Rev. CANON CLARKE, M.A.
C. MILNES GASKELL, Esq.
WM. LAW, Esq.
CLEMENT K. SHORTER, Esq.
GEORGE SMITH, Esq.
T. J. WISE, Esq.

Council :

Chairman : Mr. J. F. GREENWOOD, Haworth.

Mr. J. J. BRIGG, M.A., Keighley.
Mr. J. CALDWELL, Brighouse.
Mr. W. S. CAMERON, Leeds.
Miss COCKSHOTT, Oakworth.
Mr. C. A. FEDERER, Bradford.
Mrs. F. C. GALLOWAY, Bradford.
Mr. L. HAINSWORTH, Farsley.
Mr. Councillor JENNINGS, Bradford.
Mr. ALEX. KEIGHLEY, Steeton.
Mr. P. F. LEE, Dewsbury.

Lady MORRISON, Leeds.
Mr. W. E. B. PRIESTLEY, J.P.,
Bradford.
Mr. WM. ROBERTSHAW, Keighley.
Mrs. C. E. SUGDEN, Bingley.
Mr. WM. TAYLOR, Brighouse.
Mr. J. HORSFALL TURNER, J.P., Idle.
Mr. S. P. UNWIN, Shipley.
Mr. JOHN WAUGH, Settle.
Mr. W. W. YATES, Dewsbury.

Local Committee :

Mrs. Sugden, Miss Cockshott, Mr. J. J. Brigg,
Mr. J. F. Greenwood (*Secretary*), and Mr. Wm. Robertshaw (*Treasurer*).
Caretaker at Museum : Mr. J. M. Helliwell, 10, Changegate, Haworth.

Hon. Treasurer :

Mr. J. J. STEAD, Albert Cottage, Heckmondwike.

Bibliographical Secretary :

Mr. BUTLER WOOD, Free Library, Bradford.

Corresponding Secretary :

Mr. W. T. FIELD, 64, Godwin Street, Bradford.

ANNUAL REPORT

THE Council have again pleasure in presenting a brief summary of their year's work.

THE ANNUAL MEETING

was held at the Bradford Technical College, on Saturday, January 16th, 1897. Mr. John Brigg, M.P., presided, and there was a good attendance of members. The Annual Report and Balance Sheet were approved and Officers elected. After tea, which was provided through the kindness of Bradford friends, a

PUBLIC MEETING

was held in the large hall. Speeches were delivered by the Rev. Dr. Wm. Wright, of London, author of "The Brontës in Ireland," and the Rev. J. B. Lusk, of the Ballynaskeagh Manse, Ireland. During the evening, Mr. Stead kindly exhibited his lantern slides of places and persons connected with the Brontës and their works. There was a good attendance and the meeting passed off successfully.

RE-OPENING OF THE MUSEUM.

On Saturday, April 10th, 1897, the Museum was re-opened for the season. Mr. Clement K. Shorter of London, author of "Charlotte Brontë and her Circle," performed the ceremony, and after tea a Public Meeting was held in the Wesleyan Schoolroom, which was crowded. Mr. J. J. Brigg, M.A., occupied the chair and speeches were delivered by the Rev. Dr. Robertson Nicoll, Editor of the "British Weekly," &c., and Mr. Shorter. A report of the speeches, together with those delivered at the Annual Meeting, will be found in the "Transactions" of the Society.

THE COUNCIL.

The average attendance at the Council Meetings has been 13, and during the year Mr. J. J. Brigg has acted as chairman. It is our painful duty to have to record the death of Mr. Alfred Newbould, which occurred on the 7th of November, 1897, after 18 months faithful service as Treasurer. Mr. Newbould was a most efficient officer, and during the short time he was with us made a host of friends who sincerely mourn his loss. A wreath was placed on the coffin on behalf of the Society and many members were present at the funeral. Mr. Stead has consented to accept the post of Treasurer.

During the year, Mr. Claude Meeker, United States Consul, Bradford, who has always taken a deep interest in the Brontë Society, left Yorkshire for his native land, and the Council felt that they could not allow the occasion to pass without making some slight acknowledgment. A beautifully - illuminated Address was presented to Mr. Meeker and a resolution making him a Life Member of the Society was unanimously adopted.

MEMBERSHIP.

We have again an increase to report. The membership roll now numbers 290, and all have paid their subscriptions. This represents a nett gain of 30 on last year. A resolution has been recently adopted whereby an annual member may become a life member on payment of two guineas less half the amount of subscriptions previously paid, and it is hoped that many will avail themselves of this privilege. In the case of Corporations and other public bodies the life membership terminates at fifteen years.

PUBLICATIONS.

During the year we have issued the following :—

- Part V. Brontë Chronology.
- „ VI. Supplement to the Brontë Bibliography.
- „ VII. The “Shirley” Country.

THE MUSEUM.

The amount taken at the Museum has been £47 9s. 8d., or £4 12s. 10d. in excess of last year. At the present time there is a unique collection of objects on view from London and elsewhere, and a descriptive Note of them will be

found in the "Transactions." The Midland Railway Co. still continue to run excursions to Haworth twice weekly during the season and they are much appreciated by the public. The following Gifts to the Museum have been received :—

THE EXECUTORS OF THE LATE MR. T. T. EMPSALL (Bradford): Autograph letter by Charlotte Brontë; a pair of Shoes worn by Charlotte Brontë; a pair of the Rev. P. Brontë's Spectacles.

MR. W. W. YATES (Dewsbury): A copy of his book, "The Father of the Brontës"; a copy of the "Leeds Mercury" for December 15th, 1810, containing an interesting letter by the Rev. P. Brontë, signed "Sydney," and a copy of a communication addressed to him by Lord Palmerston.

MR. LEWIS HAINSWORTH (Farsley): Autograph letter by Martha Brown, and also an interesting pamphlet.

A VISIT TO THE "SHIRLEY" COUNTRY.

About 50 members and friends assembled at Oakwell Hall, Birstall, on Saturday, July 24th, 1897, and were driven across country to Heckmondwike, passing many places and scenes familiar to readers of "Shirley." Fine weather and perfect arrangements combined to make the visit one that will be long remembered.

MISS NUSSEY.

On November 26th, 1897, Charlotte Brontë's old and faithful friend, Miss Ellen Nussey, passed away at the ripe age of 80. The Society was represented at the funeral and also sent a wreath. Arrangements have been made for an article by Mr. William Scruton, which will appear in Part VIII. of the Publications of the Society. As Mr. Scruton had a long and intimate acquaintance with Miss Nussey, he will be well able to deal with the subject.

It is impossible to give a detailed account of our work, but sufficient will probably have been said to shew that the interest has been fully sustained. Many of the members have undertaken original literary work in the form of magazine and other articles, and in various ways the year has been an eventful one to those who take an interest in the Brontës and their writings.

LIFE MEMBERS.

Adam, A., Steeton Hall, Keighley
 Barran, J. N., Weetwood, Leeds
 Devonshire, His Grace the Duke of, Devonshire House London
 Crewe, The Rt. Hon. The Earl of, Crewe Hall, Crewe
 Dyson, George, Argyle Street, Marsden, near Huddersfield
 Law, William, Littleborough, near Manchester
 Lee, Edmund, Rydal Bank, Park Drive, Heaton, Bradford
 Letts, Chas., 8, Bartlett's Buildings, Holborn Circus, London, E.C.
 Meeker, Claude, Columbus, Ohio, U.S.A.
 Scatcherd, Mrs. A. C., Morley Hall, near Leeds
 Scott, Allen F., Kirklands Avenue, Baildon
 Smith, George, 15, Waterloo Place, London, S.W.
 Wadsworth, Henry, Turnsteads, Cleckheaton
 Waugh, John, Sunbridge Road, Bradford

Women's Tour Rest Association, Boston. U.S.A.
 (Fifteen years' Subscription from Jan. 1st, 1895.)

ANNUAL MEMBERS.

Corrected to February, 1898.

Ackroyd, George, J.P., 6, North Park Road, Bradford
 Ackroyd, J. W., 12, Woodsley Road, Leeds
 Aked Frank, Birch Cottage, Highgate Road, Dewsbury
 Allbutt, H. A., M.R.C.P., E., 24, Park Square, Leeds
 Anderton, Mrs., The Nook, Park Royd, Bradford
 Ashworth, Thos. E., Todmorden Hall, Todmorden
 Atkinson, S. Ernest, Churwell, near Leeds

Backhouse Miss, Park View Terrace, Bradford
 Bagshaw, Walter, J.P., Moorfield, Birkenshaw, near Leeds
 Bagshaw, Mrs., Moorfield, Birkenshaw, near Leeds
 Bairstow, James, Sutton-in-Craven
 Barrett, John, Trinity Mount, Dewsbury
 Barrans, F. C., 15, Glisson Road, Cambridge
 Barker, W. T., Bank House, Apperley Bridge, near Leeds
 Baxendall, Rev. J., 68, Parkfield Terrace, Lancaster
 Beaver, John H., Gleadhow Mount, Oxenhope, near Keighley
 Beaver, John, 23, St. James' Road, Ilkley
 Belfield, Mrs. W., Malmaison, Frenchay, near Bristol
 Bennett, Mrs., 1, Outwood Villas, Outwood Lane, Horsforth, Leeds
 Bentham, T. H., 7, Spring Place, Bradford
 Benington, Henry, 7, Wentworth Terrace, Wakefield
 Bingham, Hugh, 14, Salthorn Street, Oakenshaw
 Binns, J. A., 31, Manor Row, Bradford
 Binns, Wm., The Sykes, Oakworth, near Keighley
 Binns, Joseph, 10, Hallfield Place, Bradford
 Bishop, Charles F., 69, Queen's Road, Nottingham
 Blackwood, Miss, Crystal Villa, Harrogate
 Bland, Hophni, Haworth, near Keighley
 Bottomley, Alfred, 14, Cooke Street, Keighley
 Brigg, B. S., Burlington House, Keighley
 Brigg, J. J., Guard House, Keighley

- Brigg, Alderman J., M.P., Kildwick Hall, near Keighley
 Brigg, W. A., Kildwick Hall, near Keighley
 Brooke, G. H., Mechanics' Buildings, Bradford
 Brookes, W. M., 6, Hinchcliffe Street, Bradford
 Burrell, Arthur, M.A., 64, St. Mary's Road, Bradford
 Byles, W. P., "Observer" Office, Bradford
 Byles, Mrs., Oakfield, Manningham, Bradford
 Caldwell, Jonathan, Holme View, Brighouse
 Cameron, W. S., 57, Caledonian Road, Leeds
 Cardew, Arthur, 4, North View, Wimbledon Common, Surrey
 Carter, John W., 5, Carter Road, New Wortley, Leeds.
 Chadwick, Mrs. John, Huddersfield Road, Dewsbury
 Chadwick, S. J., J.P., F.S.A., Lyndhurst, Dewsbury
 Clapham, J. A., 5, Bank Street, Bradford
 Clarke, Rev. Canon L., M.A., The Vicarage, Dewsbury
 Clough, Miss Annie, Beechcliffe, Keighley
 Clough, Miss Marion, Beechcliffe, Keighley
 Clough, John, Junr., The Shroggs, Steeton, Keighley
 Clough, Miss Maud, Haincliffe, near Keighley
 Clough, Miss Minnie, 97, New Cross Street, West Bowling, Bradford
 Clough, Wm., The Knoll, Keighley
 Clulow, Robt. H., "Liverpool Express" Office, St. Helens, Lancs.
 Cockshott, Miss M. A., Wildfell, Oakworth, near Keighley
 Cockshott, Miss, Wildfell, Oakworth, near Keighley
 Collier, Mrs. Peter, 126, East 28th Street, New York City, U.S.A.
 Collyer, Rev. Robert, D.D., New York, U.S.A.
 Constable, W., 29, Kirkgate, Bradford
 Constantine, Joseph, 23, Oxford Street, Manchester
 Copley, James, 60, Whetley Hill, Bradford
 Cortazzo, Madame E. C., Meadville, Pennsylvania, U.S.A.
 Couper, Rev. W. J., M.A., Free Manse, Kirkurd, Dolphinton, N.B.
 Craven, C. A., Gasworks, Savile Town, Dewsbury
 Craven, S. K., 41, Carlisle Street, Bradford
 Crawshaw, C. B., J.P., Rufford Lodge, Dewsbury
 Crook, W. J., Almora, The Ridgeway, Enfield, London
 Crossland, Councillor, Crow Trees, Bradford Moor
 Crouch, C. E., 36, Adolphus Road, Brownswood Park, London, N.
 Crowther, Joseph, Windsor Road, Hebden Bridge
 Cummings, J. C., Normal College, Hamilton, Ontario, Canada
 Daniel, Miss C. H., Lough Kee Lodge, Glasson, Athlone, Westmeath,
 Davis, Mrs. Maxwell, 49, St. Aubyns, Hove, Brighton [Ireland
 Day, George, Blenheim House, Dewsbury
 Denham, J. W., Hartford House, Gledholt, Huddersfield
 Dewsbury Public Free Library (W. H. Smith, Librarian)
 Dickons, J. Norton, 12, Oak Villas, Bradford
 Dick-Clelland, A. B., 28, Coates Gardens, Edinburgh
 Dixon, Samuel, Malis Road, Keighley
 Dunlop, George, "Standard" Office, Kilmarnock
 Fawthrop, Joseph, 212, Bowliug Old Lane, Bradford
 Feather, Edwin, 7, Mill Hey, Haworth, near Keighley
 Fearnside, Miss, Bank Top, Dewsbury
 Federer, C. A., 8, Hallfield Road, Bradford
 Ferguson, Miss M. D., 25, Albert Place, Stirling
 Field, George, West Bank, Heaton, Bradford

Field, W. T., 45, Athol Road, Bradford
 Flint, Mrs. Alonzo, 122, Waterman St., Providence, Rhode I., U.S.A.
 France, Hiram, "Herald" Office, Keighley

Galloway, Mrs. F. C., Greenfield House, West Bowling, Bradford.
 Galloway, Jesse, Ashton House, Ashton Road, Morecambe
 Garside, Miss, 201, Burnley Road, Accrington
 Gaskarth, Henry, 26, Howard Street, Bradford
 Gaskell, C. Milnes, 36, Hertford Street, London, W.
 Gaunt, J. H., Cliff Terrace, Thorncliffe Road, Bradford
 Gleave, Joseph J., 8, Oldham Street, Manchester
 Glover, Mrs. Edith H., 10, Leonard Place, Kensington, London, W.
 Goodere, A., "Reporter" Office, Dewsbury
 Gordon, James, Park Drive, Heaton, Bradford
 Graves, Henry, 16, Marlborough Road, Bradford
 Green, Fred, Park Road, Dewsbury
 Greener, Miss Amy, 84, Arlingford Road, Tulse Hill, London, S.W.
 Greenwood, Miss Marion, Newnham College, Cambridge
 Greenwood, J. F., Ashmount, Haworth, near Keighley
 Greenwood, R. M., 2, Mannville Terrace, Bradford
 Greenwood, Dr. Fredk., Haddon Cottage, Brampton, Chesterfield

Haggas, Mrs. J. H., The Manor, Oakworth, near Keighley
 Haigh, David, South View, Holmfirth, near Huddersfield
 Hainsworth, Lewis, Oakwell Cottage, Farsley, near Leeds
 Hailstone, Rev. S., M.A., Walton Lodge, Broughton Park, Manchester
 Hardy, Herbert, Middle Road, Earlsheaton, Dewsbury
 Harrison, Miss, The Mount School, York
 Hartley, Miles E., 11, Parsonage Road, West Bowling, Bradford
 Hartley, John, "Echo" Office, Brighouse
 Harvey, E., Oakenholt, Sandrock Park, Upper Brighton, Cheshire
 Hawley, Miss Margaret F., Santa Barbara, California, U.S.A.
 Hawley, Miss J. M., Santa Barbara, California, U.S.A.
 Haygarth, Thos., South Street, Keighley
 Heaton, John P., Manorlands, Oxenhope, near Keighley
 Hemingway, H. T., Morley
 Hemingway, Wilson, Anroyd, Dewsbury
 Hepworth, Joseph, Laburnum House, Rawfolds, Cleckheaton
 Hepworth, Mrs., Laburnum House, Rawfolds, Cleckheaton
 Hewitson, Rev. J. R., 3, Connanght Park Gardens, Dover
 Hirst, Arthur, Kirklands, West Lane, Haworth, near Keighley
 Hirst, Charles, Thorndene, Huddersfield
 Hobson, Mrs. G. A., Coverdale Lodge, King's Rd., Richmond, Surrey
 Holmes, John, Ivy Cottage, Daisy Hill, Bradford
 Holmes, Albert, South Kelsey, near Caistor
 Horsfall, Edwin, 64, Hazelhurst Brow, Bradford
 Horsfall, T. H., The Mount, Heckmondwike
 Hutchinson, J., Town Hall, Dewsbury

Ingram, John, Dewsbury
 Irving, G. W., Eldon Street Heckmondwike

Jennings, Councillor W., 66, Thornton Road, Bradford
 Jennings, Miss A. M., Craven House, Bridlington
 Jewsbury, Wm. H., 183, Granville Terrace, Thornbury, Bradford
 Jones, Rev. D. Lincoln, Morley

Keighley, Alexander, The High Hall, Steeton, Keighley
 Keyworth, Rev. Thos., 9, Elmfield Terrace, Halifax
 Kidd, C. E., 6, West Parade, Halifax
 King, J. A., West Bank, Heaton, Bradford
 Kitson, Miss Hilda, Gledhow Hall, Leeds
 Knowles, Miss E., 12, Queen's Road, Bradford

Lancaster, Seth, 48, Wakefield Road, Bradford
 Lancaster, W. W., 48, Wakefield Road, Bradford
 Lee, P. F., Technical School, Dewsbury
 Leigh, Rev. N. Egerton, Kirkstall Vicarage, Leeds
 Loble, D. K., Alexandra Crescent, Dewsbury
 Locking, Miss, Rosse Mount, Heaton, Bradford
 Lodge, S., Junr., M.D., 13, Manningham Lane, Bradford
 Lord, Miss Mary, 90, Horton Road, Bradford
 Lund, R. W., The Royd, Cullingworth, Keighley
 Lusk, Rev. J. B., The Manse, Ballynaskeagh, Loughbrickland, Co. Down

Mainwaring, Rev. A., Christchurch Clergy House, Doncaster
 Mackay, Rev. Angus M., 10, Eldon Terrace, Aberdeen
 Manley, G. R., 7, Victoria Terrace, Fagley Road, Bradford
 Matthews, Rev. W., Boston, Lincolnshire
 Matthews, W. H., Mechanics' Buildings, Bradford
 Mawdesley, E., Town Clerk, Croydon
 McCann, Councillor, Bradford Road, Dewsbury
 McMenan, Wm., B.A., Kilmarnock House, Kilmarnock
 Means, Charles J., Puritan Club, Boston, U.S.A.
 Mellor, B. Dixon, 55, Highbury Hill, London, N.
 Millar, C. H., Toothill, Rastrick, Brighouse
 Miller, J. Reynolds, Stukey's Banking Co., Ltd., Wellington, Somerset
 Miller, Mrs. J. Reynolds, Stukey's Banking Co., Ltd., Wellington,
 Moore, Miss, 7, Ashfield, Bradford [Somerset
 Morrison, Lady, Stanleigh, Headingley, Leeds
 Muff, Mrs. Henry, Aston Mount, Heaton, Bradford

Newsholme, Robert, Mytholm, Haworth
 Newsome, Miss Annie, Wellfield, Staincliffe, Dewsbury
 Nicoll, Dr. Robertson, Bay Tree Lodge, Frognal, Hampstead,
 Nutter, John, Technical College, Bradford [London, N.W.]

Oddy, John, Moor End, Cleckheaton
 Oldfield, J. Reffitt, c/o Mr. James Newman, 24, Soho Sq., London, W.
 Oldroyd, G. H., Firdene, Gomersal, near Leeds
 Oldroyd, Mrs. G. H., Firdene, Gomersal, near Leeds

Palmer, H. J., Editor, "Yorkshire Post," Leeds
 Parker, Mrs. John, Whinn Knowle, Oxenhope, near Keighley
 Parkin, Robert, Spring Cottage, Heckmondwike
 Parkinson, A. T., Ashburnham Villa, North Park Road, Bradford
 Parkinson, G. T., Claremont, Bradford
 Partington, S., 62, Russell Street, Bolton
 Patchett, George, Manor Royd, Halifax
 Patchett, Frank, J.P., Heathside, Halifax
 Patchett, Riley, Fernside, Halifax
 Patchett, John, Mildred House, Undercliffe Lane, Bradford
 Patchett, Mrs. James, Oakworth, Wellington, Salop

Pawson, Thomas, 6, Westfield Terrace, Undercliffe, Bradford
 Peel, Frank, Heckmondwike
 Pearson, Rev. Mark, The Manse, Northowram, Halifax
 Pickard, Miss, Swan Arcade, Bradford
 Pickles, David, Holme House, Keighley
 Pollard, Mrs., Belle Vue, Bengoe, Hertford
 Pollard, Collingwood, 5, Cheapside, Bradford
 Pollock, Hugh, 50, Northumberland Road, Dublin
 Popplewell, Alderman John, J.P., Field Street, Bradford
 Priestley, W. E. B., J.P., Rose Mount, Manningham Lane, Bradford
 Pringle, Rev. E., Rock Cottage, Keighley
 Prior, Rev. Robert, Crowan, Penzance, Cornwall
 Pontis, Henry W., 22, College Street, Rotherham

Rabagliati, Dr., St. Paul's Road, Bradford
 Ramsden, Alfred A., Fairfield Terrace, Dewsbury
 Redman, J. H. S., Haworth, near Keighley
 Redman, Mrs. Percy, Craven Royd, Haworth, near Keighley
 Redman James, Monumental Mason, Marsh Bottom, Haworth
 Rhodes, W. V., Spen Hall, Cleckheaton
 Richards, Thomas, Alfred House, Dewsbury
 Riley, James, 25, White's View, Bradford
 Roberts, James, the Knoll, Saltaire
 Roberts, Kilburne, 21, Cunliffe, Terrace, Bradford
 Robertshaw, W., 12, Hartington Street, Keighley
 Robinson, Arthur, 3, Regent Terrace, Gateshead-on-Tyne
 Robinson, Miss M. A., Dockroyd, Oakworth, near Keighley
 Robinson, J. R., Westgate, Dewsbury
 Roper, Wm., Monumental Mason, Hebble Bank, Oakworth
 Ross, Percival, North Bierley, near Bradford
 Rothera, H., Heckmondwike
 Russell, Miss Irene C., Greenbill Manse, 673, Leeds Road, Bradford

Saynor, A. J., Colorado Springs, El Paso, County Colorado, U.S.A.
 Scarborough, Fred, 53, Mill Hey, Haworth near Keighley
 Scruton, Wm., The Whitelands, Low Baildon, Shipley
 Scharff, W., Hick Street, Vicar Lane, Bradford
 Scott, Miss C. H., 93, Woodstock Road, Oxford
 Sharpe, Mrs. W. Cecil, Warney Lea, Matlock
 Shaw, John, 128, Meadow Street, Alexandra Park, Manchester
 Shaw, James, Brow Cottage, Hove Edge, Lightcliffe, Halifax
 Shaw, Rev. J. Herbert, Church Street, Heckmondwike
 Shepherd, Mrs., Shaw End, Kendal
 Shorter, Clement K., 198, Strand, London, W.C.
 Skidmore, Charles, Stipendiary, Bradford
 Sleath, Mrs. J. S., Oakes House, near Halifax
 Slugg, Rev. Josiah T., Wesleyan Minister, Oxenhope, near Keighley
 Smelt, G. W., Hanging Heaton, near Dewsbury
 Smith, Swire, Keighley
 Smith, Wm., 68, Queen Street, Morley
 Smithson, Joseph, Yew Cottage, Lightcliffe
 Speight, Harry, Crow Nest, Bingley
 Speak, Miss, Springfield, Oxenhope, near Keighley
 Stead, J. J., Albert Cottage, Heckmondwike
 Steinthal, Francis, Currer Street, Bradford
 Stuart, Dr. J. A. Erskine, Undercliffe, Batley

- Sugden, Mrs. "Black Bull" Hotel, Haworth, near Keighley
 Sugden, C. E., Ryshworth Hall, Bingley
 Sugden, Mrs. C. E., Ryshworth Hall, Bingley
 Sugden, Miss, Worth View, Oakworth, Keighley
 Sugden, John, 22, Greenhead Road, Huddersfield
 Sutcliffe, Halliwell, Bingley
 Sutcliffe, Tom, Binns Hall, Warley, near Halifax
 Sutton, Chas. W., Free Library, King Street, Manchester
 Sutton, Frank, 13, Alexandra Crescent, Antrim Road, Belfast
 Sylvester, Rev. Father, St. Charles College, North Kensington,
 [London, W.
 Tattersfield, G. H., Bankfield Mill, Mirfield
 Taylor, H. J., Portland Villas, Bath Street, Dewsbury
 Taylor, Rev. R. V., Melbeck's Vicarage, near Richmond, Yorks.
 Taylor, Wm., Rydal Mount, Brighouse
 Taylor, Miss Emily Howson, 86, New Lane, Patricroft, near Manchester.
 Taylor, E. Reginald Medomsley, Sidcup, Kent
 Taylor, Edward, Limerick, Ireland
 Teal, J., 4 Rhodes Street, Halifax
 Thompson, W. R., 1, Highbury Terrace, Dewsbury
 Thornton, Robert, Eightlands, Dewsbury
 Town, W., The Hills, Bingley
 Turner, J. Horsfall, J.P., Idle, near Bradford
 Turner, A. R., Chapelton Gardens, Dumbarton, Scotland
 Unwin, S. P., Hall Royd, Shipley
 Vaux, Mrs. Albert, 21, Woodland Terrace, Old Charlton, Kent
 Wallis Mrs. E., 2, Highgate Terrace, Dewsbury
 Walker, Alderman John, J.P., Lees House, Dewsbury
 Walker, Walter, J.P., Westcliffe, Dewsbury
 Watkinson, John, Fairfield, Huddersfield
 Watkinson, Miss, Sawrygate Police Station, Leicester
 Watmough, J. H., 35, Carlisle Terrace, Manningham
 Ward, Miss M. A., 3, The Terrace, East Boldon, Durham
 Wheeler, Mrs. Henry, Grasmead, Brighouse
 White, William, Gilstead, Bingley
 Whitley, Miss, Malvern Villas, Chesham, Bury
 Whitley, Miss F., St. Bartholomew's Hospital, London, E.C.
 Whitney, Mrs., J. P., Milton Rectory, Cambridge
 Willey, Henry, 3, Eldon Terrace, Bradford
 Williamson, Reuben, West Field, Huddersfield
 Wilson, Denison, Glenholm, Oak Mount, Bradford
 Wingrave, Dr. Wyatt, 11 Devonshire St., Portland Place, London, W.
 Wise, T. J., 15, St. George's Road, Abbey Road, St. John's Wood,
 Womersley, Mrs., West Bank, Heaton, Bradford [London, N.W.
 Wood, Butler, Free Library, Bradford
 Woodhead, A. L., M.A., Langdenholme, Huddersfield
 Woodhead Joseph, Langdenholme, Huddersfield
 Wright, Rev. Dr. Wm., Eversleigh, Glamorgan Road, Hampton Wick,
 [London
 Yates, Councillor W. W., Elmwood Terrace, Dewsbury
 Yates, Miss A. M., Elmwood Terrace, Dewsbury
 Young, Miss Emmeline, 3, Murray Road, Edgerton, Huddersfield

Annual Financial Statement for the Year ending 31st December, 1897.

Dr.	RECEIPTS.		PAYMENTS.		Gr.	£ s. d.	
	£	s. d.				£	s. d.
To Balance from 1896	...	41 19 10	By Printing and Stationery	...	...	33 16 10	
" Annual Subscriptions, 1897	...	34 10 0	" Postages, Telegrams, and Carriage	...	...	7 3 10	
" " Arrears	...	0 15 0	" Purchase of Photos. and Publications for Sale at Museum	...	...		
" " in advance	...	0 15 0	" Two Copies of Part II. Transactions	...	...	3 8 6	
" Life Members' Subscriptions	...	10 6 3	" Rent of Rooms and other expenses in connection with Annual Meeting at Bradford	...	...	0 2 0	
" Sale of "Transactions," &c.	...	2 0 8	" Expense at Re-opening of Museum	...	...	7 17 11	
" Donation from the Earl of Crewe	...	10 0 0	" Illuminated Address for Claude Meeker, Esq.	...	...	3 6 2	
" Admission Fees at Museum	...	42 17 0	" One Year's Rent of Museum	...	...	3 3 0	
" Voluntary Contributions at Museum	...	0 1 7	" One Year's Rates	...	...	12 0 0	
" Sale of Photos. and Books at Museum	...	4 12 8	" Gas Accounts	...	...	2 6 6	
" Profit on tea, at Re-opening of Museum	...	1 12 3	" Caretaker's Wages	...	...	0 6 7	
" Surplus on excursion to "Shirley" land	...	0 7 0	" Insurance of Contents	...	...	11 1 0	
" Interest, Yorkshire Penny Bank at Haworth	...	0 7 2	" Sundry disbursements	...	...	6 6 3	12
" Sundry receipts	...	0 0 7				2 14 5	
						93 13 0	
			" Balance in Yorkshire Penny Bank, Haworth	...	£ s. d.		
			" " London and Midland Bank, Heckmondwike	...	33 3 10		
			" " Cash in hand	...	22 18 0		
					0 10 2		
						56 12 0	
						£150 5 0	

Audited and found correct, JOHN ARTHUR CLAPHAM, } Auditors.
MILES E. HARTLEY, }

JNO. J. STEAD, Hon. Treasurer.

January 6th, 1898.

THE
BRONTË SOCIETY.

ESTABLISHED 1893.

FIFTH
ANNUAL REPORT,

PRESENTED AT THE ANNUAL MEETING

HELD AT

HUDDERSFIELD, ON SATURDAY, JANUARY 14th, 1899.



PRINTED FOR THE SOCIETY BY
M. FIELD & SONS, 64, GODWIN STREET, BRADFORD.

JANUARY, 1899.

Officers for 1899.

President :

THE RIGHT HON. THE EARL OF CREWE.

Vice-Presidents :

HIS GRACE THE DUKE OF
DEVONSHIRE, K.G.

SIR T. WEMYSS REID.

SIR REGINALD GRAHAM.

AUGUSTINE BIRRELL., ESQ., M.P.

JOHN BRIGG, ESQ., M.P.

Rev. B. COLLYER, D.D., New York.

REV. WM. WRIGHT, D.D.

REV. W. ROBERTSON

NICOLL, LL.D.

REV. CANON CLARKE, M.A.

C. MILNES GASKELL, ESQ.

WM. LAW, ESQ.

CLEMENT K. SHORTER, ESQ.

GEORGE SMITH, ESQ.

T. J. WISE, ESQ

JOHN WAUGH, ESQ.

Council :

Chairman : Mr. J. F. GREENWOOD, Haworth.

Mr. J. J. BRIGG, M.A., Keighley.

Mr. J. CALDWELL, Brighouse.

Mr. W. S. CAMERON, Leeds.

Miss COCKSHOT, Oakworth.

Mr. C. A. FEDERER, Bradford.

Mrs. F. C. GALLOWAY, Bradford.

Mr. L. HAINSWORTH, Farsley.

Mr. WOOLLER JENNINGS, Bradford.

Mr. P. F. LEE, Dewsbury.

LADY MORRISON, Leeds.

Mr. W. E. B. PRIESTLEY, J.P.,
Bradford.

Mr. WM. ROBERTSHAW, Keighley.

Mrs. C. E. SUGDEN, Bingley.

Mr. HALLIWELL SUTCLIFFE, ,,

Mr. WM. TAYLOR, Brighouse.

Mr. J. HORSFALL TURNER, J.P., Idle

Mr. S. P. UNWIN, Shipley.

Mr. JOHN WATKINSON,
Huddersfield.

Mr. W. W. YATES, Dewsbury.

Local Committee :

Mrs. Sugden, Miss Cockshott, Mr. J. J. Brigg,

Mr. J. F. Greenwood (*Secretary*), and Mr. Wm. Robertshaw, (*Treasurer*).

Caretaker at Museum : Mr. J. M. Helliwell, 10, Changegate, Haworth.

Hon. Treasurer :

Mr. J. J. STEAD, Albert Cottage, Heckmondwike.

Bibliographical Secretary :

Mr. BUTLER WOOD, Free Library, Bradford.

Corresponding Secretary :

Mr. W. T. FIELD, 64, Godwin Street, Bradford.

ANNUAL REPORT.

At the close of another year the Council have pleasure in submitting a brief summary of the work of the Society.

THE FOURTH ANNUAL MEETING

was held on Saturday, January 15th, 1898, in the Mayor's Parlour, Town Hall, Halifax, through the kind invitation of His Worship the Mayor (J. H. L. Baldwin, Esq., J.P.) The usual business was transacted, Officers were elected, and the Report and Balance Sheet adopted. Mr. J. J. Brigg presided and there was a capital attendance.

PUBLIC MEETING.

After tea, the large hall of the Mechanics' Institute was filled with an appreciative audience, who listened to an excellent address by Sir T. Wemyss Reid, of London, who has been long and intimately connected with Brontë literature. The meeting concluded with an Exhibition by Mr. J. J. Stead, of Heckmondwike, of lantern slides relative to the Brontës.

THE COUNCIL

has again met at the Bradford Free Library, and the average attendance has been eleven. Mr. J. F. Greenwood, of Haworth, has been chairman for the year.

MEMBERSHIP.

We are still in the happy position of being able to report a further increase. The number now stands at 309, all of whom have paid their subscriptions, as compared with 290 last year.

PUBLICATIONS.

Part VIII. of the Society's "Transactions" has been issued. In addition to articles by well-known Brontë writers this number contains Mr. Wm. Scruton's paper on the late Miss Ellen Nussey. Part VIII. completes the first volume of the Society's Publications and a special title-page and contents have been issued to enable members to bind the set together.

Through the kindness of a member of the Council (W. E. B. Priestley, Esq., J.P.) each member of the Society has been presented with a copy of "Thornton and the Brontës," by Mr. Scruton, of Bradford. The volume is well written and handsomely got up and is a valuable addition to Brontë literature. The Council desire to express, on behalf of the members, their sincere thanks to Mr. Priestley for his generous gift.

THE MUSEUM.

The amount taken at the Museum has been £37 15s. 5d. which is not quite as much as in the previous year. The fact that the principal public holidays during the year have been wet more than accounts for the discrepancy, as numbers have been prevented from visiting Haworth.

The extremely interesting collection of Brontë relics loaned by Mr. T. J. Wise and Mr. Clement Shorter, of London, have been returned. During the time they have been on view at the Museum they have created a large amount of interest, and the Council are indebted to these two gentlemen for having allowed them to remain so long.

The following Gifts to the Museum have been received :—

MR. ROBT. A. CLARKE (Bradford): Engraved portrait of the Rev. Carus Wilson (said to be the original of Mr. Brocklehurst of *Jane Eyre*), and also one of Mrs. Wilson.

The "Children's Friend" for 1843, by the Rev. Carus Wilson.

MR. ABM. SMITH (Kirkstall): A pair of spectacles formerly worn by the Rev. Patrick Brontë.

MRS. WALTER BAGSHAW (Gomersal): An enlarged and framed portrait of the late Miss Ellen Nussey.

MR. P. F. LEE (Dewsbury): A Brontë music book.

SALES OF BRONTË RELICS.

The year has been an eventful one as regards the dispersal of Brontë relics.

MISS NUSSEY'S COLLECTION was sold on May 18th and 19th, 1898, at Moor Lane House, Gomersal, where this old friend of Charlotte Brontë spent the concluding years of her life. The proceeds were bequeathed by Miss Nussey to the Poor of Birstall and to Birstall Church (the Briarfield of *Shirley*), in which she took an active interest all through life.

THE BROWN COLLECTION was disposed of at Sotheby Wilkinson and Hodge's Rooms, London, on July 2nd, 1898. The bulk of this collection formerly belonged to Mr. Wm. Brown, who was sexton at Haworth Church in the time of the Brontës.

The Society was represented at both the Sales and was fortunate in securing a valuable addition to the permanent collection at the Museum. In all, about 40 lots were purchased, and thanks are due to two members of the Council, Mr. Stead and Mr. Wooller Jennings, for kindly attending the Sales on behalf of the Society.

A VISIT TO HATHERSAGE.

On Saturday, June 11th, 1898, a number of members and friends visited Hathersage in Derbyshire (the village of Morton in *Jane Eyre*). The Eyre tomb in the Church, Moorseats (or Moor House as it is called in the novel), and other scenes described in *Jane Eyre* were visited, and perfect weather contributed in no small degree to make the excursion enjoyable.

The Brontë Society has now completed the first five years of its existence, and the Council are fully convinced of the need there was for such a Society. That our efforts are appreciated is shewn by the fact that each year the membership has increased, until now it is exactly double what it was at the end of the first year. During the past few months the Rev. John Wade, Rector of Haworth, has resigned the living, and a successor has been found in the Rev. T. W. Story, M.A., Senior Curate of the Bradford Parish Church, who is in hearty sympathy with the objects of our Society. The copyrights of the Brontë Novels are rapidly running out, and the reading public has recently been treated to a succession of editions in every conceivable style, from the cheapest to the most luxurious, and this will undoubtedly have the effect of making the books better known than ever.

In doing honour to this unique family we are reflecting credit on Yorkshire, the land of their birth, as more faithful delineators of Yorkshire character and scenery it would have been impossible to find. There was no feeble sentimentalism about the three Brontë girls, their free, untrammelled life on the edge of the moor, breathed vigour and force into everything they wrote.

LIFE MEMBERS.

Adam, A., Steeton Hall, Keighley
 Barker, Edgar, Cleckheaton
 Barran, J. N., Weetwood, Leeds
 Crewe, the Rt. Hon. The Earl of, Crewe Hall, Crewe
 Crook, W. J., Almora, The Ridgeway, Enfield, London
 Devonshire, His Grace the Duke of, Devonshire House, London
 Dyson, George, Argyle Street, Marsden, near Huddersfield
 Hayes, Thos. J., Ben Rhydding, Ilkley
 Kitson, Miss A. Hilda, Gledhow Hall, Leeds
 Law, William, Littleborough, near Manchester
 Lee, Edmund, Rydal Bank, Park Drive, Heaton, Bradford
 Letts, Chas., 8, Bartlett's Buildings, Holborn Circus, London, E.C.
 Meeker, Claude, Columbus, Ohio, U.S.A.
 Saintsbury, Professor, M.A., Murrayfield House, Edinburgh
 Scatcherd, Mrs. A. C., Morley Hall, near Leeds.
 Scott, Allen F., Kirklands Avenue, Baildon
 Smith, George, 15, Waterloo Place, London, S.W.
 Sugden, Mrs. C. E., Ryshworth Hall, Bingley
 Wadsworth, Henry, Turnsteads, Cleckheaton
 Waugh, John, Stackhouse, Settle
 Woodhead, A. L., M.A., Longdenholme, Huddersfield
 Women's Rest Tour Association, 264, Boylston Street, Boston,
 (Fifteen years' Subscription from Jan. 1st, 1895.) [Mass, U.S.A.]

ANNUAL MEMBERS.

Corrected to January 31st, 1899.

Ackroyd, George, J.P., 6, North Park Road, Bradford
 Ackroyd, J. S., 12, Woodsley Road, Leeds
 Aked Frank, Birch Cottage, Highgate Road, Dewsbury
 Allbutt, H. A., M.R.C.P., E., 24, Park Square, Leeds
 Anderton Mrs., The Nook, Park Royd, Bradford
 Ashworth, Thos. E., Todmorden Hall, Todmorden
 Atkinson, S. Ernest, Churwell, near Leeds
 Bagshaw, Walter, J.P., Moorfield, Birkenshaw, near Leeds
 Bagshaw, Mrs., Moorfield, Birkenshaw, near Leeds
 Barrans, F. C., 15, Glisson Road, Cambridge
 Barker, W. T., Bank House, Apperley Bridge, near Leeds
 Baxendall, Rev. J., 68, Parkfield Terrace, Lancaster
 Beaver, John H., Gleadhow Mount, Oxenhope, near Keighley
 Beaver, John, 89, Devonshire Street, Keighley
 Belfield, Mrs. W., Malmaison, Frenchay, near Bristol
 Bennett, Mrs., 1, Outwood Villas, Outwood Lane, Horsforth, Leeds
 Bentham, T. H., 7, Spring Place, Bradford
 Benington, Henry, 7, Wentworth Terrace, Wakefield
 Bingham, Hugh, 14, Salthorn Street, Oakenshaw
 Binns, J. A., 31, Manor Row, Bradford
 Binns, Wm., The Sykes, Oakworth, near Keighley
 Binns, Joseph, 10, Hallfield Place, Bradford
 Bishop, Charles F., 69, Queen's Road, Nottingham
 Bland, Hophni, Haworth, near Keighley
 Bottomley, Alfred, 14, Cooke Street, Keighley
 Bradford Public Free Library
 Brigg, B. S., Burlington House, Keighley

Brigg, J. J., Guard House, Keighley.
 Brigg, Alderman J., M.P., Kildwick Hall, near Keighley
 Brigg, W. A., Kildwick Hall, near Keighley
 Briscoe, J. Potter, F.R.H.S., Central Free Library, Nottingham
 Brooke, Thos., J.P., F.S.A., Armitage Bridge, Huddersfield
 Brooke, Wm., J.P., Northgate Mount, Honley, Huddersfield
 Brooke, J. A., J.P., Fenay Hall, Huddersfield
 Brooke, G. H., Mechanics' Buildings, Bradford
 Brookes, W. M., 6, Hinchliffe Street Bradford
 Bruce, Rev. Dr., Huddersfield
 Burrell, Arthur, M.A., 64, St. Mary's Road, Bradford
 Byles, W. P., Oakfield, Manningham, Bradford
 Byles, Mrs., Oakfield, Manningham, Bradford

Caldwell, Jonathan, Holme View, Brighouse
 Cameron, W. S., 57, Caledonian Road, Leeds
 Cardew, Arthur, 4, North View, Wimbleton Common, Surrey
 Carter, John W., 29, Bruce Street, New Wortley, Leeds
 Chadwick, Mrs. John, Templefield, Dewsbury
 Chadwick, S. J., J.P., F.S.A., Lyndhurst, Dewsbury
 Clapham, J. A., 5, Bank Street, Bradford
 Clarke, Rev. Canon L., M.A., The Vicarage, Dewsbury
 Clough, Miss Annie, Beechcliffe, Keighley
 Clough, Miss Marion, Beechcliffe, Keighley
 Clough, John, Junr., The Shroggs, Steeton, Keighley
 Clough, Miss Maud, Haincliffe, near Keighley
 Cockshott, Miss M. A., Wildfell, Oakworth, near Keighley
 Cockshott, Miss, Wildfell, Oakworth, near Keighley
 Collier, Mrs. Peter, 126, East 28th Street, New York City, U.S.A.
 Collyer, Rev. Robert, D.D., New York, U.S.A.
 Constable, W., 29, Kirkgate, Bradford
 Constantine, Joseph, 23, Oxford Street, Manchester
 Copley, James, 60, Whetley Hill, Bradford
 Cortazzo, Madame E. C., Meadville, Pennsylvania, U.S.A.
 Couper, Rev. W. J., M.A., Free Manse, Kirkurd, Dolphinton, N.B.
 Cousins, Rev. W. Phillips, Sunnysdale Terrace, Ossett
 Craven, C. A., Gasworks, Saville Town, Dewsbury
 Craven, S. K., 41, Carlisle Street, Bradford
 Crawshaw, C. B., J.P., Rufford Lodge, Dewsbury
 Crouch, C. E., 36, Adolphus Road, Brownswood Park, London, N.
 Crowther, Joseph, Windsor Road, Hebden Bridge

Daniel, Miss C. H., Lough Ree Lodge, Glasson, Athlone, Westmeath,
 Davis, Mrs. Maxwell, 49, St. Aubyn's Hove, Brighton [Ireland
 Day, George, Blenheim House, Dewsbury
 Denham, J. W., Hartford House, Gledholt, Huddersfield
 Dewsbury Public Free Library (W. H. Smith, Librarian)
 Dickons, J. Norton, 12, Oak Villas, Bradford
 Dick Clelland, A.B., 28, Coates Gardens, Edinburgh
 Dixon, Samuel, Malis Road, Keighley
 Dobson, Wm., 27, Maddocks Street, Shipley
 Dunlop, George, "Standard" Office, Kilmarnock
 Fawthrop, Joseph, 212, Bowling Old Lane, Bradford
 Feather Edwin, 7, Mill Hey, Haworth, near Keighley
 Fearnside, Miss, Bank Top, Dewsbury
 Federer, C. A., 8, Hallfield Road, Bradford

Ferguson, Miss M. D., 27, Merchiston Avenue, Edinburgh
 Field, George, West Bank, Heaton, Bradford
 Field, W. T., 45, Athol Road Bradford
 Flint, Mrs. Alonzo, 122, Waterman St., Providence, Rhode I., U.S.A.
 France, Hiram, "Herald" Office, Keighley
 Galloway, Mrs. F. C., Greenfield House, West Bowling, Bradford
 Galloway, Jesse, Ashton House, Ashton Road, Morecambe
 Garside, Miss, 201, Burnley Road, Accrington
 Gaskarth, Henry, 26, Howard Street, Bradford
 Gaunt, J. H., 29, Burlington Terrace, Bradford
 Gleave, Joseph J., 8, Oldham Street, Manchester
 Glover, Mrs. Edith H., 10, Leonard Place, Kensington, London, W.
 Goodere, A., "Reporter" Office, Dewsbury
 Graves, Henry, 16, Marlborough Road, Bradford
 Green, Fred, Park Road, Dewsbury
 Greenwood, Miss Marion, Newnham College, Cambridge
 Greenwood, J. F., Ashmount, Haworth, near Keighley
 Greenwood, R. M., 2, Mannville Terrace, Bradford
 Greenwood, Dr. Fredk., Haddon Cottage, Brampton, Chesterfield
 Hadaway, Alfred, D., Green Garth, Dalton, Huddersfield
 Haigh, David, South View, Holmfirth, near Huddersfield
 Hainsworth, Lewis, Oakwell Cottage, Farsley, near Leeds
 Hailstone, Rev. S., M.A., Walton Lodge, Broughton Park, Manchester
 Hardy, Herbert, Middle Road, Earlsheaton, Dewsbury
 Hartley, Miles E., 11, Parsonage Road, West Bowling, Bradford
 Hartley, John, "Echo" Office, Brighouse
 Harvey, E., Fern Cottage, Mount Pleasant Road, Upper Brighton,
 Hawley, Miss Margaret F., Santa Barbara, California, U.S.A. [Cheshire
 Hawley, Miss J. M., Santa Barbara, California, U.S.A.
 Haygarth, Thos., South Street, Keighley
 Heaton, John P., Manorlands, Oxenhope, near Keighley
 Hemingway, H. T., Morley
 Hemingway, Wilson, Anroyd, Dewsbury
 Hepworth, Joseph, Laburnum House, Rawfolds, Cleckheaton
 Hepworth, Mrs., Laburnum House, Rawfolds, Cleckheaton
 Hewitson, Rev. J. R., 2, Park Villas, Court Road, Eltham, London,
 Hill, Mrs. James S., 56, Fellows Road, London, N.W. [S.E.
 Hirst, Arthur, Kirklands, West Lane, Haworth, near Keighley
 Hirst, Charles, Thorndene, Huddersfield
 Hobson, Mrs. G. A., Coverdale Lodge, King's Rd., Richmond, Surrey
 Holmes, John, Ivy Cottage, Daisy Hill, Bradford
 Holmes, Albert, South Kelsey, near Caistor
 Horsfall, Edwin, 64, Hazelhurst Brow, Bradford
 Horsfall, T. H., The Mount, Heckmondwike
 Ingram, John, Dewsbury
 Irving, G. W., Eldon Street, Heckmondwike
 James, Rev. A. T. S., B.A., 169, Wakefield Road, Huddersfield
 Jennings, Wooller, 66, Thornton Road, Bradford
 Jennings, Miss A. M., Craven House, Bridlington
 Jessop, Ald. W. H., 10, Kings Mill Lane, Huddersfield
 Jewsbury, Wm. H., 183, Granville Terrace, Thornbury, Bradford
 Jones, Rev. D., Lincoln, Morley
 Keighley, Alexander, The High Hall, Steeton, Keighley
 Kershaw, Edmund, 51, West Parade, Huddersfield

Keyworth, Rev. Thos., 9, Elmfield Terrace, Halifax
 Kidd, C. E., 6, West Parade, Halifax
 King, J. A., 33, Hanover Square, Bradford
 Knowles, Miss E., 12, Queen's Road, Bradford
 Lancaster, Seth, 48, Wakefield Road, Bradford
 Lancaster, W. W., 48, Wakefield Road, Bradford
 Lee, P. F., Technical School, Dewsbury
 Leigh, Rev. N. Egerton, Kirkstall Vicarage, Leeds
 Lobley, D. K., Alexandra Crescent, Dewsbury
 Locking, Miss, Rosse Mount, Heaton, Bradford
 Lodge, S., Junr., M.D., 28, Manor Row, Bradford
 Lord, Miss Mary, 90, Horton Road, Bradford
 Lund, R. W., The Royd, Cullingworth, Keighley
 Lusk, Rev. J. B., The Manse, Ballynaskeagh, Loughbrickland, Co. Down
 Lowenthal, G. E., The Grange, Edgerton, Huddersfield
 Mainwaring, Rev. A., 45, Christchurch Road, Doncaster
 Mackay, Rev. Angus, M., 10, Eldon Terrace, Aberdeen
 Manley, G. R., Park Cliffe Mount, Undercliffe, Bradford
 Marriott, C. H., J.P., Manor Lawn, Dewsbury
 Marsden, Mrs., Mountjoy House, Huddersfield
 Matthews, Rev. W., Boston, Lincolnshire
 Matthews, W. H., Mechanics' Buildings, Bradford
 Mawdesley, E., Town Clerk, Croydon
 McCann, Councillor, Bradford Road, Dewsbury
 McMenan, Wm., B.A., Kilmarnock House, Kilmarnock
 Mellor, B. Dixon, 55, Highbury Hill, London, N.
 Miller, J. Reynolds, Stukey's Banking Co., Ltd., Wellington, Somerset
 Miller, Mrs. J. Reynolds, Stukey's Banking Co., Ltd., Wellington,
 Moore, Miss, 7, Ashfield, Bradford [Somerset
 Morrison, Lady, Stanleigh, Headingley, Leeds
 Muff, Mrs. Henry, Aston Mount, Heaton, Bradford
 Newsholme, Robert, Mytholm, Haworth
 Newsome, Miss Annie, Wellfield, Staincliffe, Dewsbury
 Nicoll, Dr. Robertson, Bay Tree Lodge, Frognall, Hampstead
 Nimmo, Harry, 5, Elmwood Terrace, Huddersfield [London, N.W.
 Nutter, John, Technical College, Bradford
 Oddy, John, Moor End, Cleckheaton
 Oldfield, J. Reffitt, *c/o* Madderton & Co., Ltd., Loughton, Essex
 Oldroyd, G. H., Firdene, Gomersal, near Leeds
 Oldroyd, Mrs. G. H., Firdene, Gomersal, near Leeds
 Owen, William, Forrest Avenue, Huddersfield
 Owen, Mrs. Wm., 2, Forrest Avenue, Huddersfield
 Palmer, H. J., Editor, "Yorkshire Post," Leeds
 Parker, Mrs. John, Whinn Knowle, Oxenhope, near Keighley
 Parkin, Robert, Spring Cottage, Heckmondwike
 Parkinson, A. T., Ashburnham Villa, North Park Road, Bradford
 Parkinson, G. T., Claremont, Bradford
 Patchett, Frank, J.P., Heathside, Halifax
 Patchett, Riley, Fernside, Halifax
 Patchett, John, Mildred House, Undercliffe Lane, Bradford
 Patchett, Mrs. James, Oakworth, Wellington, Salop
 Pawson, Thomas, 17, Westfield Terrace, Undercliffe, Bradford
 Pearse, Harvey, Bookseller, Rochdale
 Peacock, W. R., 7, Bedford Avenue, Manley Park, Manchester

Peel, Frank, Heckmondwike
 Pickard, Miss, 63, Barkerend Road, Bradford
 Piercy, Mrs., Queen's Road, Edgerton, Huddersfield
 Pollard, Mrs., Belle Vue, Bengoe, Hertford
 Pollard, Collingwood, 5, Cheapside, Bradford
 Pollock, Hugh, 50, Northumberland Road, Dublin
 Pontis, Henry W., 22, College Street, Rotherham
 Popplewell Alderman John, J.P., Field Street, Bradford
 Priestley, W. E. B., J.P., Rose Mount, Manningham Lane, Bradford
 Pringle, Rev. P. D., M.A., Saltaire.

Rabagliati Dr. St. Paul's Road, Bradford
 Ramsden, Alfred A., Fairfield Terrace, Dewsbury
 Redman, Mrs. Percy, Craven Royd, Haworth, near Keighley
 Redman, James, 96, Sun Street, Haworth
 Rhodes, W. V., Tofts House, Cleckheaton
 Richards, Thomas, Alfred House, Dewsbury
 Riddiough, J. T., Dyke Nook, Frizinghall, Bradford
 Riley, James, 25, White's View, Bradford
 Roberts, James, The Knoll, Saltaire
 Robertshaw, W., 3, Castle Road, Keighley
 Robinson, F. W., Woodleigh, Edgerton, Huddersfield
 Robinson, J. R., Westgate, Dewsbury
 Roper, Wm., Monumental Mason, Hebble Bank, Oakworth
 Rothera, H., Heckmondwike
 Russell, Miss Irene C., Greenhill Manse, 673, Leeds Road, Bradford

Saynor, A. J., Colorado Springs, El Paso, County Colorado, U S.A.
 Scarborough, Fred, 53, Mill Hey, Haworth, near Keighley
 Scharff, W., Hick Street, Vicar Lane, Bradford
 Scott, Miss C. H., 93, Woodstock Road, Oxford
 Scott, Temple, 9, Henrietta Street, Covent Garden, Strand, London,
 Scruton, Wm., The Whitelands, Low Baildon, Shipley [W.C.
 Senior, Rev. James, St. Philip's Rectory, Uvalde, Texas, U.S.A.
 Sharpe, Mrs. W. Cecil, Warney Lea, Matlock
 Shaw, John, 128, Meadow Street, Moss Side, Manchester
 Shaw, James, Brow Cottage, Hove Edge, Lightcliffe, Halifax
 Shaw, Rev. J. Herbert, Mount Street, Diss, Norfolk
 Shawcross, Rev. Thomas, Eldon Street, Heckmondwike
 Shepherd, Mrs., Shaw End, Kendal
 Shorter, Clement K., 198, Strand, London, W.C.
 Skidmore, Charles, Stipendiary, Bradford
 Sleath, Mrs. J. S., Oakes House, near Halifax
 Smelt, G. W., Hanging Heaton, near Dewsbury
 Smith, Sir Swire, Keighley
 Smith, Wm., 68, Queen Street, Morley
 Smithson, Joseph, Yew Cottage, Lightcliffe
 Speight, Harry, Crow Nest, Bingley
 Speak, Miss, Springfield, Oxenhope, near Keighley
 Stafford, Mrs. E. F., Box 366, P.O. Fall River, Massachusetts, U.S.A.
 Stead, J. J., Albert Cottage, Heckmondwike
 Steinthal, Francis, Currer Street, Bradford
 Stone, Mrs. B. F. Wyverm, Sunny Bank Road, Huddersfield
 Stone, Miss, Wyverm, Sunny Bank Road, Huddersfield
 Stuart, Dr. J. A. Erskine, Undercliffe, Batley
 Sugden, Mrs., "Black Bull" Hotel, Haworth, near Keighley

- Sugden, C. E., Ryshworth Hall, Bingley
 Sugden, Miss, Worth View, Oakworth, Keighley
 Sugden, John, 22, Greenhead Road, Huddersfield
 Sutcliffe, Halliwell, Bingley
 Sutcliffe, Tom, Binns Hall, Warley, near Halifax
 Sutton, Chas. W., Free Library, King Street, Manchester
 Sutton, Frank, 13, Alexandra Crescent, Antrim Road, Belfast
 Sykes, Mrs. J. H., Bryanccliffe, Huddersfield
 Sykes, Geo. Dyson, Ashdene, Park Drive, Huddersfield
 Sykes, Miss, Springwood Street, Huddersfield
 Sylvester, Rev. Father, St. Charles College, North Kensington,
 [London, W.]
 Taylor, H. J. Portland Villas, Bath Street, Dewsbury
 Taylor, Rev. R. V., Melbecks Vicarage, near Richmond, Yorks.
 Taylor, Wm., Rydal Mount, Brighouse
 Taylor, Miss Emily Howson, 86, New Lane, Patricroft, near Manchester
 Taylor, E. Reginald, Medomsley, Sidcup, Kent
 Taylor, Edward, Limerick, Ireland
 Teal, J., 4, Rhodes Street, Halifax
 Thompson, W. R., 1, Highbury Terrace, Dewsbury
 Thomson, Councillor, Woodhouse Hall, Huddersfield
 Thornton, Robert, Eightlands, Dewsbury
 Town, W., The Hills, Bingley
 Turner, J. Horsfall, J.P., Idle, near Bradford

 Unwin, S. P., Hall Royd, Shipley

 Wainwright, Miss Constable, 47, Croxteth Road, Sefton Park,
 Walliss, Mrs. E., 2, Highgate Terrace, Dewsbury [Liverpool
 Walker, Alderman John, J.P., Lees House, Dewsbury
 Walker, Walter, J.P., Westcliffe, Dewsbury
 Walker, Dr. Edward, 18, New North Road, Huddersfield
 Watkinson, John, Fairfield, Huddersfield
 Watkinson, Miss, Sanveygate Police Station, Leicester
 Watkinson, Edwards, Norleigh, Gledholt, Huddersfield
 Watmough, J. H., 55, Shenley Road, Camberwell, London, S.E.
 Wheeler, Mrs. Henry, Grasmead, Brighouse
 Whitley, Miss F., "Martha" Ward, St. Bartholomew's Hospital,
 Willey, Heury, 3, Eldon Terrace, Bradford [London, E.C.
 Wilkinson, T., 201, Cotton Tree Lane, Colne, Lancashire
 Williamson, Reuben, West Field, Huddersfield
 Willans, J. E., J.P., Rose Hill, Huddersfield
 Wilson, Denison, Glenholm, Oak Mount, Bradford
 Wilson, S. E., The Trees, North Park Road, Manningham
 Wingrave, Dr. Wyatt, 11, Devonshire St., Portland Place, London, W.
 Wise, T. J., 15, St. George's Road, Abbey Road, St. John's Wood,
 Womersley, Mrs., West Bank, Heaton, Bradford [London, N.W.
 Wood, Butler, Free Library, Bradford
 Woodard, Geo., Christowell, Streatham, London, S.W.
 Woodhead, Joseph, J.P., Langdenholme, Huddersfield
 Woodhouse, Lady Brough House, Brough, East Yorkshire
 Wright, Rev. Dr. Wm., Eversleigh, Glamorgan Road, Hamptou Wick,
 [London
 Yates, Councillor W. W., Elmwood Terrace, Dewsbury
 Yates, Miss A. M., Elmwood Terrace, Dewsbury
 Young, Miss Emmeline, 3, Murray Road, Edgerton, Huddersfield

Annual Financial Statement for the year ending December 31st, 1898.

Dr.	RECEIPTS.			PAYMENTS.		
	£	s.	d.	£	s.	d.
To Balance from 1897	...	56	12 0	By Printing and Stationery	...	28 10 10
" Annual Subscriptions for 1898	...	34	17 6	" Postages, Carriage and Railway Fares	...	10 9 3
" " Arrears	...	1	0 0	" Purchase of Photos and Books for Sale at Museum	...	3 6 11
" " in Advance	...	1	7 6	" Annual Meeting Expenses at Halifax	...	8 18 5
" Life Members' Subscriptions	...	10	0 0	" Brontë Relics, purchased during the year	...	37 16 6
" Sale of "Transactions"	...	2	17 0	" Literary Article on Miss Nussey for "Transactions"	...	2 2 0
" Admission to Annual Meeting at Halifax	...	5	2 6	" Museum Rent, one year	...	12 0 0
" Admission Fees at Museum	...	30	13 3	" Rates, " " " " "	...	2 6 6
" Sale of Photos and Books at Museum	...	6	4 2	" Gas and Coal Accounts	...	1 9 7
" Sundry Receipts	...	0	18 0	" New Gas Fittings	...	3 7 0
" Interest, London and Midland Bank, Heckmondwike	...	0	7 8	" Caretaker's Wages	...	11 1 0
" " Yorkshire Penny Bank, Haworth	...	0	2 10	" Frames for Exhibits	...	1 6 0
				" Insurance of Contents	...	5 12 9
				" Sundry disbursements	...	2 7 1
				" Balance in London and Midland Bank, Heckmondwike	£ s. d.	19 3 6
				" " in hands of Treasurer	0 5 1	19 8 7
						£150 2 5

Audited and found correct, J. A. CLAPHAM, } Auditors,
 January 9th, 1899. MILES E. HARTLEY, }

JOHN J. STEAD, Hon. Treasurer.

THE
BRONTË SOCIETY.

ESTABLISHED 1893.

SIXTH
ANNUAL REPORT,

PRESENTED AT THE ANNUAL MEETING,
HELD AT
LEEDS, ON SATURDAY, JANUARY 20th, 1900.



PRINTED FOR THE SOCIETY BY
M. FIELD & SONS, SOUTHGATE, BRADFORD.

JANUARY, 1900.

Officers for 1900.

President :

THE RIGHT HON. THE EARL OF CREWE.

Vice-Presidents :

HIS GRACE THE DUKE OF
DEVONSHIRE, K.G.
SIR T. WEMYSS REID.
JOHN BRIGG, Esq., M.P.
Rev. B. COLLYER, D.D., New York.
Rev. WM. WRIGHT, D.D.
Rev. W. ROBERTSON NICOLL, LL.D.

Rev. CANON CLARKE, M.A.
C. MILNES GASKELL, Esq.
WM. LAW, Esq.
CLEMENT K. SHORTER, Esq.
GEORGE SMITH, Esq.
T. J. WISE, Esq.
JOHN WAUGH, Esq.

Council :

Chairman : Mr. J. F. GREENWOOD, Haworth.

Mr. J. J. BRIGG, M.A., Keighley.
Mr. J. CALDWELL, Brighouse.
Mr. W. S. CAMERON, Leeds.
Miss COCKSHOT, Oakworth.
Mr. C. A. FEDERER, Bradford.
Mrs. F. C. GALLOWAY, Bradford.
Mr. L. HAINSWORTH, Farsley.
Mr. WOOLLER JENNINGS, Bradford.
Mr. P. F. LEE, Dewsbury.
LADY MORRISON, Leeds.

Mr. W. E. B. PRIESTLEY, J.P.,
Bradford.
Mr. WM. ROBERTSHAW, Keighley.
Mrs. C. E. SUGDEN, Bingley.
Mr. HALLIWELL SUTCLIFFE, „
Mr. WM. TAYLOR, Brighouse.
Mr. J. HORSFALL TURNER, Idle.
Mr. S. P. UNWIN, Shipley.
Mr. JOHN WATKINSON,
Huddersfield.
Mr. W. W. YATES, Dewsbury.

Local Committee :

Mrs. Sugden, Miss Cockshott, Mr. J. J. Brigg,
Mr. J. F. Greenwood (*Secretary*), and Mr. Wm. Robertshaw (*Treasurer*).
Caretaker at Museum : Mr. J. M. Helliwell, Changeate, Haworth.

Hon. Treasurer :

Mr. J. J. STEAD, Albert Cottage, Heckmondwike.

Bibliographical Secretary :

Mr. BUTLER WOOD, Free Library, Bradford.

Corresponding Secretary :

Mr. W. T. FIELD, Southgate, Bradford.

ANNUAL REPORT.

AT the end of another year the Council have pleasure in submitting a short Report of the work of the Society. The interest has been fully maintained, and numerically we are stronger than last year.

THE FIFTH ANNUAL MEETING.

Annual Meetings having been held in succession at Dewsbury, Keighley, Bradford, and Halifax, it was deemed advisable to visit Huddersfield on the occasion of the fifth Anniversary of the Society, and the Assembly Rooms proved most suitable for the purpose. In the afternoon, a large number of members assembled under the presidency of Mr. J. F. Greenwood, Chairman of the Council, and elected Officers for the year. The Report and Balance Sheet were approved and other business transacted.

PUBLIC MEETING.

In the evening, Mr. George Saintsbury, M.A., LL.D., Professor of Literature, Edinburgh University, delivered a thoughtful address on "The position of the Brontës as origins in the History of the English Novel;" the Rev. Dr. Bruce spoke on "The Poems of the Brontë Sisters;" and the Rev. Dr. Bardsley, Vicar of Huddersfield, gave some interesting Brontë Reminiscences. The chair was occupied by Mr. J. E. Willans, J.P., and there was a large and influential audience. The thanks of the Council are specially due to Mr. John Watkinson, who materially assisted in making the visit to Huddersfield a success.

THE COUNCIL.

The average attendance at our meetings has been over fifteen, and Mr. J. F. Greenwood, of Haworth, has acted as chairman for the second year in succession.

THE MEMBERSHIP.

We have now 318 members on the register, all of whom have paid their subscriptions. This is an increase of nine on last year.

PUBLICATIONS.

During the year we have issued Part IX. of the Society's "Transactions," which commences our second volume. It contains Reports of the fourth and fifth Annual Meetings, including full reprints of Speeches delivered by Sir T. Wemyss Reid, Professor Saintsbury, the Rev. Dr. Bruce; and the Rev. Canon Bardsley.

The Society has so far been fortunate in having amongst its members gentlemen who have from time to time generously presented to the members volumes containing interesting matter relative to the Brontës, and this year Mr. John Waugh, of Settle, one of our Vice-Presidents, has kindly defrayed the cost of Part X. of the "Transactions," which contains the following valuable Reprints:—

"Reminiscences of Charlotte Brontë," by Miss ELLEN NUSSEY.

"The Last Sketch," by W. M. THACKERAY.

"Emma," (a fragment), by CHARLOTTE BRONTË.

Autograph Letter from Charlotte Brontë to Mrs. Gaskell.

The original blocks illustrating Miss Nussey's Reminiscences were secured from the publishers at much expense by Mr. Waugh, and have been used in the production of the Part. It is practically impossible to obtain several of these articles in their original form, and the Society is deeply obliged to Mr. Waugh for his great kindness in placing them before the members in a handy shape.

VISIT TO THE COWAN BRIDGE DISTRICT.

On Saturday, August 26th, 1899, over fifty members and friends visited the scenes of the Brontë girls' early life at Cowan Bridge School (the "Lowood" of *Jane Eyre*). Tunstall Church ("Brocklebridge,") where the children attended, and Casterton School were also inspected. Favoured with lovely weather, the long drive from Ingleton via Kirby Lonsdale and back, (over 20 miles), was greatly enjoyed by all, and the excursion proved a success in every respect.

THE MUSEUM

was informally opened for the season by Mr. S. P. Unwin, of Shipley, on May 6th, 1899, the Council afterwards dining together at the "Black Bull." The Museum still continues to fulfil its useful purpose at Haworth, the number of visitors varying very slightly from year to year. The receipts during the past twelve months have been £33 8s. 11d., of which sum £27 15s. 0d. was received for admission, and £5 13s. 11d. from the sale of Photos, Books, &c. A number of Brontë manuscripts have recently been put on the market for sale and the Council have frequently had them offered. A Sub-Committee was formed to deal with the question, and after careful examination and consideration of the articles submitted, the following purchases have been effected :—

Three Letters, a manuscript Poem in pencil, and a small Pencil Drawing by Charlotte Brontë.

A miniature manuscript Newspaper, several Poems, Essays, and Booklets by Patrick Branwell Brontë.

The Council are anxious to get together as good a Permanent Collection for the Museum as possible, and would remind those who have Brontë manuscripts, drawings, or other objects of interest, that they will be pleased to receive gifts, or to hear from anyone who is desirous of selling or lending them to the Museum.

Although the year 1899 has been rather an uneventful one as regards Brontë matters, we may draw attention to the fact that the "Haworth" Edition of the Novels has been issued. This certainly takes premier position amongst those hitherto published. The illustrations principally consist of scenes which have been identified with places described in the works. Members of the Council have rendered valuable aid in the work of identification. Mrs. Humphry Ward's excellent Introduction to each volume has contributed in no small degree to make this edition the standard one.

LIFE MEMBERS.

Adam, A., Steeton Hall, Keighley
 Barker, Edgar, Cleckheaton
 Barran, J. N., Weetwood, Leeds
 Crewe, the Right Hon. the Earl of, Crewe Hall, Crewe
 Crook, W. J., Almora, The Ridgeway, Enfield, London
 Devonshire, His Grace the Duke of, Devonshire House, London
 Dyson, George, Argyle Street, Marsden, near Huddersfield
 Hayes, Thos. J., Ben Rhydding, Ilkley
 Kitson, Miss A. Hilda, Gledhow Hall, Leeds
 Law, William, Littleborough, near Manchester
 Lee, Edmund, Rydal Bank, Park Drive, Heaton, Bradford
 Letts, Chas., 8, Bartlett's Buildings, Holborn Circus, London, E.C.
 Meeker, Claude, Columbus, Ohio, U.S.A.
 Minet, Mrs., 48, Gloucester Square, Hyde Park, London, W.
 Saintsbury, Professor, M.A., 2, Eton Terrace, Edinburgh
 Scatcherd, Mrs. A. C., Morley Hall, near Leeds
 Scott, Allen F., Kirklands Avenue, Baildon
 Shorter, Clement K., 16, Marlboro' Place, London, N.W.
 Smith, George, 15, Waterloo Place, London, S.W.
 Sugden, Mrs. C. E., Ryshworth Hall, Bingley
 Taylor, E. Reginald, Medomsley, Sidcup, Kent
 Wadsworth, Henry, Turnsteads, Cleckheaton
 Waugh, John, Stackhouse, Settle
 Woodhead, A. L., M.A., Longdenholme, Huddersfield
 Women's Rest Tour Association, 264, Boylston Street, Boston, Mass.,
 (Fifteen years' Subscription from Jan. 1st, 1895.) [U.S.A.]

ANNUAL MEMBERS.

Corrected to January 21st, 1900.

Ackroyd, George, J.P., 6, North Park Road, Bradford
 Ackroyd, J. S., 12, Woodsley Road, Leeds
 Aked, Frank, Birch Cottage, Highgate Road, Dewsbury
 Allbutt, H. A., M.R.C.P., E., 24, Park Square, Leeds
 Ashworth, Thos. E., Todmorden Hall, Todmorden
 Bagshaw, Walter, J.P., Moorfield, Birkenshaw, near Bradford
 Bagshaw, Mrs., Moorfield, Birkenshaw, near Bradford
 Bairstow, James, Trinity Mount, Sutton, Keighley
 Barrans, F. C., 15, Glisson Road, Cambridge
 Barker, W. T., Bank House, Apperley Bridge, near Leeds
 Baxandall, Rev. J., 68, Parkfield Terrace, Lancaster
 Beaver, John H., Gleadhow Mount, Oxenhope, near Keighley
 Beaver, John, 88, Bolton Road, Silsden, Keighley
 Belfield, Mrs. W., Malmaison, Frenchay, near Bristol
 Bennett, Mrs., 1, Outwood Villas, Outwood Lane, Horsforth, Leeds
 Bentham, T. H., 7, Spring Place, Bradford
 Benington, Henry, 7, Wentworth Terrace, Wakefield
 Bidder, Mrs. G. P., 1, Osborne Place, The Hoe, Plymouth
 Bingham, Hugh, 14, Salthorn Street, Oakenshaw
 Binns, J. A., 31, Manor Row, Bradford
 Binns, Wm., The Sykes, Oakworth, near Keighley
 Binns, Joseph, 10, Hallfield Place, Bradford
 Bishop, Charles F., 69, Queen's Road, Nottingham
 Black, J. W. A., Stone Gappe, Crosshills, Keighley
 Bland, Hopini, Haworth, near Keighley
 Bland, W. R., Duffield, Derby

Booth, J., Brooklyn Cottages, Thornton, Bradford
 Bottomley, Alfred, 14, Cooke Street, Keighley
 Bradford Public Free Library
 Bradley, Jonas, Stanbury, Keighley
 Brigg, B. S., Burlington House, Keighley
 Brigg, J. J., Guard House, Keighley
 Brigg, Alderman J., M.P., Kildwick Hall, near Keighley
 Brigg, W. A., Kildwick Hall, near Keighley
 Briscoe, J. Potter, F.R.H.S., Central Free Library, Nottingham
 Brooke, Thos., Sir, J.P., F.S.A., Armitage Bridge, Huddersfield
 Brooke, William, J.P., Northgate Mount, Honley, Huddersfield
 Brooke, J. A., J.P., Fenay Hall, Huddersfield
 Brooke, G. H., Mechanics' Buildings, Bradford
 Bruce, Rev. Dr., Huddersfield
 Burrell, Arthur, M.A., Borough Road Training College, Isleworth,
 Byles, W. P., Oakfield, Manningham, Bradford [London
 Byles, Mrs., Oakfield, Manningham, Bradford
 Caldwell, Jonathan, Holme View, Brighouse
 Calvert, Miss, Illingworth House, Halifax
 Cameron, W. S., 57, Caledonian Road, Leeds
 Cardew, Arthur, 4, North View, Wimbeldon Common, Surrey
 Carter, John W., 29, Bruce Street, New Wortley, Leeds
 Chadwick, Mrs. John, Templefield, Dewsbury
 Chadwick, S. J., J.P., F.S.A., Lyndhurst, Dewsbury
 Clapham, J. A., 5, Bank Street, Bradford
 Clarke, Rev. Alfred, M.A., Steeton Vicarage, Keighley
 Clarke, Rev. Canon L., M.A., The Vicarage, Dewsbury
 Clough, Miss Annie, Beechcliffe, Keighley
 Clough, Miss Marion, Beechcliffe, Keighley
 Clough, John, Junr., The Shroggs, Steeton, Keighley
 Cockshott, Miss M. A., Wildfell, Oakworth, near Keighley
 Cockshott, Miss, Wildfell, Oakworth, near Keighley
 Collier, Mrs. Peter, 126, East 28th Street, New York City, U.S.A.
 Collyer, Rev. Robert, D.D., New York, U.S.A.
 Constable, W., 29, Kirkgate, Bradford
 Copley, James, 60, Whetley Hill, Bradford
 Cortazzo, Madame E. C., Meadville, Pennsylvania, U.S.A.
 Couper, Rev. W. J., M.A., Free Manse, Kirkurd, Dolphinton, N.B.
 Cousins, Rev. W. Phillips, Sunnydale Terrace, Ossett
 Craven, C. A., Gasworks, Saville Town, Dewsbury
 Crawshaw, C. B., J.P., Rufford Lodge, Dewsbury
 Crouch, C. E., 36, Adolphus Road, Brownswood Park, London, N.
 Crowther, Joseph, Windsor Road, Hebden Bridge
 Daniel, Miss C. H., Lough Ree Lodge, Glasson, Athlone, Westmeath,
 Day, George, Blenheim House, Dewsbury [Ireland
 Denham, J. W., Hartford House, Gledholt, Huddersfield
 Dewsbury Public Free Library (W. H. Smith, Librarian)
 Dickons, J. Norton, 12, Oak Villas, Bradford
 Dick Cleland, A.B., 28, Coates Gardens, Edinburgh
 Dixon, Samuel, Malis Road, Keighley
 Dobson, Mrs., Osmotherley, Northallerton
 Dobson, Wm., 27, Maddocks Street, Shipley
 Drummond, Rev. J. S., George Street, Huddersfield
 Dunlop, George, "Standard" Office, Kilmarnock
 Fawthrop, Joseph, 212, Bowling Old Lane, Bradford
 Feather, Edwin, 7, Mill Hey, Haworth, near Keighley

Fearnside, Miss, Bank Top, Dewsbury
 Federer, C. A., 8, Hallfield Road, Bradford
 Fellows, Mrs., 33, Park Road, Jarrow-on-Tyne
 Ferguson, Miss M. D., 27, Merchiston Avenue, Edinburgh
 Field, George, West Bank, Heaton, Bradford
 Field, W. T., 45, Athol Road, Bradford
 Fielden, Miss, 9, Clarendon Terrace, Manningham
 Flint, Mrs. Alonzo, 122, Waterman St., Providence, Rhode I., U.S.A.
 France, Hiram, "Herald" Office, Keighley

Galloway, Mrs. F. C., Greenfield House, West Bowling, Bradford
 Galloway, Jesse, Ashton House, Ashton Road, Morecambe
 Garside, Miss, 201, Burnley Road, Accrington
 Gaskarth, Henry, 26, Howard Street, Bradford
 Gaunt, J. H., 29, Burlington Terrace, Bradford
 Gleave, Joseph J., 8, Oldham Street, Manchester
 Glover, Mrs. Edith H., 10, Leonard Place, Kensington, London, W.
 Goodere, A., "Reporter" Office, Dewsbury
 Grant, J. F., 11, Oakfield Terrace, Headingley, Leeds
 Grant, Mrs., 11, Oakfield Terrace, Headingley, Leeds
 Graves, Henry, 16, Marlborough Road, Bradford
 Green, Fred, Park Road, Dewsbury
 Greenwood, J. F., Ashmount, Haworth, near Keighley
 Greenwood, R. M., 2, Mannville Terrace, Bradford
 Greenwood, Dr. Fredk., Haddon Cottage, Brampton, Chesterfield

Hadaway, Alfred D., Green Garth, Dalton, Huddersfield
 Haigh, David, South View, Holmfirth, near Huddersfield
 Hainsworth, Lewis, Oakwell Cottage, Farsley, near Leeds
 Hailstone, Rev. S., M.A., Walton Lodge, Broughton Park, Manchester
 Hanson, C. E., 16, Woodview, Bradford
 Hanson, Mrs., 16, Woodview, Bradford
 Hardisty, John D., 29, Coupland Street, Beeston Hill, Leeds
 Hardy, Herbert, Middle Road, Earlsheaton, Dewsbury
 Hartley, Miles E., 49, Parkside Road, West Bowling, Bradford
 Hartley, John, "Echo" Office, Brighouse
 Harvey, E., Fern Cottage, Mount Pleasant Road, Upper Brighton,
 Hawley, Miss Margaret F., Santa Barbara, California, U.S.A. [Cheshire
 Hawley, Miss J. M., Santa Barbara, California, U.S.A.
 Haygarth, Thos., South Street, Keighley
 Hepworth, Joseph, Laburnum House, Rawfolds, Cleckheaton
 Hepworth, Mrs., Laburnum House, Rawfolds, Cleckheaton
 Hewitson, Rev. J. R., 2, Park Villas, Court Road, Eltham, London,
 Hill, Mrs. James S., 56, Fellows Road, London, N.W. [S.E.
 Hirst, Arthur, Kirklands, West Lane, Haworth, near Keighley
 Hirst, Charles, Thorndene, Huddersfield
 Hobson, Mrs. G. A., Coverdale Lodge, King's Rd., Richmond, Surrey
 Holden, Miss Florence, Boulevard de la Republique, Rheims, Marne,
 Holmes, John, Ivy Cottage, Daisy Hill, Bradford [France
 Holmes, Albert, South Kelsey, near Lincoln
 Hood, B. M., Rose Bank, Ilkley
 Horsfall, Edwin, 64, Hazelhurst Brow, Bradford
 Horsfall, T. H., The Mount, Heckmondwike
 Hughes, Professor D. Arthur, Illinois College, Jacksonville, Ill., U.S.A.

Illingworth, Miss H. H., Storrs View, Ossett
 Ingram, John, Dewsbury

Jennings, Wooller, Prudential Buildings, Bradford
 Jennings, Miss A. M., Craven House, Bridlington
 Jessop, Ald. W. H., 10, King's Mill Lane, Huddersfield
 Jewsbury, Wm. H., 183, Granville Terrace, Thornbury, Bradford
 Jones, Rev. D. Lincoln, Morley

Keighley, Alexander, The High Hall, Steeton, Keighley
 Kershaw, Edmund, 51, West Parade, Huddersfield
 Kershaw, Thos., Architect, Abbotsford, Halifax
 Keyworth, Rev. Thos., 9, Elmfield Terrace, Halifax
 Kidd, C. E., 56, The Boulevard, Halifax
 King, J. A., 33, Hanover Square, Bradford
 Knowles, Miss E., 11, Queen's Road, Bradford

Lancaster, Seth, 48, Wakefield Road, Bradford
 Lancaster, W. W., 48, Wakefield Road, Bradford
 Lee, P. F., Technical School, Dewsbury
 Leeds Free Library, Leeds
 Leigh, Rev. N. Egerton, Kirkstall Vicarage, Leeds
 Little, W. V., 1, Lower Wyke, Wyke, Bradford
 Lobley, D. K., Alexandra Crescent, Dewsbury
 Locking, Miss, Rosse Mount, Heaton, Bradford
 Lodge, S., Junr., M.D., 28, Manor Row, Bradford
 Lord, Miss Mary, 90, Horton Road, Bradford
 Lowenthal, G. E., The Grange, Edgerton, Huddersfield

Mainwaring, Rev. A., 45, Christchurch Road, Doncaster
 Mackay, Rev. Angus M., 81, Osborne Place, Aberdeen
 Manley, G. R., Park Cliffe Mount, Undercliffe, Bradford
 Marriott, Sidney R., Admiralty, Whitehall, London, S.W.
 Marsden, Mrs., Mountjoy House, Huddersfield
 Matthews, Rev. W., 28, Summerfield Crescent, Icknield Port Road,
 Matthews, W. H., Mechanics' Buildings, Bradford [Birmingham
 Mawdesley, E., Town Clerk, Croydon
 McCann, Councillor, Bradford Road, Dewsbury
 McMennan, Wm., B.A., Kilmarnock House, Kilmarnock
 Mellor, B. Dixon, 55, Highbury Hill, London, N.
 Merrill, Miss, Woodhouse, near Sheffield
 Miller, J. Reynolds, Stukeley's Banking Co., Ltd., Wellington, Somerset
 Miller, Mrs. J. Reynolds, Stukeley's Banking Co., Ltd., Wellington,
 Moore, Miss, 7, Ashfield, Bradford [Somerset
 Morley, Mrs., 12, Hyde Park Terrace, Headingley, Leeds.
 Morrison, Lady, Stanleigh, Headingley, Leeds
 Mossman, F., 3, Fairmount, Bradford
 Muff, Mrs. Henry, Aston Mount, Heaton, Bradford

Newsholme, Robert, Mytholm, Haworth
 Newsome, Miss Annie, Wellfield, Staincliffe, Dewsbury
 Nicoll, Dr. Robertson, Bay Tree Lodge, Frognall, Hampstead,
 Nimmo, Harry, 5, Elmwood Terrace, Huddersfield [London, N.W.
 Nisbet, E. T., 17, Latimer Street, Tynemouth
 Nutter, John, 108, Horton Grange Road, Bradford

Oddy, John, Moor End, Cleckheaton
 Oldfield, J. Refitt, c/o Madderton & Co., Ltd., Loughton, Essex
 Oldroyd, G. H., Firdene, Gomersal, near Leeds
 Oldroyd, Mrs. G. H., Firdene, Gomersal, near Leeds
 Owen, William, 2, Forrest Avenue, Huddersfield
 Owen, Mrs. William, 2, Forrest Avenue, Huddersfield

- Palmer, H. J., Editor, "Yorkshire Post," Leeds
 Parker, Mrs. John, Whinn Knowle, Oxenhope, near Keighley
 Parkin, Robert, Church Street, Heckmondwike
 Parkinson, A. T., Ashburnham Villa, North Park Road, Bradford
 Parkinson, G. S., Claremont, Bradford
 Patchett, Frank, J.P., Heathside, Halifax
 Patchett, Riley, Fernside, Halifax
 Patchett, John, Mildred House, Undercliffe Lane, Bradford
 Patchett, Mrs. James, Oakworth, Wellington, Salop
 Pawson, Thomas, 3, Westfield Terrace, Undercliffe, Bradford
 Pearce, Harvey, Bookseller, Rochdale
 Peacock, W. R., 7, Bedford Avenue, Manley Park, Manchester
 Peel, Frank, Heckmondwike
 Pickard, Miss, 63, Barkerend Road, Bradford
 Pickles, John J., 105, Camp Road, Leeds
 Piercy, Mrs., Queen's Road, Edgerton, Huddersfield
 Pollard, Mrs., Belle Vue, Bengoe, Hertford
 Pollard, Collingwood, 5, Cheapside, Bradford
 Pollock, Hugh, 50, Northumberland Road, Dublin
 Popplewell, Alderman John, J.P., Field Street, Bradford
 Porritt, Miss F. M., B.A., 1, Highfield Terrace, Leeds
 Priestley, W. E. B., J.P., Rose Mount, Manningham Lane, Bradford
 Pringle, Rev. P. D., M.A., Saltaire
 Rabagliati, Dr., St. Paul's Road, Bradford
 Ramsden, Alfred A., Fairfield Terrace, Dewsbury
 Redman, Mrs. Percy, Craven Royd, Haworth, near Keighley
 Redman, James, 96, Sun Street, Haworth
 Reynolds, Miss, Cliff Lodge, Hyde Park Road, Leeds
 Rhodes, W. V., Tofts House, Cleckheaton
 Riddiough, J. T., Dyke Nook, Frizinghall, Bradford
 Riley, James, 25, White's View, Bradford
 Roberts, James, The Knoll, Saltaire
 Robertshaw, W., 3, Castle Road, Keighley
 Robinson, F. W., Woodleigh, Edgerton, Huddersfield
 Robinson, J. R., Westgate, Dewsbury
 Roper, Wm., Monumental Mason, Hebble Bank, Oakworth
 Roscoe, Mrs., Wilson House, New Wortley, Leeds.
 Rothera, H., Heckmondwike
 Saynor, A. J., Colorado Springs, El Paso, County Colorado, U.S.A.
 Scharff, W., Hick Street, Vicar Lane, Bradford
 Scott, Miss C. H., 38, Chalfont Road, Oxford
 Scott, Temple, 3, Welbeck Mansions, West Hampstead, London, N.W.
 Senior, Rev. James, St. Philip's Rectory, Uvalde, Texas, U.S.A.
 Sharpe, Mrs. W. Cecil, Warney Lea, Matlock
 Shaw, John, 95, Northern Grove, West Didsbury, Manchester
 Shaw, James, Brow Cottage, Hove Edge, Lightcliffe, Halifax
 Shawcross, Rev. Thomas, Eldon Street, Heckmondwike
 Shepard, Richard B., 120-125, Commercial Block, Salt Lake City,
 Shepherd, Mrs., Shaw End, Kendal [Utah, U.S.A.]
 Skidmore, Charles, Stipendiary, Bradford
 Sleath, Mrs. J. S., Oakes House, near Halifax
 Smelt, G. W., Hanging Heaton, near Dewsbury
 Smith, Sir Swire, Keighley
 Smith, Wm., 5, Kirkland Terrace, Morley
 Smithson, Joseph, Yew Cottage, Lightcliffe
 Speight, Harry, Crow Nest, Bingley

Speak, Miss, Springfield, Oxenhope, near Keighley
 Stafford, Mrs. E. F., Box 366, P.O., Fall River, Massachusetts, U.S.A.
 Stead, J. J., Albert Cottage, Heckmondwike
 Steinthal, Francis, Currer Street, Bradford
 Stone, Mrs. B. F., Wyverm, Sunny Bank Road, Huddersfield
 Stone, Miss Wyverm, Sunny Bank Road, Huddersfield
 Stuart, Dr. J. A. Erskine, Undercliffe, Batley
 Sugden, Mrs., "Black Bull" Hotel, Haworth, near Keighley
 Sugden, C. E., Ryshworth Hall, Bingley
 Sugden, Miss, Worth View, Oakworth, Keighley
 Sugden, John, 22, Greenhead Road, Huddersfield
 Sutcliffe, Halliwell, Bingley
 Sutcliffe, Tom, Binns Hill, Warley, near Halifax
 Sutton, Chas W., Free Library, King Street, Manchester
 Sutton, Frank, 13, Alexandra Crescent, Antrim Road, Belfast
 Sykes, Mrs. J. H., Bryanclyffe, Huddersfield
 Sykes, Geo. Dyson, Ashdene, Park Drive, Huddersfield
 Sykes, Miss, 18, Springwood Street, Huddersfield
 Sylvester, Rev. Father, St. Charles College, North Kensington,
 Taylor, H. J., Portland Villas, Bath St., Dewsbury [London, W.
 Taylor, John, Free Library, Douglas, Isle-of-Man
 Taylor, Rev. R. V., Melbecks Vicarage, near Richmond, Yorks.
 Taylor, Wm., Rydal Mount, Brighouse
 Taylor, Miss Emily Howson, 86, New Lane, Patricroft, near Manchester
 Teal, J., 4, Rhodes Street, Halifax
 Terry, Geo., Ivy House, Ravensthorpe, Dewsbury
 Thompson, W. R., Calmswood House, Dewsbury
 Thomson, Councillor, Woodhouse Hall, Huddersfield
 Turner, J. Horsfall, Idle, near Bradford
 Unwin, S. P., Hall Royd, Shipley
 Wainwright, Miss, Constable, 47, Croxteth Road, Sefton Park,
 Walker, Alderman John, J.P., Lees House, Dewsbury [Liverpool
 Walker, Walter, J.P., Westcliffe, Dewsbury
 Walker, Dr. Edward, 18, New North Road, Huddersfield
 Watkinson, John, Fairfield, Huddersfield
 Watkinson, Miss, Sanveygate Police Station, Leicester
 Watkinson, Edwards, Norleigh, Gledholt, Huddersfield
 Watmough, J. H., 55, Shenley Road, Camberwell, London, S.E.
 Wheeler, Mrs. Henry, Grasmead, Brighouse
 Whitehead, James, Clerk to School Board, Todmorden
 Whitley, Miss F., "Martha" Ward, St. Bartholomew's Hospital,
 Wilkinson, T., 44, Cotton Tree Lane, Colne, Lancashire [London, E.C.
 Williamson, Reuben, West Field, Huddersfield
 Willans, J. E., J.P., Rose Hill, Huddersfield
 Wilson, Denison, Glenholm, Oak Mount, Bradford
 Wilson, S. E., The Trees, North Park Road, Manningham
 Wingrave, Dr. Wyatt, 11, Devonshire St., Portland Place, London, W.
 Wise, T. J., 15, St. George's Road, Abbey Road, St. John's Wood,
 Womersley, Mrs., West Bank, Heaton, Bradford [London, N.W.
 Wood, Butler, Free Library, Bradford
 Woodard, Geo., Christowell, Streatham, London, S.W.
 Woodhouse, Lady, Brough House, Brough, East Yorkshire
 Yates, Councillor W. W., Elmwood Terrace, Dewsbury
 Yates, Miss A. M., Elmwood Terrace, Dewsbury
 Young, Miss Emmeline, 3, Murray Road, Edgerton, Huddersfield

Annual Financial Statement for the year ending December 31st, 1899.

Dr.	RECEIPTS.			PAYMENTS.		
	£	s.	d.	£	s.	d.
To Balance from 1898	...	19	8 7	By Printing and Stationery	...	...
Annual Subscriptions for 1899	...	35	12 6	Postage, Carriage, &c.	...	...
" " Arrears	...	0	5 0	Purchase of Books and Photos	...	...
" " in Advance	...	1	0 0	Annual Meeting Expenses at Huddersfield	...	...
New Life Members' Fees	...	9	10 0	Brontë Manuscripts purchased	...	...
Sale of "Transactions," per Treasurer	...	1	16 7	One Year's Rent of Museum	...	...
Admission Fees at Museum	...	27	15 0	Gas Accounts	...	...
Sale of Books and Photos at Museum	...	4	17 10	Rates	...	...
Voluntary Contributions	...	0	16 1	Caretaker's Wages	...	...
Interest, Yorkshire Penny Bank, Haworth	...	0	2 7	Insurance of Contents	...	...
" London, City and Midland Bank,	...	0	1 4	Sundry Disbursements	...	...
" Heckmondwike	...	0	1 4	Balance in London, City and	£	s. d.
				Midland Bank	5	13 1
				hands of Treasurer	14	3 3
					19	16 4
					£101	5 6

Audited and found correct, J. A. CLAPHAM, }
 January 11th, 1900. MILES E. HARTLEY, } Auditors.
 JOHN J. STEAD, Hon. Treasurer.

THE
BRONTË SOCIETY.

ESTABLISHED 1893.

SEVENTH
ANNUAL REPORT,

PRESENTED AT THE ANNUAL MEETING,
HELD AT
BRIGHOUSE, ON SATURDAY, MARCH 30th, 1901.



PRINTED FOR THE SOCIETY BY
M. FIELD & SONS, SOUTHGATE, BRADFORD.

MARCH, 1901.

Officers for 1901.

President :

THE RIGHT HON. THE EARL OF CREWE.

Vice-Presidents :

HIS GRACE THE DUKE OF
DEVONSHIRE, K.G.
SIR T. WEMYSS REID.
JOHN BRIGG, Esq., M.P.
Rev. R. COLLYER, D.D., New York.
Rev. W. ROBERTSON NICOLL, LL.D.
Rev. CANON CLARKE, M.A.

C. MILNES GASKELL, Esq.
WM. LAW, Esq.
W. E. B. PRIESTLEY, Esq., J.P.
CLEMENT K. SHORTER, Esq.
JOHN WAUGH, Esq.
T. J. WISE, Esq.

Council :

Chairman : Mr. W. W. YATES, Dewsbury.

Mr. J. J. BRIGG, M.A., Keighley.
Mr. J. CALDWELL, Brighouse.
Mr. W. S. CAMERON, Leeds.
Miss COCKSHOTT, Oakworth.
Mr. C. A. FEDERER, Bradford.
Mrs. F. C. GALLOWAY, Bradford.
Mr. J. F. GREENWOOD, Haworth.
Mr. L. HAINSWORTH, Farsley.
Mr. WOOLLER JENNINGS, Bradford.
Mr. P. F. LEE, Dewsbury.

LADY MORRISON, Leeds.
Mr. WM. ROBERTSHAW, Keighley.
Mr. WM. SMITH, Morley.
Mrs. C. E. SUGDEN, Bingley.
Mr. HALLIWELL SUTCLIFFE, „
Mr. WM. TAYLOR, Brighouse.
Mr. S. P. UNWIN, Shipley.
Mr. JOHN WATKINSON, Huddersfield.
Mr. S. E. WILSON, Bradford.

Local Committee :

Mrs. Sugden, Miss Cockshott, Mr. J. J. Brigg,
Mr. J. F. Greenwood (*Secretary*), and Mr. Wm. Robertshaw (*Treasurer*).
Caretaker at Museum : Mr. J. H. Helliwell, 10, Changegate, Haworth.

Hon. Treasurer :

Mr. J. J. STEAD, Albert Cottage, Heckmondwike.

Bibliographical Secretary :

Mr. BUTLER WOOD, Free Library, Bradford.

Corresponding Secretary :

Mr. W. T. FIELD, Southgate, Bradford.

ANNUAL REPORT.

It is again the pleasing duty of the Council to present their Annual Report of the year's work.

THE SIXTH ANNUAL MEETING

was held at the Philosophical Hall, Leeds, on Saturday, January 20th, 1900, and was well attended. In addition to the Election of Officers, the Financial Statement and Report of the year's work were submitted, and other matters affecting the Society's welfare discussed. Mr. J. F. Greenwood occupied the chair.

PUBLIC MEETING.

The large hall was engaged for the evening meeting and Mr. W. E. B. Priestley, J.P., of Bradford, presided. After the Rev. Dr. Gibson, Vicar, had welcomed the Society to Leeds, Mr. James Fotheringham, Professor of Literature, read an interesting paper on "The Work of Emily Brontë, and the Brontë Problem." The meeting concluded with an exhibition of lantern slides illustrative of the Brontës and their writings, by Mr. Stead. Several new members were enrolled as a result of our visit to Leeds.

THE COUNCIL.

Mr. J. F. Greenwood, Haworth, who has always taken a lively interest in the Society's work, has again presided over the meetings of the Council, at which there has been an average attendance of over thirteen.

MEMBERSHIP.

During the seven years the Society has been in existence the membership has steadily risen from 163 at the end of the first year to 331 at the end of 1900. The continued increase is extremely gratifying to the Council, and affords ample proof of the widespread interest in the Society.

PUBLICATIONS.

Part XI. of the "Transactions" has been issued during the year. It contains Mr. Fotheringham's essay on "Emily Brontë, and the Brontë Problem." It may be of interest to mention that the Council have still a quantity of valuable matter on hand which will eventually be embodied in the "Transactions." In the immediate future it is intended to issue a Brontë dictionary of places and characters which it is thought will prove of great service to Brontë students.

VISIT TO WYCOLLER.

During the last few years excursions have been taken to various places associated with the Brontës. The "Shirley" Country, Hathersage (the Village of Morton in "Jane Eyre"), Cowan Bridge (the Lowwood School where Charlotte and her sisters commenced their education), have been in turn visited, whilst last summer a delightful drive over the moors from Howarth to Wycoller (the Ferndean Manor of "Jane Eyre") proved an attraction to many members and friends, who have been enabled by these excursions to realise more fully the environment of the Brontës, which stamped itself to so marked a degree on their characters and writings.

THE MUSEUM.

The amount taken during the year at the Museum at Haworth has been £30 9s. 1d., of which £25 11s. 10d. was for admissions and £4 17s. 3d. from the sale of Photos, etc. The Museum has been in existence six years and the receipts from admissions alone have averaged nearly £37, representing 3,000 visitors each year in addition to members who are entitled to free entrance. In the summer we were honoured by visits from the British Association, Yorkshire Union of Mechanics' Institutes, and Yorkshire Baptist Association, in addition to many literary and scientific societies. Mr. J. F. Greenwood and Mr. Butler Wood have rendered good service by explaining the various exhibits.

The Council beg to acknowledge their obligation to the following gentlemen who have kindly presented articles to the Museum :—

MR. THOMAS J. WISE (London): Fourteen valuable autograph letters by Charlotte Brontë, including the

last two, written in pencil on her death bed. The letters are addressed to Miss Nussey, Mr. Smith Williams and others.

MESSRS. MATTHEWS & BROOKE (Bradford): Portion of Dinner Service formerly used at the Haworth Parsonage.

Since the formation of the Society, we have been honoured by the presence at our Meetings of many of the most eminent authorities on Brontë matters, and the following summary may be of interest :—

- 1893. BRADFORD—Brontë Society formed.
- 1894. DEWSBURY—First Annual Meeting.
Dr. J. A. E. Stuart (Batley).
Mr. W. W. Yates (Dewsbury).
- 1895. HAWORTH—Brontë Society's Museum opened.
Rev. Dr. Wright (London).
Sir T. Wemyss Reid (London).
- 1896. KEIGHLEY—Second Annual Meeting.
Rev. Thos. Keyworth (Halifax).
Dr. J. A. E. Stuart (Batley).
- 1897. BRADFORD—Third Annual Meeting.
Rev. Dr. Wright (London).
Rev. J. B. Lusk (Ballynaskeagh, Ireland).
- 1897. HAWORTH—Re-opening of Museum.
Clement K. Shorter (London).
Dr. W. Robertson Nicoll (London).
- 1898. HALIFAX—Fourth Annual Meeting.
Sir T. Wemyss Reid (London).
- 1899. HUDDERSFIELD—Fifth Annual Meeting.
Professor Saintsbury, M.A. (Edinburgh).
Rev. Dr. Bruce (Huddersfield).
Rev. Canon Bardsley (Huddersfield).
- 1900. LEEDS—Sixth Annual Meeting.
James Fotheringham, Esq. (Bradford).
- 1901. BRIGHOUSE—Seventh Annual Meeting.
R. B. Haldane, Esq., K.C., M.P. (London).

LIFE MEMBERS.

Adam, A., Steeton Hall, Keighley
 Barker, Edgar, Cleckheaton
 Barran, J. N., Weetwood, Leeds
 Burrowes, Mrs., 42, St. John's Road, Clifton, Bristol
 Crewe, the Right Hon. the Earl of, Crewe Hall, Crewe
 Crook, W. J., Almora, The Ridgeway, Enfield, London
 Denham, Frederic, 109, Southampton Row, London, W.C.
 Devonshire, His Grace the Duke of, Devonshire House, London
 Dyson, George, Argyle Street, Marsden, near Huddersfield
 Hayes, Thos. J., Ben Rhydding, Ilkley
 Kitson, Miss A. Hilda, Gledhow Hall, Leeds
 Law, William, Littleborough, near Manchester
 Lee, Edmund, Rydal Bank, Park Drive, Heaton, Bradford
 Letts, Chas., 8, Bartlett's Buildings, Holborn Circus, London, E.C.
 Meeker, Claude, 85, North High Street, Columbus, Ohio, U.S.A.
 Minet, Mrs., 48, Gloucester Square, Hyde Park, London, W.
 Saintsbury, Professor, M.A., 2, Eton Terrace, Edinburgh
 Scatcherd, Mrs. A. C., Morley Hall, near Leeds
 Scott, Allen F., Kirklands Avenue, Baildon
 Shorter, Clement K., 16, Marlborough Place, London, N.W.
 Sugden, Mrs. C. E., Ryshworth Hall, Bingley
 Taylor, E. Reginald, Medomsley, Sidcup, Kent
 Taylor, Miss S. May, Medomsley, Sidcup, Kent
 Wadsworth, Henry, Turnsteads, Cleckheaton
 Waugh, John, Stackhouse, Settle
 Woodhead, A. L., M.A., Longdenholme, Huddersfield
 Women's Rest Tour Association, 264, Boylston Street, Boston, Mass.,
 (Fifteen Years' Subscription from Jan. 1st, 1895.) [U.S.A.

ANNUAL MEMBERS.

Corrected to March 31st, 1901.

Ackroyd, George, J.P., 6, North Park Road, Bradford
 Ackroyd, J. W., 12, Woodsley Road, Leeds
 Aked, Frank, Birch Cottage, Highgate Road, Dewsbury
 Allbutt, H. A., M.R.C.P., E., 24, Park Square, Leeds
 Armitage, Joseph, 14, Victoria Road, Saltaire
 Ashworth, Thos. E., Todmorden Hall, Todmorden
 Backhouse, Alfred, North Villa, Headingley, Leeds
 Bagshaw, Walter, J.P., Moorfield, Birkenshaw, near Bradford
 Bagshaw, Mrs., Moorfield, Birkenshaw, near Bradford
 Bairstow, James, Trinity Mount, Sutton, Keighley
 Barrans, F. C., 15, Glisson Road, Cambridge
 Barker, W. T., Bank House, Apperley Bridge, near Leeds
 Baxandall, Rev. J., 68, Parkfield Terrace, Lancaster
 Beaver, John H., Gleadhow Mount, Oxenhope, near Keighley
 Beaver, John, 88, Bolton Road, Silsden, Keighley
 Belfield, Mrs. W., Malmaison, Frenchay, near Bristol
 Bennett, Mrs., 1, Outwood Villas, Outwood Lane, Horsforth, Leeds
 Bentham, T. H., 7, Spring Place, Bradford
 Benington, Henry, 7, Wentworth Terrace, Wakefield
 Bingham, Hugh, 14, Salthorn Street, Oakenshaw
 Binns, J. A., 31, Manor Row, Bradford
 Binns, Wm., The Sykes, Oakworth, near Keighley
 Binns, Joseph, 10, Hallfield Place, Bradford
 Birks, Miss Maud, Holly House, Woodhouse, Sheffield
 Bishop, Charles F., Colwick Road, Nottingham

- Bland, Hophni, Haworth, near Keighley
 Bland, W. R., Duffield, Derby
 Bloom, Mrs. T. Ferncett, Milford, Salisbury
 Booth, J., Brooklyn Cottages, Thornton, Bradford
 Bottomley, Alfred, 14, Cooke Street, Keighley
 Bradford Public Free Library
 Bradley, Jonas, Stanbury, Keighley
 Brigg, J. J., Guard House, Keighley
 Brigg, Alderman J., M.P., Kildwick Hall, near Keighley
 Brigg, W. A., Kildwick Hall, near Keighley
 Briscoe, J. Potter, F.R.H.S., Central Free Library, Nottingham
 Brooke, Thos., Sir, J.P., F.S.A., Armitage Bridge, Huddersfield
 Brooke, William, J.P., Northgate Mount, Honley, Huddersfield
 Brooke, J. A., J.P., Fenay Hall, Huddersfield
 Brooke, G. H., Mechanics' Buildings, Bradford
 Bruce, Rev. Dr., Huddersfield
 Burnell, W. B., Mechanics' Institute, Pudsey
 Burtt, E. H., Holmfirth
 Byles, W. P., Oakfield, Manningham, Bradford
 Byles, Mrs., Oakfield, Manningham, Bradford

 Caldwell, Jonathan, "News" Office, Brighouse
 Calvert, Miss, Illingworth House, Halifax
 Cameron, W. S., 57, Caledonian Road, Leeds
 Cardew, Arthur, 4, North View, Wimbledon Common, Surrey
 Carter, John W., 29, Bruce Street, New Wortley, Leeds
 Chadwick, Mrs. John, Templefield, Dewsbury
 Chadwick, S. J., J.P., F.S.A., Lyndhurst, Dewsbury
 Chapman, Alfred, 23, Elizabeth Street, Bradford
 Christie, Rev. J. J., M.A., Church Fenton
 Clapham, J. A., 5, Bank Street, Bradford
 Clarke, Rev. Alfred, M.A., Steeton Vicarage, Keighley
 Clarke, Rev. Canon L., M.A., The Vicarage, Dewsbury
 Clough, Miss Annie, Beechcliffe, Keighley
 Clough, Miss Marion, Beechcliffe, Keighley
 Clough, John, Junr., The Shroggs, Steeton, Keighley
 Cockshott, Miss M. A., Wildfell, Oakworth, near Keighley
 Cockshott, Miss, Wildfell, Oakworth, near Keighley
 Collier, Mrs. Peter, 126, East 28th Street, New York City, U.S.A.
 Constable, W., 29, Kirkgate, Bradford
 Copley, James, 60, Whetley Hill, Bradford
 Cortazzo, Madame E.C., Meadville, Pennsylvania, U.S.A.
 Couper, Rev. W. J., M.A., Free Manse, Kirkurd, Dolphinton, N.B.
 Cousins, Rev. W. Phillips, Sunnydale Terrace, Ossett
 Craven, C. A., Gasworks, Savile Town, Dewsbury
 Crawshaw, C. B., J.P., Rufford Lodge, Dewsbury
 Crouch, C. E., 36, Adolphus Road, Brownwood Park, London, N.
 Crowther, Joseph, Windsor Road, Hebden Bridge

 Daniel, Miss C. H., Lough Ree Lodge, Athlone, Westmeath, Ireland
 Day, George, Blenheim House, Dewsbury
 Denham, J. W., Clifton Lodge, Meltham, Huddersfield
 Dewsbury Public Free Library, (W. H. Smith, Librarian)
 Dickens, J. Norton, 12, Oak Villas, Bradford
 Dick Cleland, A. B., 28, Coates Gardens, Edinburgh
 Dixon, Samuel, Malis Road, Keighley
 Dobson, Mrs., Osmotherley, Northallerton
 Dobson, Wm., Moorhead Villas, Shipley
 Drummond, Rev. J. S., George Street, Huddersfield

- Dunlop, George, "Standard" Office, Kilmarnock
- Fawthrop, Joseph, 212, Bowling Old Lane, Bradford
- Fearnside, Miss, Bank Top, Dewsbury
- Federer, C. A., 8, Hallfield Road, Bradford
- Fellows, Mrs., 33, Park Road, Jarrow-on-Tyne
- Ferguson, Miss M. D., Roselea, Rattray, Blairgowrie, N.B.
- Field, George, West Bank, Heaton, Bradford
- Field, W. T., 45, Athol Road, Bradford
- Fielden, Miss, 9, Clarendon Terrace, Manningham
- Fillingham, Miss, Rosemary Cottage, Meltham, Huddersfield
- Firth, A. F., J.P., Lightcliffe, Halifax
- Flint, Mrs. Alonzo, 122, Waterman St., Providence, Rhode I., U.S.A.
- France, Hiram, "Herald" Office, Keighley
- Furniss, G. F., 28, Bond Street, Leeds
- Galloway, Mrs. F. C., Greenfield House, West Bowling, Bradford
- Galloway, Jesse, Ashton House, Ashton Road, Morecambe
- Garside, Miss, 201, Burnley Road, Accrington
- Gaskarth, Henry, 26, Howard Street, Bradford
- Gleave, Joseph J., 8, Oldham Street, Manchester
- Glover, Mrs. Edith H., 10, Leonard Place, Kensington, London, W.
- Goodere, A., "Reporter" Office, Dewsbury
- Grant, J. F., 11, Oakfield Terrace, Headingley, Leeds
- Grant, Mrs., 11, Oakfield Terrace, Headingley, Leeds
- Graves, Henry, 16, Marlborough Road, Bradford
- Green, Fred, Park Road, Dewsbury
- Greenwood, Crossley, Nut Clough, Hebden Bridge
- Greenwood, J. F., Ashmount, Haworth, near Keighley
- Greenwood, R. M., 2, Mannville Terrace, Bradford
- Greenwood, Dr. Fredk., Haddon Cottage, Brampton, Chesterfield
- Hadaway, Alfred D., Green Garth, Dalton, Huddersfield
- Haigh David, South View, Holmfirth, near Huddersfield
- Hainsworth, Lewis, Oakwell Cottage, Farsley, near Leeds
- Hanson, C. E., 16, Woodview, Bradford
- Hanson, Mrs., 16, Woodview, Bradford
- Hardisty, John D., 29, Coupland Street, Beeston Hill, Leeds
- Hardy, Herbert, Middle Road, Earlsheaton, Dewsbury
- Harman, Edward A., Gasworks, Huddersfield
- Hartley, Miles E., 49, Parkside Road, West Bowling, Bradford
- Hartley, John, "Echo" Office, Brighouse
- Harvey, E., Fern Cottage, Mount Pleasant Road, Upper Brighton,
- Hawley, Miss Margaret F., Santa Barbara, California, U.S.A. [Cheshire
- Hawley, Miss, J. M., Santa Barbara, California, U.S.A.
- Haygarth, Thos., South Street, Keighley
- Hepworth, Joseph, Laburum House, Rawfolds, Cleckheaton
- Hepworth, Mrs., Laburnum House, Rawfolds, Cleckheaton
- Hewitson, Rev. J. R., 2, Park Villas, Court Road, Eltham, London,
- Hill, Mrs. James S., 56, Fellows Road, London, N.W. [S.E.
- Hill, John, Gladstone Terrace, Morley
- Hirst, Arthur, Kirklands, West Lane, Haworth, near Keighley
- Hobson, Mrs. G. A., Coverdale Lodge, King's Rd., Richmond, Surrey
- Holdroyd, Percy A., Market Street, Cleckheaton
- Holmes, John, Ivy Cottage, Daisy Hill, Bradford
- Hood, B. M., Rose Bank, Ilkley
- Horsfall, Edwin, 64, Hazelhurst Brow, Bradford
- Horsfall, T. H., The Mount, Heckmondwike
- Howarth, Rev. R., Wilmer Villas, Heaton, Bradford
- Hughes, Professor D. Arthur, Illinois College, Jacksonville, Ill., U.S.A.

- Illingworth, Miss H. H., Storrs View, Ossett
 Illingworth, Mrs. Eustace, Glen Royd, Heaton, Bradford
 Illingworth, Mrs. Henry, Moorfield, Bradford
 Ingram, John, Dewsbury
 Jackson, F. G., 8A, Park Lane, Leeds
 Jennings, Wooller, Prudential Buildings, Bradford
 Jessop, Ald. W. H., 10, King's Mill Lane, Huddersfield
 Jewsbury, Wm. H., 183, Granville Terrace, Thornbury, Bradford
 Jones, Rev. D. Lincoln, 226, Plymouth Grove, Manchester
 Keighley, Alexander, The High Hall, Steeton, Keighley
 Kendall, John, Belmont, Shipley
 Kershaw, Edmund, 51, West Parade, Huddersfield
 Kershaw, Thos., Abbotsford, Halifax
 Keyworth, Rev. Thos., 9, Elmfield Terrace, Halifax
 Kidd, C. E., 56, The Boulevard, Halifax
 Lancaster, Seth, 48, Wakefield Road, Bradford
 Lancaster, W. W., 48, Wakefield Road, Bradford
 Lee, E. W., Walkergate, Pontefract
 Lee, P. F., Technical School, Dewsbury
 Leeds Free Library.
 Leigh, Rev. N. Egerton, Kirkstall Vicarage, Leeds
 Little, W. V., 1, Lower Wyke, Wyke, Bradford
 Lobley, D. K., Alexandra Crescent, Dewsbury
 Locking, Miss, Rosse Mount, Heaton, Bradford
 Lord, Edmund, West View, Pontefract
 Lord, Miss Mary, 90, Horton Road, Bradford
 Lowenthal, G. E., The Grange, Edgerton, Huddersfield
 Lumb, Miss, Millbank, Triangle, Halifax
 Manley, G. R., Park Cliffe Mount, Undercliffe, Bradford
 Marriott, Sidney R., Admiralty, Whitehall, London, S.W.
 Matthews, Rev. W., 28, Summerfield Crescent, Edgbaston, Birmingham
 Matthews, W. H., Mechanics' Buildings, Bradford
 McCann, Councillor, Bradford Road, Dewsbury
 McMenant, Wm., B.A., Kilmarnock House, Kilmarnock
 Mellor, B. Dixon, 55, Highbury Hill, London, N.
 Merrill, Miss, Woodhouse, near Sheffield
 Metcalfe, Percy, 17, Welbury Drive, Bradford
 Metcalfe, Mrs. Percy, 17, Welbury Drive, Bradford
 Miller, J. Reynolds, Stukey's Banking Co., Ltd., Wellington, Somerset
 Miller, Mrs. J. Reynolds, Stukey's Banking Co., Ltd., Wellington, Somerset
 Milne, Miss H. A., The Trees, Church Road, Upper Norwood, London.
 Moore, Miss, 7, Ashfield, Bradford [S.E.]
 Morley, Mrs., 12, Hyde Park Terrace, Headingley, Leeds
 Morrison, Lady, Stanleigh, Headingley, Leeds
 Mossman, F., 73, St. Mary's Terrace, Bradford
 Muff, Mrs. Henry, Aston Mount, Heaton, Bradford
 Nesbitt, J. C., M.A., Ripon
 Newsholme, Robert, Belgrave Mount, Keighley
 Newsome, Miss Annie, Wellfield, Staincliffe, Dewsbury
 Nicoll, Dr. Robertson, Bay Tree Lodge, Frognall, Hampstead,
 Nisbet, E. T., 17, Latimer Street, Tynemouth [London, N.W.]
 Oddy, John, Moor End, Cleckheaton
 Oldfield, J. Reffitt, c/o Madderton & Co., Ltd., Loughton, Essex
 Oldroyd, G. H., Firdene, Gomersal, near Leeds
 Oldroyd, Mrs. G. H., Firdene, Gomersal, near Leeds

- Owen, William, 2, Forrest Avenue, Huddersfield
 Owen, Mrs. William, 2, Forrest Avenue, Huddersfield
- Palmer, H. J., Editor. "Yorkshire Post," Leeds
 Parker, Mrs. John, Whinn Knowle, Oxenhope, near Keighley
 Parkin, Robert. Church Street, Heckmondwike
 Parkinson, A. T., Ashburnham Villa, North Park Road, Bradford
 Parry, Mrs., Ye Olde Barn, Hertford
 Patchett, Frank, J.P., Heathside, Halifax
 Patchett, John, Mildred House, Undercliffe Lane, Bradford
 Patchett, Mrs. James, Oakworth, Wellington, Salop
 Pawson, Thomas, 3, Westfield Terrace, Undercliffe, Bradford
 Pearce, Harvey, Bookseller, Rochdale
 Peacock, W. R., 56, Yarburgh Street, Whalley Range, Manchester
 Pickard, Miss, Nesfield House, Bardsley Terrace, Manningham, Bradford
 Pickles, Wilkinson, Gads Hill, Halifax
 Pickles, David, Keighley
 Pickles, John J., 105, Camp Road, Leeds
 Piercy, Mrs., Gledholt Old Hall, Huddersfield
 Pollard, Mrs., Belle Vue, Bengoe, Hertford
 Pollard, Collingwood. 5, Cheapside, Bradford
 Pollock, Hugh, 50, Northumberland Road, Dublin
 Popplewell, Alderman John, J.P., Field Street, Bradford
 Porritt, Miss F. M., B.A., 1, Highfield Terrace, Leeds
 Priestley, W. E. B., J.P., Rose Mount, Manningham, Bradford
 Pringle, Rev. P. D., M.A., Saltaire
- Rabagliati, Dr., St. Paul's Road, Bradford
 Redman, Mrs. Percy, Craven Royd, Haworth, near Keighley
 Reynolds, Miss, Cliff Lodge, Hyde Park Road, Leeds
 Rhodes, Joseph, 54, Drewry Terrace, Keighley
 Rhodes, W. V., Tofts House, Cleckheaton
 Richards, T., Alfred House, Dewsbury
 Riley, James, Hollings Mount, Whetley Hill, Bradford
 Roberts, James, The Knoll, Saltaire
 Robertshaw, W., 3, Castle Road, Keighley
 Robinson, Miss E. L. P., Beechwood, Darlington
 Roper, Wm., Hebble Bank, Oakworth
 Roscoe, Mrs., Wilson House, New Wortley, Leeds
 Rothera, H., Heckmondwike
- Saynor, A. J., Colorado Springs, El Paso, County Colorado, U.S.A.
 Scharff, W., Hick Street, Vicar Lane, Bradford
 Scott, Miss C. H., 38, Chalfont Road, Oxford
 Senior, Rev. James, St Phillip's Rectory, Uvalde, Texas, U.S.A.
 Sharp, Gordon, M.D., 3, St. George's Terrace, Camp Road, Leeds
 Sharpe, Mrs. W. Cecil, Warney Lea, Matlock
 Shaw, James, Essendyne House, Hove Edge, Lightcliffe, Halifax
 Shaw, John, 95, Northern Grove, West Didsbury, Manchester
 Shaw, Miss Winifred, Inglewood, Huddersfield
 Shawcross, Rev. Thomas, Eldon Street, Heckmondwike
 Sheard, B., Technical School, Batley
 Shepard, Richard B., 120, Commercial Block, Salt Lake City, Utah,
 Shepherd, Mrs., Shaw End, Kendal [U.S.A.]
 Skidmore, Charles, Stipendiary, Bradford
 Sleath, Mrs. J. S., Oakes House, near Halifax
 Smelt, G. W., Hanging Heaton, near Dewsbury
 Smith, Sir Swire, Keighley
 Smith, Wm., 5, Kirkland Terrace, Morley
 Smithson, Joseph, Yew Cottage, Lightcliffe

Speight, Harry, Crow Nest, Bingley
 Speak, Miss S., Springfield, Oxenhope, near Keighley
 Spurgeon, Mrs., 22, Carson Road, West Dulwich, London, S.E.
 Stafford, Mrs. E. F., Box 366, P.O., Fall River, Massachusetts, U.S.A.
 Stead, J. J., Albert Cottage, Heckmondwike
 Steinthal, Francis, Currer Street, Bradford
 Stevenson, Mrs., The Chantry, West Tanfield, Bedale
 Stone, Mrs. B. F., Wyvern, Sunny Bank Road, Huddersfield
 Stone, Miss, Wyvern, Sunny Bank Road, Huddersfield
 Stuart, Dr. J. A. Erskine, Undercliffe, Batley
 Sugden, Mrs., 1, South Avenue, Lancaster Road, Morecambe
 Sugden, C. E., Ryshworth Hall, Bingley
 Sugden, Miss, Worth View, Oakworth, Keighley
 Sugden, John, 22, Greenhead Road, Huddersfield
 Sugden, Harry, Hazel Grove, Stockport
 Sutcliffe, Halliwell, Bingley
 Sutcliffe, Tom, Binns Hill, Warley, near Halifax
 Sutton, Chas. W., Free Library, King Street, Manchester
 Sutton, Frank, 13, Alexandra Crescent, Antrim Road, Belfast
 Sykes, Mrs. J. H., Bryancliffe, Huddersfield
 Sykes, Geo. Dyson, Ashdene, Park Drive, Huddersfield
 Sykes, Miss, 18, Springwood Street, Huddersfield
 Sykes, A. F., 3, Henry Street, Horton Lane, Bradford
 Sylvester, Rev. Father, St. Charles College, North Kensington,
 [London, W.
 Taylor, H. J., Portland Villas, Bath St., Dewsbury
 Taylor, Rev. R. V., Melbecks Vicarage, near Richmond, Yorks.
 Taylor, Wm., Beech Dene, Bradford Road, Brighouse
 Taylor, Miss Emily Howson, 86, New Lane, Patricroft, near Manchester
 Thompson, W. R., Calmswood House, Dewsbury
 Thomson, Councillor, Woodhouse Hall, Huddersfield
 Turner, J. Horsfall, Idle, near Bradford
 Unwin, S. P., Hall Royd, Shipley
 Wainwright, Miss Constablee, 47, Croxteth Road, Sefton Park,
 Walker, Dr. Edward, 18, New North Road, Huddersfield [Liverpool
 Watkinson, John, Fairfield, Huddersfield
 Watkinson, Miss, Sanveygate Police Station, Leicester
 Watkinson, Edwards, Norleigh, Gledholt Huddersfield
 Watmough, J. H., 3, Fairbank Road, Whetley Lane, Bradford
 Watts, J. S., Postmaster, Shipley
 Wheeler, Mrs. Henry, Grasmead, Brighouse
 Whitehead, James, Clerk to School Board, Todmorden
 Whitham, John, Ripon
 Whitley, Miss F., "Martha" Ward, St. Bartholomew's Hospital,
 Wilkinson, T., 44, Cotton Tree Lane, Colne, Lancashire [London, E.C.
 Williamson, Reuben, West Field, Huddersfield
 Willans, J. E., J.P., Rose Hill, Huddersfield
 Wilson, Denison, Glenholm, Oak Mount, Bradford
 Wilson, S. E., The Trees, North Park Road, Manningham
 Wingrave, Dr. Wyatt, 11, Devonshire St., Portland Place, London, W.
 Wise, T. J., 15, St. George's Road, Abbey Road, St. John's Wood,
 Womersley, Mrs., Grassington, near Skipton [London, N.W.
 Wood, Butler, Free Library, Bradford
 Woodard, Geo., The Buugalow, St. Mary Church, Torquay
 Woodhouse, Lady, Brough House, Brough, East Yorkshire
 Yates, Councillor W. W., Elmwood Terrace, Dewsbury
 Yates, Miss A. M., Elmwood Terrace, Dewsbury
 Young, Miss Emmeline, 3, Murray Road, Edgerton, Huddersfield

TRANSACTIONS
AND
OTHER PUBLICATIONS
OF
THE BRONTË SOCIETY.

EDITED BY
BUTLER WOOD, F.R.S.L.

VOL. II.
(PARTS IX. TO XV. INCLUSIVE).



REPRINTED 1965 FOR
Wm. DAWSON & SONS Ltd., LONDON
WITH THE PERMISSION OF
THE BRONTË SOCIETY

Originally printed in Great Britain by
M. Field & Sons, Godwin Street, Bradford
Reprinted by Jos. Adam, Brussels — Belgium

PREFACE.

In view of the fact that the topographical aspect of the Brontë writings had occupied a large share of the first volume, it has been felt that the literary side should receive more attention in the subsequent proceedings. This intention has been carried out in the present volume, as will be seen from the contributions of Sir T. Wemyss Reid, Messrs. George Saintsbury, R. B. Haldane, Halliwell Sutcliffe, Richard Garnett, Edmund Gosse and other well-known writers.

The members are under considerable obligation to Mr. John Waugh, C.E., for bearing the cost of Part X., which contains reprints of articles by W. M. Thackeray and Miss Ellen Nussey. It is also embellished with reproductions of the wood blocks which appeared in Sir T. Wemyss Reid's "Monograph on Charlotte Brontë," a facsimile of one of Charlotte Brontë's letters, and other illustrations. We regret to have to record the death of the author of the Monograph. Sir T. Wemyss Reid took a deep interest in the Society's work; and his address on the Brontës, at Halifax in 1898, will long be remembered by those who were privileged to hear it.

We are indebted to Mr. W. R. Bland, Duffield, Derby, for permission to reprint the frontispiece to this volume.

B.W.

CONTENTS.

PART IX.

	PAGE.
Report of Proceedings at Halifax and Huddersfield, containing :—	
Fourth Annual Meeting at Halifax . . .	5
Address by Sir T. Wemyss Reid . . .	8
Fifth Annual Meeting at Huddersfield . .	14
“The position of the Brontës as Origins in the History of the English Novel,” by Professor George Saintsbury, M.A., LL.D.	18
Address by the Rev. Canon Bardsley . .	30
“The Poems of the Brontë Sisters,” by the Rev. Dr. Bruce	37

PART X.

Reprints of Articles on the Brontës :—	
Introductory Note by John Waugh . . .	55
Reminiscences of Charlotte Brontë, by Miss Helen Nussey	58
“The Last Sketch,” by W. M. Thackeray .	84
“Emma : a fragment,” by Charlotte Brontë .	87

PART XI.

Report of Proceedings at Leeds	107
“The Work of Emily Brontë and the Brontë Problem”	107

PART XII.

Report of Proceedings at Brighouse . . .	139
“Emily Brontë’s place in Literature,” by R. B. Haldane, K.C., M.P.	142
‘Haworth,’ by J. F. Greenwood	151

PART XIII.

Report of Proceedings at Morley	171
"The Spirit of the Moors," by Halliwell Sutcliffe	174

PART XIV.

Report of Proceedings at Dewsbury	195
"The Challenge of the Brontës," by Edmund Gosse, M.A., LL.D.	195
Report of Proceedings at Keighley	203
"The Place of Charlotte Brontë in Nineteenth Century Fiction," by Dr. Richard Garnett, C.B.	204

PART XV.

Report of Proceedings at Batley	223
"Wuthering Heights" by Mrs. Humphry Ward	227
Report of Proceedings at Haworth on the commemoration of the fiftieth anniversary of the death of Charlotte Brontë	232
"The Genius of the Brontës," by Ernest de Selincourt, M.A.	234

FULL-PAGE ILLUSTRATIONS.

Frontispiece, "On Haworth Moor."

PART X.

	PAGE.
Charlotte Brontë's Grave	50
<i>Facsimile</i> of Letter by Charlotte Brontë	53
Roe Head School	61
The "Fieldhead" of "Shirley"	65
The "Briarfield" Church of "Shirley"	66
Haworth Parsonage and Graveyard	72
Haworth Village	77
Haworth Church (now demolished)	78
Do. interior do.	80

ILLUSTRATIONS IN THE TEXT.

PART X.

The Rydings, Birstall	70
Rev. Patrick Brontë and <i>facsimile</i> of his signature	74
Organ-loft over Brontë Tablet and Pew	81
New Brontë Tablet	83



ON HAWORTH MOOR.

W. R. Bland.

BRONTË SOCIETY PUBLICATIONS.

PART IX.

TRANSACTIONS:

CONTAINING

REPORT OF PROCEEDINGS

AT HALIFAX AND HUDDERSFIELD,

AND

PAPERS READ BEFORE THE SOCIETY.



PRINTED FOR THE SOCIETY BY
M. FIELD AND SONS, GODWIN STREET, BRADFORD.

APRIL, 1899.

PREFACE.

This issue of the "Transactions," which forms the first part of the second volume, will, we hope, prove as interesting as most of its predecessors. It will be noticed that the contributions are more literary and less biographical or topographical in character than formerly, and as these two latter fields of inquiry have been so freely worked by Mr. Shorter and other recent investigators, it is not only desirable but necessary that the Society should devote more attention to the literary aspects of the Brontë writings than it has hitherto attempted. The papers included in the following pages will serve to indicate the lines on which it may be found desirable to travel in this direction in the future.

The Council wish it to be understood that the Authors of the various articles are alone responsible for the opinions expressed.

B. W.

April, 1899.

CONTENTS.

	PAGE.
Fourth Annual Meeting at Halifax 	5
Address by Sir T. Wemyss Reid 	8
Fifth Annual Meeting at Huddersfield... 	14
“The Position of the Brontës as Origins in the History of the English Novel,” by Professor Saintsbury, M.A., LL.D. 	18
Address by the Rev. Canon Bardsley 	30
“The Poems of the Brontë Sisters,” by the Rev. Dr. Bruce 	37

FOURTH

ANNUAL MEETING OF THE BRONTË SOCIETY.

The fourth annual meeting of the members of the Society was held on Saturday afternoon, January 15th, 1898, in the Council Chamber of the Halifax Town Hall. In the absence of the President (the Right Hon. the Earl of Crewe), who had recently met with a serious accident whilst riding, the chair was occupied by Mr. J. J. BRIGG, of Keighley. There was a numerous attendance of members.

The annual report, read by Mr. W. T. FIELD, the honorary Secretary, recorded the death of Mr. ALFRED NEWBOULT, who for eighteen months acted with the utmost zeal as Treasurer to the Society. The report also contained a reference to the death of Miss ELLEN NUSSEY, who had passed away at the ripe age of eighty.

The Chairman remarked that the Society was now established on a strong and lasting foundation, and had aroused interest the wide world over. He also commented favorably on the suggestion that steps might be taken to form branches of the Society in the United States and in other lands inhabited by English-speaking races.

Mr. G. Parkinson (Bradford), in moving the adoption of the report, thought that as the Vicar of Haworth was leaving, there might be a chance of the Society acquiring the old parsonage before a new Vicar was appointed.

Mr. W. W. Yates (Dewsbury) seconded the resolution. He regarded Mr. Parkinson's suggestion as an admirable one. The Stratford-on-Avon committee owned Shakespeare's house; why could not the Brontë Society put themselves in a similar position?

Mr. J. Brigg, M.P., thought that if there were difficulties in the way of purchasing the house, the Society might, perhaps, obtain it on a long lease. He moved that the Council be instructed to ascertain the best means by which the Society could get possession of the parsonage.

Mr. Alfred Adam (Steeton Hall) seconded the resolution, believing that if the premises could be acquired, many more people would become subscribers to the Society.

The resolution was carried, and the report adopted. The balance-sheet, submitted by Mr. J. J. Stead, showing the Society to have £56 12s. in hand, was also approved.

Mr. W. W. Yates announced that it was the intention of the Rev. Canon Lowther Clarke, Vicar of Dewsbury, provided the necessary sum of money could be raised, to place a brass tablet to the memory of the Rev. Patrick Brontë in the Dewsbury Parish Church.

The meeting concluded with votes of thanks to the Chairman, and to the Halifax Corporation for the use of the Council Chamber.

In the evening a well-attended public meeting was held in the large hall of the Mechanics' Institute. The Mayor of Halifax (Mr. J. H. L. BALDWIN) presided.

The Chairman expressed regret at the absence of the Earl of Crewe. They sympathised with him in the accident that had befallen him. One object, he understood, of that gathering in Halifax was to awaken amongst the people of the district an interest in the Society. They were privileged to live close to the home of the Brontës. It was very often the case, however, that people who had interesting objects in their immediate district seldom went to look at them. Doubtless there were thousands of people in Halifax who had never visited Haworth. It was the way in this world never to fully appreciate our benefits until we were deprived of them. The object of a society like the Brontë Society was to collect such information and furnish such explanations as would deepen public interest in the Brontës and their books.

Sir T. WEMYSS REID (author of *Charlotte Brontë: a Monograph*, etc.) then gave a thoughtful and suggestive address on the Brontës, which was heartily appreciated by the audience. (*See page 8.*)

Mr. John Brigg, M.P., in moving a vote of thanks to Sir Wemyss Reid, described him as one of the first men of renown to appreciate the works of the Brontë sisters. If they took an interest in what Sir Wemyss Reid said and what he had written, and especially if they took a journey to the shrine of the Brontës and studied the surroundings they would experience a renewed pleasure in reading over again the precious works those gifted sisters had left them.

He well remembered those three interesting curates, introduced in *Shirley* as Mr. Donne, curate of Whinbury, Mr. Malone, curate of Briarfield, and Mr. Sweeting, curate of Nunnely, whose love affairs were so admirably described. He had met them several times; once in a house where there were also two very pretty girls, whose mother was exceedingly jealous of the curates. Though he was very young and innocent at the time he could not fail to notice the preparation that was made before the curates were announced. He remembered the dear old lady, in her imperious tone, ordering the girls to look quick and get upstairs out of the way. He noticed, too, how the girls lingered in the passage until it was actually too late to seclude themselves. He observed also that the three young gentlemen were in no hurry to leave the premises, but stayed as long as they decently could. It seemed to him that one of the curates might have eventually secured one of those young ladies, but fate ordered otherwise. The interest in the Brontë Society was being kept up. Over four thousand people had paid for admission to the museum during the past year, whilst many of the members had also visited the place.

Dr. J. Erskine Stuart seconded the resolution.

Mr. Cameron supported the resolution, and, as an old friend and colleague of Sir T. Wemyss Reid, he assured them that that gentleman's enthusiasm for the Brontës was no latter-day creation. Almost as soon as he was able to read he turned to the Brontë novels, and the present occasion was not the first time they owed a debt of gratitude to him for his labours in connection with the Brontë Society. He was no mere outsider to the Brontë cult. Although unable to be with them at the opening of the museum, Sir Wemyss forwarded the remarks he would have made on that occasion, and these formed one of the most precious of the series of *Transactions of the Society*. They owed much to Sir Wemyss Reid also for his *Monograph*, and the publishers would be well advised if they brought out a new edition of that work. It was still in active circulation in America.

Mr. J. J. Brigg also supported the resolution, which was carried with acclamation.

Sir T. Wemyss Reid gratefully acknowledged their thanks, and confessed he had not prepared anything in the shape of a lecture for them. A great many stories were told about the Brontës, and he would not attempt to "cap"

the one concerning the three curates. It was barely a month ago since he met in a London drawing-room a gentleman, still taking an active interest in life, who was not only the original of one of Charlotte Brontë's most famous characters, but whose name had been coupled with hers as the man she was "likely to marry."

An interesting lantern exhibition of Brontë views by Mr. J. J. Stead followed.

THE BRONTËS.

An Address delivered before the Brontë Society at Halifax, on January 15th, 1898.

BY SIR T. WEMYSS REID.

It was with a certain measure of surprise that I learned from the announcements of this meeting that I was expected to deliver an address on the subject of the Brontës. My expectation had been that I was to take a less formal and less prominent part in the proceedings. I came here in part to acknowledge the compliment which was paid to me by the Brontë Society when I was made one of its Vice-Presidents, and in part to offer my apologies for my failure to attend the very successful gathering at the opening of the Brontë Museum in 1895, after I had undertaken to give the inaugural address. My inability to attend on that occasion was due to an attack of influenza, and I am sorry to say that a similar attack from which I have barely recovered has diminished considerably my powers of contributing anything of value to your proceedings this evening. I am, in fact, still so much of an invalid that I have felt it safer to commit to writing the few remarks with which I have to trouble you. It is some consolation to me to know that Charlotte Brontë herself, as her Life testifies, knew a good deal about the influenza scourge when it visited this country more than fifty years ago, and she at least would have been able to sympathise with a victim of that distressing malady. It is many years since I last addressed a Halifax audience, and curiously enough on that occasion, as on this, my theme was Charlotte Brontë. Whatever may be the case with others, I am proud to be able to say that this theme has had for me a lifelong charm. It is two and thirty years since I first wrote a magazine article describing a visit which I had just paid to Haworth.

At that time the Brontë shrine was but little visited, and those of us who felt the fascination of the Brontë story were comparatively few in number. But if we were then a weak and humble folk, we had certain compensations which are denied to those who make their pilgrimage to Haworth nowadays. We saw the village as it was seen by the Brontë sisters themselves; with hardly a change in its outward appearance from the days when Charlotte despatched the M.S. of *Jane Eyre* to the counting-house of Smith, Elder, and Co. We saw the old church in its integrity; were allowed to sit in the old-fashioned pew in one corner of which Charlotte spent so many placid Sabbaths, and to climb the steep stairs of the three-decker pulpit from which Mr. Brontë had preached so many manly and vigorous sermons. We could kneel at the altar rails at which Charlotte knelt as a bride, and at which her father stood when she followed her sisters to the tomb. Surely in this respect we early worshippers at the Brontë shrine were more fortunate than those who came after us. I have to confess to you to-night that I have never seen Haworth under its new aspect. I have never seen the church which has replaced that identified with the history of the Brontës. The only Haworth which I know is, I am happy to say, the Haworth which they knew. That which must strike all of us who are able to look back for some forty years is the extraordinary change which has taken place, not only in this West-Riding, but throughout the world in the public appreciation of the Brontës. People of my age can remember the time when even in Yorkshire the name of the gifted sisters aroused conflicting emotions. Their neighbours and friends at Haworth had been somewhat afraid of them whilst they lived; and even after their tragical end they could not quite forgive them for having written books which did not always throw an absolutely pleasant light upon the features of the life they described. Do not let us blame these good people for having failed to realise all that they had once possessed in the genius of the Brontës. Do you suppose that if they had been our contemporaries rather than the contemporaries of our fathers they would have met with a different fate? I confess I doubt it. It takes the passage of years to ripen a good vintage. It needs a certain distance in space to enable the eye to realise the proportions of a Matterhorn or Mont Blanc. To be too close to a great genius is, as a rule, to be unable to appreciate it. Time and space are

needed for that. Instead therefore of casting stones at the past generation because it did not appreciate the Brontës, we ought rather to be thankful that we have been set at such a distance from them that we can see them aright. The apathy which prevailed so widely thirty years ago prevails no longer. Throughout the world of thought, wherever literary fame is recognised, and great genius properly appraised, the Brontës now hold their own in "the foremost file of Time," secure in the possession of a glory which you and I, at least, believe will never perish.

It was a happy thought which brought this Brontë Society into existence, for the purpose of concentrating and giving substantial body to the wide-spread sentiment of interest in the story and achievements of the family. The collection of relics associated with their names, the publication of transactions in which all phases of the Brontë cult are recorded, and such meetings as we are holding to-day, must not only stimulate the general interest in the fame of these great Yorkshire writers—the greatest our county has ever produced—but prove to future generations that in this case at least the prophets have not been without honour in their own country. But a Brontë Society, or any society which is devoted exclusively to one or two writers—and Charlotte and Emily were so closely associated that in some aspects they seem to be one rather than twain—is exposed to certain risks which, it seems to me, it may be useful to point out. I dare say all here have heard of the now practically defunct Browning Society. It consisted of a group of ardent and accomplished men and women who, being devoted students of Robert Browning's poetry, employed themselves in studying that poetry—not always very clear or intelligible—in order to arrive at the inner meaning of the poet's words. It was a thoroughly laudable work, and kept within proper bounds it could have done nothing but good. But the good people of the Browning Society were carried away by their passion for research, until at last they went to extremes which brought them into ridicule. In the ardent desire that no truth which had been taught by their hero should be lost, they insisted upon finding hidden meanings in lines which seemed to be fairly simple and intelligible to the common understanding; and at last Browning himself, after suffering much at their hands, was compelled to deal them a heavy blow. A correspondent appealed to him to know whether a certain passage in one of his poems had a particular

meaning not apparent on the surface. "I am sure that I don't know," was Browning's answer, "but if you ask the Browning Society I have no doubt they will be able to tell you." I do not suppose that there is any danger of the Brontë Society going wrong in this direction. We have not yet begun to analyse every passage in *Jane Eyre* or *Wuthering Heights* in order to discover some occult meaning hitherto unsuspected; and, happily, the exquisite simplicity and clearness of the language in which both Charlotte and Emily conveyed their thoughts to the world will leave but little room for the labours of investigators of the type of the Browning Society. But there is a danger—and I trust you will pardon me for venturing to point it out—that this Society may devote its attention too exclusively to the task of minute examination and investigation of small matters affecting the Brontës which are of little consequence to anybody. After all, we are not really any the better for knowing the colour of Charlotte's gowns or the names of the Haworth villagers with whom Emily occasionally exchanged a word in passing. No doubt even these little details have a certain measure of interest; but it is trivial, and I might even say contemptible, in presence of the interest which attaches to the moral character and the intellectual genius of the sisters. I hold that it is with these things that our Society ought chiefly to concern itself. It is because we believe that the life of Charlotte Brontë was a most noble one of self-sacrificing devotion to duty, and because we realise the fact that she and her sister, by their genius, shed lustre upon the literature of their country, that we are anxious to keep their names alive and their memories bright and untarnished by the passage of the years. It is our purpose, also, to stimulate the interest of our neighbours in literary effort by keeping ever before them the unique and splendid story of Haworth Parsonage. In that story there is not only inspiration for those who aspire to literary achievement, but a most noble and comforting stimulus for all who cling to the belief that a simple-minded devotion to duty will add lustre even to the most brilliant fame and the most glorious genius. If this continues to be, as I believe it has been in the past, the chief aim of the Brontë Society, then we may rest assured that it will live and prosper and do its work long after its founders have joined the Brontë sisters in their peaceful sleep. But if, on the other hand, we are to fall into the error of over-refinement, and are to hunt up every

little clue that may seem to have a bearing, however remote or trivial, upon the history of the family, we may expect two things at least. One is that a great many clues will be offered to us which are absolutely fictitious—like some of those absurd legends which have already been offered to the world by certain students of the Brontë history; and the other is that we shall by and by fall into the kind of popular contempt which proved fatal to the Browning Society. Forgive me if I am running counter to the views which some of you hold upon this question; but, having been asked to speak to you, I must be honest and speak out. The world is for the living, not the dead; and it is the living Brontës, the teachers who still instruct us by their words and inspire us by their virtues, that this Brontë Society should seek to honour; it is their living gifts and graces, not the mere dust which lies scattered about their tombs, that we shall find most worthy of study and preservation.

But I pass to what I think is a more congenial subject than the possible dangers which may lie ahead of us as a Society—I mean the undying fascination of the Brontë story. Some of us, as I have said at the outset, have felt that fascination for a lifetime. I can recall quite vividly the day, more than forty years ago, when I read the *Times* review of Mrs. Gaskell's noble memoir of Charlotte Brontë; and I still seem to feel the thrill of exultation with which I followed the bewitching story to the end. I remember how, twenty years later, when I began to write my own little book about the Brontës, and I saw spread out before me on my table in Leeds, the withered, time-stained letters which Charlotte's own hand had written, and which she had addressed throughout her life to Ellen Nussey, I was conscious of that feeling of reverential awe and delight with which the pilgrim kneels before the relics of the saint whom he adores. And never for a moment, during all the forty years on which I look back, has the Brontë story failed to make its same strong, subtle, but irresistible appeal to my inmost sympathies. It is so with all true followers of the Brontë cult. We might have been disposed to think that it was our nearness in geographical position to the scenes of the Brontë story and the Brontë novels that affected us. But it is not so; for whilst the West Riding now does such ample homage to the memory of its most distinguished children, wherever you go and into whatever class in society, you find that the Brontë admirers are

inspired by the same feelings. I hesitate to mention names, but I think I may be allowed to reveal to you members of the Brontë Society that there is no more enthusiastic appreciator of the authors of *Jane Eyre* and *Wuthering Heights* than the late Prime Minister of England, Lord Rosebery; and I have heard that on the day after he resigned office in 1895, he wrote to a friend asking him to go and see him in order that they might have "a talk about the Brontës." We cannot pretend to analyse the exceeding charm which the Brontë story has for those of us who have once succumbed to its fascination; but many here must understand it, and all will know that whatever may be its origin, it is entirely wholesome in its nature. The other day a friend told me a new story illustrating the extent to which the sceptre of Charlotte Brontë can influence her admirers. Many years ago a very distinguished man, who afterwards became a most eminent Judge, was invited to dinner in order to meet two young ladies who had heard a great deal about his conversational powers. He duly went, but to the disappointment of the ladies he hardly spoke at all during dinner. On the contrary, his eyes seemed to be constantly cast down towards his knees, and his thoughts to be elsewhere. Years afterwards one of these ladies met the same Judge at a dinner-party at which he surpassed everybody else at table by the brilliancy of his conversation. After dinner she spoke to him in the drawing-room. "It has been such a pleasure to meet you again," she said, "because you have proved that after all you are as good a talker as people said you were. The last time I met you you were dumb." "When was that?" he asked, puzzled. She told him. "Oh," he replied, "I remember now. I was very rude that day, and must ask you to forgive me. Do you know what I did? I was in the middle of reading *Jane Eyre* when the dinner bell rang, and I could not lay it down; so I took the book into the dining-room with me, and secretly read it on my lap during dinner." I think that learned Judge, who succumbed so quickly to the fascination of Charlotte Brontë, would have made an admirable member of this Society. Bound together by our common reverence for great virtues and great genius, let us continue each in his own sphere to do what we can to preserve the memories of the Brontës, to render honour to their names, and in all humility to copy their example.

FIFTH

ANNUAL MEETING OF THE BRONTË SOCIETY.

On Saturday, January 14th, 1899, the fifth annual meeting of the Society was held at Highfield Assembly Rooms, Huddersfield. Mr. J. F. GREENWOOD, of Haworth, presided, and there was a good attendance of members.

Mr. W. T. FIELD (Bradford) the honorary Secretary, read the annual report, and Mr. J. J. Stead, the honorary Treasurer, having presented his balance sheet, Professor C. A. FEDERER moved that they be adopted.

Mr. W. W. Yates, in seconding the proposal, said he thought the time had come when the Society ought to be incorporated. The matter had been before the Council, and he thought it should now be taken in hand. The property of the Society had become valuable in more ways than one, and it was time they put themselves in a proper position.

The resolution was passed, and the Chairman said he had no doubt the matter mentioned by Mr. Yates would be brought before the Council, and would have due consideration.

The Rev. Canon Lowther-Clarke, Vicar of Dewsbury, proposed a vote of thanks to Mr. W. E. B. Priestley for his gift of a copy of Mr. Scruton's *Thornton and the Brontës* to each member of the Society, and said he read the book one evening, and found it to be extremely well written, to give details with which he was not before familiar, and to bring out portions of the Brontë life with which some of them were not fully acquainted. There was no undue laudation of Mr. Brontë or his children, and a very accurate description was given of the simple life they led. Injustice was done to the old man by Mrs. Gaskell, and though some words she wrote had been withdrawn, they had never yet lost their sting, and he found many people still regarding Mr. Brontë as a regular old tyrant, who made things unpleasant to his family and was unkind to his wife. Mr. Yates, of Dewsbury, had done perhaps as much as anybody, by local investigation, to make them see that Mr. Brontë's character was not as described by Mrs. Gaskell. A year ago they determined to perpetuate the memory of Mr. Brontë by a monument in Dewsbury Parish

Church, and only during the past week a memorial brass had been placed on the wall of the south aisle. He thought it would be pronounced by those who might go to see it a chaste and suitable monument of one who in past years was connected with the church.

The Chairman endorsed what Canon Lowther-Clarke had remarked as to the unkind things said of Mr. Brontë by many of the early writers. An uncle of his, who knew Mr. Brontë well, said many of the reports about him were quite untrue. Mr. Brontë invited his (the chairman's) uncle to become a Churchwarden, and when his uncle said he could not do so because he was a Nonconformist, Mr. Brontë said that did not matter, and that he wanted him as a personal friend to help in some useful parish works, one of which was the restoration of the tower of the church; and his uncle became churchwarden.

Mr. J. Horsfall Turner (Idle) seconded the proposal, which was unanimously passed, and afterwards acknowledged by Mr. Scruton.

Mr. W. T. Field proposed a vote of thanks to Mr. John Watkinson for his services in rendering the visit of the Society to Huddersfield a success. Mr. W. Taylor seconded the proposal, which was passed unanimously.

Dr. Bruce moved a vote of sympathy with Mr. John Brigg, M.P., the first president of the Council, who was lying dangerously ill, and expressed the hope that he might be spared to come amongst them again. The resolution was seconded by Mr. J. J. Stead, and carried.

The Council was elected as follows:—Lady Morrison, Mrs. C. E. Sugden, Mrs. F. C. Galloway, Miss Cockshott, Messrs. J. J. Brigg, J. Caldwell, W. S. Cameron, C. A. Federer, J. F. Greenwood, L. Hainsworth, W. Jennings, P. F. Lee, W. E. B. Priestley, W. Robertshaw, Halliwell Sutcliffe, W. Taylor, J. Horsfall Turner, S. P. Unwin, J. Watkinson, and W. W. Yates. Mr. John Waugh was elected a vice president.

On the proposition of Mr. Watkinson, seconded by Alderman Denham, thanks were cordially voted to Mr. Greenwood for presiding, and after he had acknowledged it the proceedings closed.

There was a very good attendance at the evening meeting, the schoolroom being quite full. Mr. J. E. WILLANS, J.P., presided, and there were also on the platform Professor Saintsbury, M.A., LL.D., Professor of Literature at Edinburgh University; the Rev. Dr. Bruce, the Rev. Canon Bardsley, Councillor Ernest Woodhead, M.A., of Huddersfield; and other members of the Society.

The Secretary (Mr. Field) announced that Sir James T. Woodhouse, the borough member, was unavoidably prevented from attending, and the Mayor of Huddersfield (Alderman W. H. Jessop) had written saying that in consequence of having contracted a severe cold he would be unable, much to his disappointment, to take the chair at that meeting. Under the circumstances Mr. J. E. Willans, J.P., had kindly consented to take the position.

The Chairman said they would all regret the absence of the Mayor, and especially when they knew the cause of his absence. Sir James Woodhouse had also telegraphed to the promoters of another function in Huddersfield that evening that he was unable to attend owing to ill-health, and he (the speaker) was afraid they perhaps worked their public men too hard nowadays. He was exceedingly glad to have the opportunity of being present that evening, although he could not claim to have any qualification for presiding, except, perhaps, that he had the honour of being a member of the committee of the Huddersfield Free Library. It might be interesting to the audience to hear that when he called at the Free Library on the previous day he found that every volume of the two editions of works by the Brontës were in circulation—a hint which he hoped would be taken by some generous friend in the audience to supply them with a further edition. They were all as Yorkshiremen proud indeed that the Brontë family hailed from Yorkshire, and that their reputation was world-wide, and almost as ubiquitous as the Anglo-Saxon race.

Professor Saintsbury then gave an address on "The position of the Brontës as origins in the history of the English Novel" (*See page 18*). This was followed by a paper containing some interesting reminiscences of the Brontës by the Rev. Canon Bardsley (*See page 30*), and one by the Rev. Dr. Bruce on the poems of the Brontë sisters (*See page 37*).

Mr. Joseph Woodhead, J.P., in proposing a vote of thanks to the speakers, said it had been a great privilege to listen to the three excellent papers on the celebrated Brontë family. They had had a professor from Edinburgh—a professor of literature who would not have been there to speak on the subject he had undertaken had the Brontës not occupied a high position in literature. The professor spoke of being only two years old when the first Brontë novels were issued. He (the speaker) was rather more than that, and he remembered the intense interest with which he read *Jane Eyre*. There had been some whisperings as to the writer of that book, and some contended that it could only have been written by a man, but when he got hold of a copy it so fascinated him that although he had had a hard and busy day he actually forgot to go to bed until he had read it through. Very near to Huddersfield was Roehead—a place where he believed Charlotte Brontë spent several of the pleasantest years of her life. They were indebted to the Brontë Society for the privilege they had enjoyed that evening, and he hoped that the fact of this year's annual meeting having been held in Huddersfield would be productive of benefit to the Society. Yorkshire had not too many literary celebrities that they could afford to under-estimate any of them, and now that the Brontës had linked Yorkshire with the highest literary fame, they would surely do well to keep alive that fame, and do all they could to spread a love of literature such as they had produced amongst the common people.

Mr. J. F. Greenwood seconded the resolution, which was heartily carried.

Professor Saintsbury responded. He remarked that he was pleased that the meeting at which the Society had requested him to speak had been held at Huddersfield, for although he knew a good deal about Yorkshire and its people, he knew less of the Huddersfield—or, as he might term it, the south-western portion of the county—than any of the other districts. The meeting had been a very pleasant one, and he was glad to have been there.

Councillor E. Woodhead moved a vote of thanks to the chairman, observing that he would like to make a practical suggestion as the outcome of that meeting. He was not going to suggest that they should form as it were an auxiliary branch of the Society. Perhaps the Council of the Society might consider it scarcely in place for him

to remark that there was a danger attending the formation of societies for the study of a single author—that they would be inclined to consider that author as a sun round which all other stars and planets moved. His suggestion would be that they should take a rather wider view of the literary heaven in Huddersfield, and that they might revive something of the nature of the Literary and Scientific Society which once existed in Huddersfield.

Mr. J. Horsfall Turner seconded the resolution, which was carried.

Mr. Willans then responded, and the meeting terminated.

THE POSITION OF THE BRONTËS AS ORIGINS IN THE HISTORY OF THE ENGLISH NOVEL.

An Address delivered at Huddersfield, before the Brontë Society, on January 14th, 1899.

BY PROFESSOR SAINTSBURY, M.A., LL.D.

I have no quarrel with those who find that they are really helped in their appreciation of books by their enquiries into the experiences and characters of the men and women who wrote them, but it seems to me that this is certainly not always the case, and that the study of personal characteristics of authors does sometimes divert attention from their books, and does at other times introduce disturbing and discordant considerations in that study. It is hard to get anything like dry light on the subject of biography; hard even to get reasonable agreement about the most important points. Take, for instance, the two chief recorded personal judgments of Charlotte Brontë by very great men of letters—her contemporaries, the one a very few years older and the other a very few years younger than herself—Thackeray and Mr. Matthew Arnold. How astonishingly discordant these judgments are as to the temper and the character of Charlotte Brontë! Everyone, I hope, knows that exquisite *Roundabout Paper* of Thackeray's, originally published as introduction to the fragments of *Emma*, where the humour and pathos of the master show themselves mingled in their very choicest blend. The great satirist, whose knowledge of humanity

seemed to his friend Edward Fitzgerald something terrible, saw in the author of *Jane Eyre* first of all "an impetuous honesty," then "a noble indignation at wrong," and only "a somewhat excessive austerity of judgment." A very pure, lofty and high minded person he pronounces her, and he rises in defence of her to one of those rare but unmistakeable bursts of passionate enthusiasm, which to all but utter fools might have shown the folly of calling Thackeray a cynic. We turn to the younger judge. Mr. Arnold knew Miss Brontë and not only her books, for he had met her at Miss Martineau's. He says of *Villette* in a letter to his sister, Mrs. Forster, in April, 1853:—"Why is *Villette* disagreeable?" (One may answer "It isn't," but that would not be logical.) "Why is *Villette* disagreeable? Because the writer's mind contains nothing but hunger, rebellion, and rage; and, therefore, that is all she can in fact put into her book. No fine writing can hide this thoroughly, and it will be fatal to her in the long run." Alas! there was no long run, so we cannot tell whether Mr. Arnold was right here or not. And we know of course that he made noble repentance in verse afterwards. But he had (as we know from a former letter) talked to Miss Brontë about her Brussels sojourn and so was not speaking merely off the book. And observe further that there is though not a psychological truth, yet a certain critical truth about what he says to this extent, that if writers can only transcribe their own sensations and experiences they soon come to the end of their tether. But psychologically, and biographically, I at least have no doubt that he was quite wrong. Charlotte Brontë's mind contained a great deal besides hunger, rebellion, and rage. And note again how these unpleasant terms are only the reverse side, the unfavourable distortion and caricature of Thackeray's more just as well as more charitable attribution of "noble indignation," "impetuous honesty," "austere holiness and passion for truth." And these colours of good and evil—to use the old phrase—affect all biographical descriptions and estimates, while purely literary criticism ought to be, and can be, almost entirely achromatic, adjusted to nothing but the positive literary merit of the work.

There are no doubt many here present who know far more than I do about the family and individual history of the Brontës, who can give more details about the production of their work and who, perhaps, can trace and explain allusions and origins in the novels far better. But

I doubt whether there are any of my own age who were acquainted earlier with at least some of their works. I read *Jane Eyre* so early that I never seem to have read it for the first time. It forms part with other things of a sort of primary stock of reading with which I seem to have started. And the others followed certainly before I was fourteen or fifteen. I did not meet with the poems so early. It was not, I think, till in my first year at Oxford my tutor set me Emily's *Remembrance* to turn into Latin elegiacs. But even that is thirty-five years ago, and I should think my knowledge of the prose must be nearer forty years old. Now there is a certain well-known saying about old friends, old wine, and old books, and in the case of the books, at any rate, and the friends, it can never be truer than of these that have grown up with us that are only old—though it be mere youth for books—positively as we are old ourselves. Familiarity makes love more delightful, as the Roman poet says in a spirit, I think, nobler than that of an adage of our own, and certainly more cheerful; though Lucretius is not generally quoted as a model of cheerfulness. It would be ridiculous, of course, to pretend to having at so early an age discovered in the Misses Brontë's work those peculiar qualities of originality on which I wish to dwell to-night. A boy of thirteen, or even of eighteen, would be an unnatural monster if, without having them pointed out to him, he saw such things—and at that time there were very few to point them out. But I think I always felt more or less dimly that there was something in the work of "Currer Bell," something else in that of "Ellis," which was not present at all in the great older novelists, which was still less to be found in the ordinary novels—the *Emilia Wyndhams* and so forth—of the middle of the century; and which if present at all in the great new novelists, from Thackeray to George Eliot, was present in quite a different way. And when I began to consider English literature critically it was not long before I began to find this out. But it was very long before I found that Charlotte herself had in one place put her own and her sister's differentia, not indeed quite completely or as a literary historian would have put it, but with an acuteness and correctness not universal or common in the case of authors writing about their own work. This explanation is to be found in the preface only posthumously published which she wrote for *The Professor*, when she thought of publishing it in her

lifetime. And the complement of it, the part which she has not explained, is to be found even in *The Professor* itself, though not so fully as in her other work. Indeed, it is as usual from the work and not from the author's observations about the work, that we are to derive real information.

If we look back to the time when *Jane Eyre* was growing into shape, we shall see that the history of the English novel, though for more than half a century busy enough, was a very short one, and that it had as yet had only two periods of undoubted brilliancy and genius—that of the four great eighteenth century novelists from 1742 and *Pamela* to 1770 and *Humphry Clinker*, and that of Scott and Miss Austen in the teens and twenties of the nineteenth. Each of these has indeed been followed by a time of stimulated and extensive production with work like Miss Burney's in the first case, like James's and Bulwer's and Marryat's in the second; while for a decade before the appearance of *Jane Eyre* the exceptional and eccentric star of Dickens had been shining brightly enough. But it is of the first importance to remember that even Thackeray in his complete and authoritative work preceded Miss Brontë by but a very little, and that Reade, Kingsley, Trollope, Miss Evans, though her elders or very little her juniors, did not precede her at all. And having laid down these fixed points securely, let us then proceed to enquire what were the characteristics of the schools of novels and novelists which were really before her—with which she was, or might have been, acquainted. Let us see how much of the novel country they had covered, surveyed, and effectively occupied, as also what they had *not* covered and had left for her or for others to explore and to settle.

We need not say very much of the great original school of the English novel, except that both its merits and its defects were conditioned by the century in the very heart and midst of which it arose. It is scarcely a paradox to say that no century is ever fairly judged till its successor is wholly past—sometimes not till much later—but at any rate some critics have already succeeded in taking a juster view of the eighteenth century than it held of itself or than the nineteenth century has usually held of it. It was unrivalled for knowledge of human nature in general and on broad lines, but it did not understand the eccentric and the bizarre, and though it could both observe and analyse

very minutely, it always preferred types to individuals, the normal to the abnormal. Nothing could have been more fortunate for laying the foundations of that youngest development of literature, prose fiction. English humour and English idiosyncrasy made it certain beforehand that the views taken would not have the arid and stereotyped uniformity which was the curse, for instance, of the great French drama. But if this humour, this idiosyncrasy, had at first and in the very infancy of the novel sought by-ways and intricacies, exceptions and abnormalities, no great literary kind could ever have resulted. As it was, Richardson with his minute analysis, Fielding with his unerring creation of character, Smollett with his picturesque variety and sarcastic observation, even Sterne himself with his calculated buffoonery and sentimentality, never went out of the general specifications of humanity and left handlings of it which are never likely to be surpassed, if in Fielding's case at least they can ever be equalled. The broad lines, the general principles of the novel, were thus settled once for all, but there was room for endless variety and filling up. Again these writers—still under the pressure of their atmosphere—attempted to give a romantic turn to their novels, but within the limitations of a distinctly conventional form of romance in which the missing heir, the wicked guardian, the unprincipled lover, the beautiful heroine with a fortune, the elopement, the abduction, played mock parts without a suspicion that they could ever lose relish. Except in Sterne, who is in reality not so much a novelist as a miscellanist in humour with a marvellous command of novel character, the stories cling to the old epic dramatic line of evolution and discovery with an almost touching fidelity, to which we must add that the enormous change of manners does, to all except those who by study have got above it, probably affect these novels to a very great degree. There was in this respect a greater revolution between the death of Dr. Johnson and the birth of Miss Brontë, a period of little more than thirty years, than there has been from the later date to the present time, which is a period of more than eighty. "Other times other manners" is a famous proverb, but "other manners other novels" is perhaps an even truer assertion. And in no two sets of books is the difference better shown than in those of Miss Austen and of Miss Brontë herself—books written in some cases at least in less than thirty years' interval and to a certain extent

belonging to no very different class of novel except in spirit. In fact, the manifesto of *The Professor* which I noticed just now is rather truer, or at least more completely true, of *Pride and Prejudice* than it is of *Jane Eyre*.

But if only because the style and the manners are more modern, we notice the difference as compared with the Brentë novels hardly less, perhaps even more sharply, when we come to the great writer just mentioned, and to her still greater contemporary, Sir Walter Scott. The advance to which these two enabled the English novel—and the English novel, remember, has both in Scott's case and in Richardson's earlier, given tone and cue to the novelists of the world—was indeed enormous. But it was in each case, and almost necessarily, a one-sided advance. I am certain that Sir Walter could if he had chosen, written what is called a novel in the strict sense, that is to say a story, the interest of which depends, if on incident at all, on incident much less than on analysis of character and felicities of dialogue and description. There are all the constituents of this kind of novel in his books, even to that philosophic ability which the denser kind of critic denies him. But he did not choose to do it; it was not his vocation to do it. His mission was to create the mighty kind of the historical novel, in creating it to strike out a new variety of romance, and in striking out that new variety to borrow the attractions of national life and to use them in fashioning individual character as nobody but Shakespeare had done in the latter point and as nobody at all had done in the former. And he carried that mission out with absolute triumph. He peopled that spiritual world of familiar faces and places, the entrance for which had hitherto been almost a strict monopoly of the poets and the playwrights with personages and scenes introduced by a new door—the door of prose fiction, and the population and the scenery that he thus added to the mind, was greater again than anyone, except Shakespeare, could claim as his. But neither his own tastes nor perhaps the circumstances of his time—for remember that Scott was born thirty years back in the eighteenth century—allowed him, or at least induced him, to anticipate the later compound of novel and romance except in one instance, *St. Ronan's Well*, which is not of his very best days, and in which he was hampered by injudicious advisers. Nor did his followers, in the twenty years which passed between the appearance of the first books of Ainsworth and

James and Bulwer and that of *Jane Eyre*, conquer the province which was waiting for the nineteenth century novelist. Bulwer came nearest, but that curious adaptable, rather than originaive, genius of his waited for patterns, and was for a long time too much under the influence of Byronism. The others were historical romancers merely and, in the absence of Scott's genius for character and the minor constituents of the novel, they too often allowed their books to be simply books for boys. Others, like Marryat and Lever who applied the picaresque manner of Le Sage and Smollett to the matter supplied by the great Revolutionary wars, were still less likely to hit on the true blend; others again, like Theodore Hook, merely wrote farce or melodrama in prose. The whole of the romantic side of the novel of 1825-45 was, except in military, naval, or sporting adventure, deficient in realism; it had broken loose from certain conventions and generalities only to fall into others; it could not do without exciting incident, uproarious horseplay, two cavaliers on horseback, and all the rest of it.

On the other hand, if we turn to Scott's only compeer in his own day or for long afterwards, we find the very oddest complement and contrast at once. As with all his power of exact observation he hardly ever touched reality without a strong romantic admixture, and as a rule dwelt in romance pure and simple, so Miss Austen eschewed romance itself utterly and totally. Perhaps the silly extravagances of the terror-school and the *Minerva Press*, which she satirises so pleasantly in *Northanger Abbey*, had disgusted her. It is fair to remember that her novels represent a much earlier stage than Scott's, and were to a great extent written before the close of the eighteenth century. But I should think it much more philosophical to put down this abstinence as a genuine result of temperament. Hers, though not at all unamiable, was intensely satiric. There is more of pure ironic, satiric quality in Miss Austen than in any other woman who has ever written and almost more than in any Englishman, except some four or five with Swift at their head; while hers is differentiated from his by the absence of passion and indignation. Her creative power, if limited in range—and we must remember that as she never tried anything outside this range we cannot say that she would have failed out of it—was in the same way the equal of any one's, but it was under the strictest control. In fact, in certain ways Miss Austen is

much more a quintessence of eighteenth century observation and knowledge of human nature than a product of the nineteenth. Only thorough and rather conventional romance of eighteenth century fiction and the license of its manners and morals have dropped out of her work, as they were dropping, if not actually dropped, out of life. There are no more wicked baronets hovering round the angelic heroine with thoughts intent on forced matrimony or something worse. There is one elopement in *Mansfield Park* and some hints of irregularities of conduct in *Sense and Sensibility* and *Pride and Prejudice*, but otherwise the incidents are of a most ordinary character and the sentiments such as may be produced in the presence of any young person. So much so is this the case that as you know Charlotte Brontë herself and others looked down on her great predecessor and teacher, while the gushing ones of the century have not hesitated to call the books dull, a most fatal error, but one for which there are shadows and rudiments of excuse. Just as it was Scott's mission to exhalt the romance, to refound it, to give it the huge extensions and possibilities of the historical novel, so it was Miss Austen's to reduce the novel proper to almost its simplest terms, to show what could be done with an absolute minimum of romantic interest by the aid of exact character-creation and appropriate dialogue. In the circle of each no imitator has ever trod with perfect mastery, but round these two circles they each opened up vast new regions which have been cultivated ever more and more since.

Now what was left to be done—and what, as I believe, was first done by the Brontë sisters, and especially by Charlotte—was the achievement of the intersection of these circles of the romance proper and the novel proper, of the maintenance of the rule of exact and, as we now say, realistic observation, of ordinary personality, of middle-class rank, of fairly usual incident, but the addition to these of the saturation of them with a new romance, a romance derived partly from the study of nature and partly from the working out of the passionate thoughts and feelings of the individual.

In considering for a few moments how this was done, we may neglect the work of Anne, admittedly the feeblest of the three, and not possessing any quality which is not shewn to much better advantage in that of her sisters.

But *Wuthering Heights* and the four novels of Charlotte, though their total extent is not very great, give us practically all we want. In *Wuthering Heights* itself the actual combination of the normal and the abnormal, of realism and transcendentalism, is shewn perhaps more strikingly than anywhere else; and it is no doubt in this very combination, presented as it is in a sort of native fashion, fresh from the soil, unrefined, unhandled, undrugged in any way, that the still unrivalled attraction of the book consists. But Emily Brontë was, after all, rather a poet than a novelist, and in this book, which is at once first effort and single attempt, it would be unreasonable to expect perfection of the method or indication of its general applicableness. Despite the intense reality of much of the scenery and of such characters as Joseph and the elder Catherine, the thing is on the whole rather too unearthly; the never explained origin of Heathcliff and some other points leave it too close upon the confines of the fairy tale, and there are many other technical drawbacks. If *Wuthering Heights* had stood alone it would have continued to be more or less alone—a kind of “sport,” as botanists say, in the mid-nineteenth century, as Beckford’s *Vathek* is in the late eighteenth, a wonderful and isolated *tour-de-force* very unlikely to be in any way germinal, to found a school, and still more unlikely to revolutionise or at least herald the revolutionising of the novel generally.

What should have been its companion, Charlotte’s *Professor*, though a very much weaker book, is more in the direct line of progress. Here there is, as far as incident is concerned, nothing abnormal at all, and yet the book, for all its immaturity, is almost as far as *Wuthering Heights* itself from the common run of the time. Its faults, though very different from those of the other—faults of defect rather than of excess—are quite as obvious. When we get the reversal of the presentation in *Villette*, when Lucy Snowe has left off masquerading in the coat and trousers of William Crimsworth, we see what a mistake the original metamorphosis was; while the double or ten-fold dose of passionate interest in the later and larger novel shows the artist’s consciousness of something lacking in the smaller and earlier one. Yet there is no doubt at all that she had dimly, if not clearly, seen her method in the *Professor* itself. She had realised that her immediate mission, and the immediate mission of her generation of novelists, was to take ordinary character and incident and make it extra-

ordinary, by analysis of motive, by dexterous infusion and representation of passion, by skilful use of nature, by all the heightenings, all the transcendencies which are not really far from anyone of us, though it may be but a few avail themselves thereof, though most may ignore and shrink from them. She gave those heightenings, those transcendencies, in her three great books, always binding them in the straitest fashion to her own personal experiences. It has been questioned whether she could have gone much beyond these experiences for the stuff of any future books. Perhaps she could not. Certainly she did not.

Now the interesting question from the point of view of literary history is "Where did she get these heightenings, these transcendencies? From whom did she get them?—not in the vulgar sense of borrowing, still less of plagiarising, but in the honourable one of inheriting and applying them." Nor is the answer difficult. She got them from the poets of the generation immediately preceding her own. Always, and in the most interesting fashion possible, poetry precedes prose. It precedes it at first in the most absolute and universal, if also the most commonplace sense, inasmuch as in all literatures verse is the old and original form, prose the newer, later, more backward. But in the later stages the precedence is of a more fascinating kind than this. Poetry explores the regions, tries the methods, inaugurates the kinds; prose follows. We must have—to keep to our own language only—the magnificent poetic outburst of the Elizabethan time before we can get the almost equally magnificent prose of Taylor and Browne. We must have the sense and force and discipline of Dryden before we get the Augustan and Georgian prose; the outburst of romantic poetry in the first quarter of the present century, before we can get the ornate prose of Wilson and De Quincey and Landor. Especially is it necessary for prose fiction—the youngest in any fully developed form of all literary kinds and the nearest to poetry in matter—to draw its methods, its embellishments, its reinforcements from poetry itself. The poetry of the generation from Coleridge to Keats had to be assimilated before the prose fiction of the generation which succeeded could be fully equipped.

And what are the main characteristics of that poetry? First, the direct uncompromising unconventional study of nature; secondly, the passionate and imaginative presentation of the feelings, the thoughts, the dreams of

the individual man. The eighteenth century has not, as is sometimes erroneously said, neglected nature altogether. It had only insisted on conventionalising and generalising it. No century ever has known man in general much better than the eighteenth century, and few so well. But you must take him in averages; and as it was not proper for him to be eccentric, fantastic, idealist, so you must not be any of these things in representing him. All this, of course, the greatest of the early nineteenth century poets deliberately rebelled against. Coleridge turned the visible world into a phantasmagoria; Wordsworth into the subject of almost pantheistic meditation and interpretation; Shelley into a melodious mystery of sheer beauty; Keats into a more sensuous harmony of soft sounds and gorgeous colours. And all the four in their different ways gave the meditations, the imaginations, the dreams of the individual, not the conventions or the reductions to a common denominator of a society or of "the town."

Miss Brontë followed them. She used, we are told, to puzzle her school-fellows at Roe Head by her admiration of shadows, peeps of sky, patches and pools of water. When she began to write seriously her landscape is one of her most important points. I am not, as you will have seen already, at all likely to depreciate Miss Austen, and I think Charlotte's words about her to Lewes (it is true she was angry at the time) a proof of something lacking in her critical faculty. But if you want to see clearly what as a result of time, I think, quite as much as of temperament Miss Brontë had and Miss Austen had not, compare two not wholly dissimilar scenes—the walk of Marianne and Margaret Dashwood on the hills in *Sense and Sensibility* and Caroline's words to Shirley about Nunwood. In both the object is to represent a girl's delight in open air and natural scenery. But the one author barely gives the fact and the other gives a vision of the fact. When we pass from what the great prophet and dictator of the eighteenth century itself used contemptuously to call "prospects" to humanity, the gain is perhaps more one sided, the methods of the nineteenth century are more double-edged. When you avowedly and deliberately attempt the abnormal you will sometimes seem only to have achieved, and occasionally you will in reality only achieve, the unnatural. But on this point there is no need to dwell. All I wish to insist upon is that Miss Brontë—that her sister Emily in an even intenser fashion, though with still narrower range—did use

these two great heighteners of fictitious treatment—the poetical imaginative study of nature and the dramatic presentation of the individual on his most individual side; that they did this in following, conscious or unconscious of, the great poets just before them; and that nobody had done, that hardly anybody except one of these poets themselves could have done, anything of the same kind before.

It is not then, I think, rash in substance or disproportionate in expression to say that what Emily and Charlotte Brontë did was to effect the union of realism and of dream in the English novel. The best poetry is always more or less dream. It never gives you the fact only, but something beyond and above the fact, suggested by it, coming from it, but not *it*. The best prose merely as such gives you the fact only, or the fact with no additions except those calculated to bring out the writer's sense of the fact, its relations, bearings, conditions. Drama and fiction stand in these respects between the two; and when reading is once established the novelist has even the advantage of the dramatist in the way in which he can combine his appeals so as to blend imagination or suggestion with the strictest observation and reproduction of the actual. But in so late found an art as that of prose fiction—an art, too, the first consummate examples of which were produced at a time and in a country the tendency of which was certainly rather towards prose and fact than towards poetry and dream—the full estates of the novel could not be conquered for it at once. Their acquisition was further postponed by the fact that the first great novelist, the greatest still of the nineteenth century, was master of either harmony and could take refuge in poetry when he chose to be poetic. Scott himself, if only by the insertion of such a passage as *Wandering Willie's Tale* in such a book as *Redgauntlet*, may be said to have shown the way here also. But it was not fully followed up. It was not explored, in the sense not merely of putting imaginative episodes in a novel but of saturating the novel with the imaginative element throughout, until these daughters of the moors discovered in them once more the secret of heather-ale, the intoxication of wild nature, the charm of brooding solitary thought and feeling. Of course, when they found it, it was “in the air” and about to be found generally. No man, not Shakespeare or Dante, has the absolute monopoly of his own discoveries and achieve-

ments. But they were the first to show the secret in operation. That they had their faults and their limitations is perfectly true, and there are proper times and places for dwelling on these. But this is neither the place nor the time. We are here entitled to attend to the credit side only—with no exaggeration but omitting to strike a balance which can be justly held over—the positive achievement of these girls, their positive rank in English literature, and the history of the English novel.

CHARLOTTE BRONTË.

A Paper read at Huddersfield, before the Brontë Society, on January 14th, 1899.

By the REV. CANON BARDSLEY, Vicar of Huddersfield.

The names of Currer, Ellis, and Acton Bell have been "household words" in my family from the days of my boyhood. As I have only time to speak of Charlotte Brontë, I will say at once that while I have a profound admiration for the genius of the *writer*, I have a feeling almost akin to veneration for the character of the *woman*. Her life was for the most part a tragedy, and yet her submission to the Divine will never failed. To quote the words of Sir James Kay Shuttleworth, she was "a Christian heroine who could bear her cross with the firmness of a martyr saint."

When I think of Charlotte Brontë forging in the workshop of her imagination such works as *The Professor* and *Jane Eyre*, *Shirley* and *Villette*, and when I recall the many sorrows of her life, I am reminded of that island in a far distant ocean where the rain falls almost continually and yet, and because of this, where the traveller discovers such a marvellous tropical vegetation that he forgets in his delight that it has been produced under a canopy of mist and darkness and gloom. It is one of the great characteristics of genius to rise above its surroundings and create for itself an ideal world.

From the fact that Charlotte Brontë was the child of Celtic parents—on the father's side Irish, on the mother's, Cornish—we should expect her by the law of heredity to be endowed with a vivid imagination, and yet to my mind that does not account for the production of a *Jane Eyre* or a *Villette*. With the advent of these works the world had the

assurance that a star of the first magnitude had appeared in its literary firmament. I will not presume, even if this were the occasion, to draw that mysterious line which separates consummate talent from genius. Genius cannot be the product of evolution. After 300 years there has been no advance upon Shakespeare—the climax, and the sublimest development of all earthly genius. I remember the sister, Emily Brontë, a kindred spirit, while I venture to assert my belief that the genius of Charlotte Brontë was, as it is in the case of each individual possessor, a new creation, a flame kindled from the altar-fires of heaven by the “Father of lights.” The poet Akenside thus traces its origin when he sings

From heaven my strains begin, from heaven descends
The flame of genius to the chosen breast.

I recall Sir Walter Besant’s tribute to *The Cloister and the Hearth*; I do not forget *Scenes from Clerical Life*, *Romola*, and *Cranford*, and the works of Jane Austen; I think of Stevenson’s marvellous creations—and yet I say that for virile vigour and intense realism, for fierce glow and fire of imagination, Charlotte Brontë, like Joseph’s sheaf, stands head and chief in the midst of the field of imaginative literature.

(I would say, in passing, that if we want to know Currer Bell, the *author*, we shall find her in her many letters to Mr. Williams. If we want to make the acquaintance of Charlotte Brontë, the *woman*, we shall meet her in her correspondence with Miss Nussey.)

As we in Huddersfield live on the edge of the Brontë country, some of you may be interested to know that Charlotte might, but for one thing, have lived for a time almost in our midst. In a letter dated November 12th, 1840, she writes:—

Mrs. Brook and I have interchanged letters. She expresses herself pleased with the style of my application—with its candour, and I took care to tell her that if she wanted a showy, elegant, fashionable personage, I was not the man for her, but she wants music and singing.

In a succeeding letter she speaks of Mrs. Thomas Brook. In each instance the name is spelt without the final “e.” From a letter which I have received from Mr. William Brooke I learn that the person indicated was his mother. At Northgate House Charlotte Brontë would have found a home congenial to the “finest fibres” of her heart.

Mrs. Gaskell and Mr. Clement Shorter both state that the Rev. Patrick Brontë sought the assistance of a colleague in clerical work in 1838. The Vicar of Haworth offered a Title to Holy Orders to my father at the close of 1833, or very early in the succeeding year. My father was to serve without stipend for two years. It is difficult at all times to live upon nothing, and especially—if I may be guilty of a Hibernianism—in a moorland district provocative of a keen and healthy appetite. He was about to agree to this proposal, as Titles were difficult to obtain in those days, had not the Archbishop of York intervened. At the last moment, the Rev. Theodore Dury, Rector of Keighley—named in Miss Branwell's will as one of her executors—offered a Title with a substantial stipend. I mention this because an acquaintance having been formed with the Brontë family, my father and mother, in their early married life, used often to walk to Haworth Vicarage on Saturday afternoons in time for tea. My father was not a clergyman after the type of the curates in *Shirley*. If a son may eulogise his parent, I would add that he was a man of vigorous intellect, strong not only in its concentrative but also in its expansive force; he was also endowed with a peculiarly sympathetic nature. Hence he took the keenest pleasure in the interests and pursuits of each member of the Brontë family. Charlotte Brontë, as a girl of twenty, was a keen politician; and as he was, I am afraid, a sad Radical at the time, and she a Tory of Tories—as he glorified in the Reform Bill, and she looked upon it as a disaster—they had some very lively discussions.

My father's description of Charlotte Brontë's personal appearance reminds me of Dorothy Wordsworth's description of Coleridge:—"At first I thought him very plain, that is for about three minutes," and then, portraying his separate features, she adds, "if you hear him speak for five minutes you think no more of them." The author of *Villette* was very shy to the world, from which she was so isolated, but in conversation with her friends, as well as in writing, the charter of her genius was openly displayed. I may say that my father's estimate of Branwell Brontë's abilities was much higher than the one formed by Mr. Clement Shorter in his admirable work. He knew him at his best. The shore of human life is strewn with no sadder wreck than that of one to whom the very gifts of heaven were fatal.

I can only make a passing reference to a visit of two days which my parents paid to Haworth Parsonage, some

years after they left Keighley. A year or two before my aged mother died, when we were talking over the past, I asked her what struck her most about Charlotte Brontë on the occasion of this visit. She answered, "Charlotte's careful thoughtfulness for the comfort of her guests, and the order and method with which she arranged every domestic detail." What Archbishop Trench said of Shakespeare is true of her:—"Assuredly we owe him much for the connection which he has shown may exist between the loftiest genius and the most perfect sober-mindedness. It has for ever rendered absurd the notion that genius is of necessity irregular, unable to acquiesce in the ordinary conditions of human existence, or cheerfully to adapt itself to them. He shrank from no humblest duty of daily life." Charles Kingsley noticed this feature in the character of Charlotte Brontë in a letter which he wrote to Mrs. Gaskell, complimenting her on her biography of the great novelist. He says, "It will shame literary people into some stronger belief that a simple, virtuous, practical home-life is consistent with high imaginative genius."

In my early manhood, I accompanied my father to Haworth after the death of Charlotte Brontë. Whilst my father was in the bedroom of her aged parent, who was seriously ill, and whilst Mr. Nicholls was in the Parish, I went through the library of the gifted authoress; specially noted *Vanity Fair* and *Esmond*, with the inscriptions of their author; read some pencil notes written on the margin of books in Charlotte Brontë's well-known microscopic hand; and gazed upon her portrait, by Richmond, and that of the Duke of Wellington and of Thackeray—the one the hero of her early years, the other of her later days. As I recall the barren garden and the grey bleak house, so uninteresting and unpicturesque, and the way in which the associations of the past came over me, and imagination tenanted the empty rooms with the vanished forms of the gifted children of the home, I think of that singular geological formation—a Drusic cavity, with its external form so rough and ordinary-looking, and with its hollow sphere within lined with exquisite crystals—"amethysts purple with the dawn that never was on land or sea."

I need not tell you how many of our cousins from across the ocean have made a pilgrimage to Haworth Parsonage as to a sacred shrine. They admire the works of Charlotte Brontë as much, and perhaps even more, than we. As we rejoice to-day in the closer alliance between

England and the United States, and remember that few influences link nations together more firmly than a common literature, we will not forget that Charlotte Brontë has had her part in cementing this happy union.

After dinner, Mr. Nicholls took me his wife's favourite walk on the moors. I drank in the scenes which fed and nourished the genius of one—to quote the lines of Wordsworth—whose

Daily teaching had been clouds and hills,
The silence that is in the starry sky,
The sleep that is among the lonely hills,

of one

Whose soul was like a star and dwelt apart.

My companion was kindness itself, but not a spark of enthusiasm could I evoke. I thought at the time that Charlotte Brontë had been drawn to her husband as a hop pillow attracts to itself the weary head and restless brain, but I found afterwards that I had formed a hasty and mistaken judgment. We are all indebted to Mr. Clement Shorter for the noble tribute which he has paid to the character of Mr. Arthur Nicholls.

As I returned with my father to Keighley, he told me how distressed he had been to see the tears in the eyes of old Mr. Brontë while he spoke of the aspersions on his domestic character, and the exaggerated statements with reference to the eccentricities of his daily life, in Mrs. Gaskell's memoir of his daughter, which had just been published. The author of Charlotte Brontë's Life was a kindred genius with her whose portrait she has drawn with all the charm of literary skill. I have no need in this assembly to refer to the grave faults in the early editions of this work, which have disappeared from the later ones. If I venture to hint that a certain exaggeration still remains, some devoted admirer of Mrs. Gaskell in this audience may think of the aphorism—"The defects of the great are the consolation of the dunces."

In order to economise the moments which remain, I will gather my remarks round three central points:—

First.—Some critics of Charlotte Brontë have said that her works are often "broad" and "coarse," and that her love scenes are "unconventional." I need not quote Miss Martineau nor even Mrs. Gaskell. To a certain extent the charge is true. In her isolated life she was singularly ignorant of the world, and with intense realism depicted the people whom she knew and represented the

life which she saw. But absolute purity is compatible with the knowledge of evil. To speak of her as “unsexed,” “irreligious,” “godless”—epithets applied to her by the religious press of the day—is entirely to misunderstand the relationship between the exercise of the imaginative faculty and the feeling of the heart. When a genius limns a portrait she is not herself but another. Like a Röntgen ray, she penetrates the inmost heart, tenants it for the time, and thinks and speaks through the brain and lips of the character which she pourtrays. Hogarth painted vice, but he was not therefore vicious. Milton depicted the impiety of Satan, but he was not therefore impious. Was Shakespeare a consummate villain, because he gave such a perfect delineation of Iago? If ever there was a pure-minded, true, refined gentlewoman, it was Charlötte Brontë. Through her short “tract of years” she wore “the white flower of a blameless life.” On one occasion, Miss Martineau tells us, the question of authoresses overstepping the line which men felt to be proper in works of fiction was discussed in the presence of Charlotte Brontë. She says, “Sir James and Lady Kay-Shuttleworth and I expressed our belief that such violations of propriety were altogether unconscious on the part of those to whom reference had been made. I remember her grave earnest way of saying, ‘I trust God will take from me whatever power of invention or expression I may have, before He lets me become blind to the sense of what is fitting or unfitting to be said.’”

Secondly.—The same charge has been brought against Charlotte Brontë as was brought against Shakespeare by writers of the last century, *viz.*—that she wrote to no moral purpose. Such an accusation is to misinterpret the province of fiction. The earth is clothed by a beneficent Creator with flowers as well as with fruit trees. You will not misunderstand me when I say that the highest type of fiction is rarely written for a moral purpose. For one thing I am devoutly thankful, that Charlotte Brontë as a clergyman’s daughter never wrote what I may call a theological novel—one of the literary abominations of the present age, where writers, for the most part theologians in petticoats, give us on the one page the gossip and scandal of the afternoon tea-table, and in the other attempt to solve the great spiritual problems which at times stir and agitate the deepest feelings of the human heart. Such productions are as repulsive to me as a parish concert which I once

attended, where I heard comic songs interspersed with selections from the "Messiah." Works such as these are to me "irreligious," and not the pages of Charlotte Brontë. Of the most popular writers of this school I say, "Thou hast nothing to draw with and the well is deep." It is enough for me that Charlotte Brontë by the spell of her genius takes us as by a whirlwind and chariot of fire, if not like the great prophet of Gilead, nearer to heaven, yet out of our present surroundings into a new world, from which we speedily return invigorated and refreshed and fitter for the ordinary and oft-times stern duties of daily life. Such a writer unconsciously fulfils a great moral purpose, and is a benefactor of the human race.

Thirdly.—Yorkshiremen owe a special debt of gratitude to Charlotte Brontë. She has depicted the rugged northern character of a powerful Yorkshire type with photographic reality. Such types—I speak of their external manifestation—are almost already things of the past. As the costumes peculiar to the Cantons of Switzerland are vanishing before railways and tourists and as the elementary schools of the West Riding are banishing those old English words which are so quaint and so rich and which linger on the ear, so dear to the student of Wycliffe's version of the Bible—so the Yorkshire type in its individuality is rapidly disappearing before the advancing tide of a higher mental culture. Our remotest hamlets are brought near to the centres of population, and men and women are becoming like the stones on the beach, which are all moulded and shaped alike, by contact with their fellows under the surging action of the sea. As years roll on, the writings of Currer Bell will have not only a fascinating interest but a distinctly historic value.

I am conscious how far this paper comes short of my own conceptions of the life and work of Charlotte Brontë, but in some compartment of the brain—I know not which—there is a picture gallery of those who have left their impress on my mind. Upon one portrait I sometimes look, idealized it may be by imagination; consecrated, it is true, by the associations of the past and by the touch of death. As I gaze, I know that I look upon the face of one whose memory will never die. The vast majority of the popular writers of the present age have their little day: the night speedily falls, and their work is buried in oblivion, but I venture to assert that Charlotte Brontë will occupy a niche in the Temple of Literary Fame so long as the English tongue is spoken and the English race endures.

THE POEMS OF THE BRONTË SISTERS.

A Paper read at Huddersfield, before the Brontë Society,
on January 14th, 1899.

By the REV. DR. BRUCE.

As a new-born convert to the Brontë cult, and one of the least of the Scholars in this modern school of heroine-worship, I present these simple crude imaginings more as a humble learner and anxious inquirer ready to be instructed and corrected by the head teachers than in any sense claiming to be an expert.

I am deeply interested in and amazed at the vast array of Brontë Bibliography brought to light, and in due order set forth by this valuable Association, and surprised that so little has been written concerning the Poems. They have not had either the attention or the glory they deserve, by reason of the greater glory of the Novels.

Yet the Poems were the first of the numerous and varied products of their busy pen to appear in print. And I fear that if they had stood alone, without the greater merit and renown of subsequent tales and the excitement occasioned by Mrs. Gaskell's famous biography, they would probably have remained in comparative oblivion; simply because there is nothing startling or sensational in the title, subject, or style of the verses to attract the attention of readers, specially as they were ushered into the world under such indefinite and unattractive names as Currer, Ellis, and Acton Bell, leaving the sex and habitation of the authors unknown.

The little volume of 61 pieces, in 150 pages, 16mo., was published by Aylott & Jones, Paternoster Row, at the sole risk and expense of the shy and retiring but gifted and ambitious sisters, who staked 30 guineas from their limited income, with the fond hope that—though they had written more from the pure love of giving fixed form and chaste expression to the strange and weird thoughts about nature and human life which stirred their active minds in their lonely moorland home, than for fame—the work had something of beauty and merit in it, which would sooner or later find appreciative readers. The publication was undertaken mainly on the advice of Charlotte, who was surprised and delighted to find that her sister Emily had written verses so terse, vigorous, and imaginative. She

frankly and humbly confessed "all of the little volume that merits to be known is Emily's."

It fell flat and dead at its birth. Nobody enquired for it, far less bought it. Very interesting and pitiful is the letter Charlotte wrote to De Quincey (March 16th, 1849, just a year after its publication)—

"Our book is found to be a drug: no man needs it, or heeds it. In the space of a year our publisher has disposed but of two copies, and by what painful efforts he succeeded in getting rid of these two, himself only knows. Before transferring the edition to the trunkmakers, we are distributing a few copies to literary friends, and we beg to offer you one, in acknowledgment of the pleasure and profit we have often derived from your works."

It must have been painful for those sensitive, modest young ladies to importune friendly critics for a kind recognition of their handiwork. The *Athenæum* and *Dublin University Magazine* were among the first, if not the only, periodicals to give spontaneous words of discriminate praise.

Charlotte's estimate of the relative merits of the work of the three sisters has been generally accepted. In Ward's *English Poets* and Miles' *Poets of the Century* Emily's name alone has a separate heading, with only the briefest casual reference to Charlotte and Anne as minor poets. Miss Robinson has followed their lead to the bitter end, with supercilious scorn and sisterly severity. She bestows but faint praise on Charlotte, condemning the youngest sister in such ungracious comment as this:—

"Only a partial judge could find anything much to praise in gentle Anne's *trivial* verses. Had the book an index of first lines what a scathing criticism on the contents would it be!

'Sweet are thy strains, celestial bard!' (*To Cowper.*)

'I'll rest me in this sheltered bower!'

'Oh, I am very weary, though tears no longer flow.'

From such beginnings we too clearly foresee the *hopeless bathos* of the end! Poor child, her real deep sorrows, expressed in such worn-out, ill-fitting phrases, are as little touching as the beauty of a London shop-girl under the ready-made, cast-off adornments of her second-hand fancy."

Surely these very hyphenated epithets of dispraise should not have been flung at the head of a gentle, cultured, delicate, and over-worked girl—even if her mind was not so gifted with the poetic faculty as her heart surely was graced with sincerest piety. Lockhart's opinion was that the poems of Currer Bell were much better than those of Acton and Ellis.

After the too-early death of the younger sisters, Charlotte published a supplementary volume, consisting of selections from Ellis's and Acton's poems. Her most touching and beautiful preface to these selections—a perfect gem of critical art—together with the intrinsic worth of some of the supplementary poems, have considerably added to the lustre of the writers' fame, giving each of the three a niche in the temple of fame and decided pre-eminence to Emily, of whom Mr. Gosse has since informed us, “not even the unstinted praise of three great and very dissimilar poets had given to her due rank in popular esteem.”

Why are not these poems better known, more popular? Seldom, if ever, does a preacher or speaker quote, in pulpit or on platform, a single line or verse of Brontë poetry to point a moral or adorn and enliven his discourse. Why are they so seldom, if ever, used in our Day Schools for recitations or reading lessons? How is it you never pick up any fragments of these precious jewels on drawing-room tables, from the dainty pages of ladies' albums and birthday books? Partly, because the Brontë verses are so narrow in their range, so subjective, introspective, vague, and ineffective. They are not catching. Pass the magnet of your mind and memory over them, and it is surprising how few happy figures or select sentences cling tenaciously and ineffaceably as the result. There are few alliterations, few epigrams, few lines of unique artistic beauty. One solitary line in *Faith and Despondency* is held up by Miss Robinson as a conspicuous instance of the genuine afflatus—

“The dim moon struggling in the sky.”

There is no ballad or poem in the vernacular Yorkshire throughout the series. The language is pure English, but the sentiments often too refined and ethereal or too sad and pessimistic. They are scarcely ever introduced into Brontë biography to illustrate the text, or throw a sidelight on certain incidents of their brave struggle against adverse circumstances and painful environment; whilst the sisters themselves never interwove them with their novels, after the manner of Geo. McDonald and other modern novelists. They are too exclusively the confession of the secret struggles and sufferings of their own hearts, alternating between faith and despair, or the description of bleak moorland scenery, which to them was altogether lovely, but to dwellers in Mesopotamia, or the Lake District, and

other more habitable parts of the earth their eulogy seems extravagant and overdone.

I would venture to suggest that there should be a new and complete edition of the poems, with notes and explanatory references, which would be a great help to the understanding of allusions and lend increased interest to the reading of them. They are pictures which would look better if put in appropriate frames.

Another suggestion may be worth some consideration. Few of the Brontë's verses are set to *music*. Possibly they do not lend themselves so readily to such use; there may not be many chords in them to strike the lyre or captivate the ear of the musician. Yet there are several pieces which if wedded to fit and pretty music, as in the case of Miss Proctor's "Lost Chord," Burns' "Banks and Braes," or Tennyson's "Brook," would become familiar household words. In addition to the many things attempted and done by the Brontë Society, could not some inspired apostle or singing evangelist of this new cult, some Choragus or librettists lead captive several of the stanzas and lyrics of the Brontë sisters to enrich the treasures of English minstrelsy? Sure I am that they would make better songs than many of the insipid—not to say silly and nonsensical—ditties which are sometimes sung in theatres and concerts, and which in more senses than one "bring down the house" where they are sung.

Among those already set to music is Charlotte's ballad, "The Parting":—

"There's no use in weeping,
Tho' we are condemned to part;
There's such a thing as keeping
A remembrance in one's heart."

Another song, entitled "Love and Friendship," attributed to Charlotte, must be surely a mistake; at any rate, Emily's:—

"Love is like the wild rose-briar;
Friendship like the holly-tree," &c.

There is also a song of Emily's much praised by Messrs. Garnett and Birrell:—

"The linnet in the rocky dells,
The moor-lark in the air,
The bee among the heather-bells
That hide my lady fair.
The wild deer browse above her breast,
The wild birds raise their brood;
And they her smiles of love caressed
Have left her solitude."

The "Bluebell," by Emily, would make a sweet song:—

"The bluebell is the sweetest flower
That waves in summer air;
Its blossoms have the mightiest power
To soothe my spirit's care.

There is a spell in purple heath
Too wildly, sadly dear;
The violet has a fragrant breath,
But fragrance will not cheer."

or, the "Day Dream," by Emily:—

"On a sunny brae alone I lay
One summer afternoon;
It was the marriage-time of May
With her young lover, June."

or, "Stanzas," by Currer Bell:—

"If thou be in a lonely place,
If one hour's calm be thine,
As evening bends her placid face
O'er this sweet day's decline;
If all the earth and all the heaven
Now look serene on thee,
As o'er them shuts the summer even
One moment—think of me."

And at this point—remembering that Divine worship has a claim upon and charm for humanity as well as secular art and literature—I am pleased to notice that at least four of Anne Brontë's poems are included in modern hymnology and occasionally sung in the Free Churches of Britain and America. Indeed, my first acquaintance with Brontë poetry was from the fact of our having in our Congregational Hymnal a hymn of Anne's, which has appeared in Dr. Hunter's Glasgow Hymnal and others.

"Oppressed with sin and woe,
A burdened heart I bear,
Oppressed by many a mighty foe,
Yet will I not despair.

With this polluted heart
I dare to come to Thee,
Holy and mighty as Thou art,
For Thou wilt pardon me.

I feel that I am weak
And prone to every sin,
But Thou who giv'st to those who seek
Wilt give me strength within.

I need not fear my foes,
 I need not yield to care,
 I need not sink beneath my woes,
 For Thou wilt answer prayer.

In my Redeemer's name
 I give myself to Thee;
 And, all unworthy as I am,
 My God will welcome me."

It probably may not be the best of poetry, but it expresses a most real experience in Christian life, and has been helpful to the faith and joy of not a few genuine penitents.

Another hymn, "My God, O let me call Thee mine," is included in the Baptist Hymnal, and in some books is assigned to the period of Lent. Indeed, most of her verses are of that plaintive and penitential character which is more fitted for seasons of fasting and humiliation and private devotion than for the jubilant praises of ordinary worshippers.

To the same plaintive class belongs the last memento of that delicate, refined girl—that much-tried, but meek, submissive child of God—which is also to be found in some hymnals.

"I hoped that with the brave and strong,
 My portioned task might lie;
 To toil amid the busy throng,
 With purpose pure and high.
 But God has fixed another part,
 And He has fixed it well,
 I said so with my bleeding heart,
 When first the anguish fell."

Concluding, as with her dying breath, the sweet song of humble faith and self-sacrifice:—

"Should death be standing at the gate,
 Thus should I keep my vow,
 But Lord: whatever be my fate,
 Oh, let me serve Thee now."

There is more merit and higher poesy in that extract from "The Three Guides," which Dr. James Martineau and Dr. Hunter have made into a hymn.

"Spirit of Faith, be Thou my Guide,
 O clasp my hand in Thine,
 And let me never leave Thy side;
 Thy comforts are divine.
 Earth calls Thee blind, misguided one,
 But who can show like Thee
 Forgotten things that have been done,
 And things that are to be?"

Gentle Thine eye and soft Thy voice,
 But wondrous is Thy might
 To make the wretched soul rejoice.
 To give the simple light.
 And still to all that seek Thy way,
 This wondrous power is given,
 E'en while their footsteps press the clay,
 Their souls ascend to heaven.
 Thro' pain and death I can rejoice,
 If but Thy strength be mine;
 Earth has no music like Thy voice,
 Life owns no joy like Thine.
 Spirit of Faith! I'll go with Thee,
 Thou if I hold Thee fast,
 Wilt guide, defend, and strengthen me,
 And bear me home at last."

Some of you may lightly esteem the *hymn* as awakening emotions rather than new thought; as too often weak and effeminate in sentiment, and poor as a work of art. But what an important part in the history and life of the Christian Church hymns have played! not only in preserving doctrine, teaching duty, inspiring as well as expressing faith and hope, but in lofty and pure aspiration, lifting the soul to the holiest and heavenliest.

It may not be out of place to mention here that though Anne was a much more pronounced Christian of the orthodox and evangelical type—as represented by Venn of Huddersfield and Grimshaw of Haworth—than her sisters, specially Emily, who was agnostic and pantheistic in some of her utterances, she was no rigid Calvinist; and in a spirit more reverent and charitable than Burns' address to the "Unco Guid" she addresses "A Word to the Elect," and advocates the larger hope as boldly and more fully and passionately than Tennyson or Geo. McDonald.

"And, oh! there lives within my heart
 A hope long nursed by me
 (And should its cheering ray depart
 How dark my soul would be).

That as in Adam all have died,
 In Christ shall all men live;
 And ever round His throne abide
 Eternal praise to give.

That even the wicked shall at last
 Be fitted for the skies,
 And when their dreadful doom is past
 To life and light arise.

I ask not how remote the day,
 Nor what the sinners' woe
 Before their dross is purged away;
 Enough for me to know—
 That when the cup of wrath is drained,
 The metal purified,
 They'll cling to what they once disdained,
 And live by Him that died."

I have left little or no time for any separate treatment of the poetical merits of the three sisters, or for quoting extracts in illustration and support of my opinion. They are very diverse, more in matter and faith than in form and versification, for they all adopt largely the simple metres of psalms and hymns. Seeing the two younger sisters died so young, and without the stimulating and inspiring effect of the celebrity and applause which the Brontë works of fiction achieved would no doubt have exerted on the shy and shrinking occupants of Haworth Parsonage, we cannot but admire their poetical fragments as samples and promise of something better and higher, if death had not cut short their days in early womanhood.

Charlotte's poems are longer than those of Emily and Anne, which are frequently in C.M. and L.M. as hymns. She has been accused of dragging in a moral at the end of a lyric. She is more dramatic than Emily and nearly as imaginative, and not so pessimistic or sarcastic.

"Pilate's Wife's Dream," the longest of her pieces, is an undeveloped tragedy. The Governor's wife is represented as expressing in passionate and burning tones her scornful hate of her wicked husband, who, according to her, had no redeeming feature in his repulsive character.

"Forced to sit by his side and see his deeds,
 Forced to behold that visage, hour by hour,
 In whose gaunt lines the abhorrent gazer reads
 A triple lust of gold, and blood, and power;
 A soul whom motives fierce, yet abject, urge;
 Rome's senile slave, and Judah's tyrant scourge."

How graphically in "Frances" she portrays the misery of a tearful woman bearing the yoke of absolute despair:—

"Unloved—I love : unwept—I weep;
 Grief I restrain : hope I repress;
 Vain is this anguish—fixed and deep,
 Vainer, desires and dreams of bliss.
 My love awakens no love again,
 My tears collect, and fall unfelt;
 My sorrow touches none with pain,
 My humble hopes to nothing melt."

But she knew how to cast foreboding fears away, and put on the courage and dauntless resolution which was the characteristic of all the family. In that brief poem, "Life," she says :—

"What though Death at times steps in,
And calls our best away?
What though sorrow seems to win
O'er hope a heavy sway?
Yet Hope again elastic springs,
Unconquered, though she fell,
Still buoyant are her golden wings,
Still strong to bear us well.

Manfully, fearlessly,
The day of trial bear;
For gloriously, victoriously,
Can Courage quell despair."

But, after all, Emily is the bright particular star in that three-fold constellation of Yorkshire poetesses. She is the laureate of the moors—wild, passionate, fearless, and, for a time at least though not to the last, sceptical and agnostic.

These six of her poems are commonly recognised as specimens of her genius most worthy: "The Night Wind," "The Death Scene," "Remembrance," Stanzas commencing "Often Rebuked," "The Old Stoic," "The Last Lines." To which may be added: "The Linnet in the Rocky Dell," "The Prisoner," eulogised by Swinburne; "The Lady to her Guitar"; that most pathetic piece: "The Outcast Mother."

Though the sisters were so different in character, they had great respect and affection for one another, and dearly loved the old home, in spite of its dreary surroundings and the painful scenes it sometimes witnessed. Emily specially loved her home, and hated school life, whether in England or in Brussels. She idealises her own experiences and feelings of love for home in the first of the posthumous poems.

"A little while, a little while
The weary task is put away,
And I can sing, and I can smile
Alike while I have holiday.

Where wilt thou go, my harassed heart,
What thought, what scene invites thee now,
What spot or near or far apart
Has rest for thee, my weary brow?

There is a spot 'mid barren hills,
 Where winter howls and driving rain;
 But if the dreary tempest chills,
 There is a light that warms again.

The house is old, the trees are bare,
 Moonless above bends twilight's dome,
 But what on earth is half so dear,
 So longed for—as the hearth of home?"

Charlotte beautifully said :—

"My sister Emily loved the moors. Flowers brighter than the rose bloomed in the blackest of the heath for her; out of a sullen hollow in a livid hill-side her mind could make an Eden. She found in the bleak solitude many dear delights, and not the least and best-loved was *liberty*."

But though she loved liberty, it was not of the ordinary type. She hated the restraints and conventionalities of society, disliked strange faces and places; she cared not to make herself agreeable or amiable to others, could be repulsive and defiant; she had no disposition to bind herself to Church creeds or Church work, or to teach in a Sunday School; and, though a lover of liberty, she was strongly and painfully under the tyranny of her own prejudices and pet aversions. She would have been a happier woman had she sought more communion with God and her fellow man; but she was self-reliant and independent to a fault.

"Let me be false in other's eyes
 If faithful in my own."—*Honour's Martyr*.

She preferred apostrophising her own fancy and imagination and addressing the howling wind and the cold stars in poetic rhapsodies, to opening her heart in prayer to God or her mind to the love and sympathy of living men and women.

There was often a vehemence of expression and a passionate fearlessness of utterance, which made her appear far worse than she really was.

"So stood I in Heaven's glorious sun,
 And in the glare of Hell!
 My spirit drank a mingled tone
 Of seraph's song and demon's moan,
 What my soul bore, my soul alone
 Within itself may tell."

Her stoic harshness of manner and purpose comes out in her writings again and again, but if we compare

THE OLD STOIC.

Riches I hold in light esteem,
 And Love I laugh to scorn;
 And Lust of Fame was but a dream,
 That vanished with the morn.

And if I pray, the only prayer
 That moves my lips for me
 Is "Leave the heart that now I bear,
 And give me liberty!"

Yes, as my swift days near their goal,
 'Tis all that I implore:
 In life and death a changeless soul
 With courage to endure.

which is the final piece in the first volume, with the grand and eloquent confession of faith and hope in her last lines of all, you will see how her too unyielding self-reliance broke down at last, and, though determined to die standing on her weary feet, there was submission as well as strength of will in her departing spirit as it yielded itself into the Everlasting Arms.

LAST LINES OF EMILY BRONTË.

No coward soul is mine,
 No trembler in the world's storm-troubled sphere;
 I see Heaven's glories shine,
 And faith shines equal, arming me from fear.

O God, within my breast,
 Almighty, ever-present Deity,
 Life—that in me has rest
 As I, undying Life—have power in Thee.

Vain are the thousand creeds
 That move men's hearts: unutterably vain,
 Worthless as withered weeds,
 Or, idlest froth amid the boundless main,

To waken doubt in one
 Holding so fast by Thine Infinity;
 So surely anchored on
 The steadfast rock of immortality.

With wide-embracing love
 Thy Spirit animates eternal years,
 Pervades and broods above,
 Changes, sustains, dissolves, creates, and rears.

Tho' earth and man were gone,
 And suns and universes ceased to be,
 And THOU wert left alone,
 Every existence would exist in THEE.

There is not room for death,
 Nor atom that His might could render void,
 THOU, THOU, art Being and Breath,
 And what THOU art may never be destroyed.

She was just the kind of woman whom Ian Maclaren would delight to honour and beatify, discovering, as he no doubt would, with his eye of love and heart of charity, hidden virtues and graces, a genuine gentleness beneath her seeming severity, and a secret faith in God beneath the ruins of her sorely tried, but overthrown, agnosticism.



BRONTË SOCIETY PUBLICATIONS.

PART X.

CONTAINING THE FOLLOWING

REPRINTS:

1. Reminiscences of Charlotte Brontë, by Miss Ellen Nussey.
 2. The Last Sketch, by W. M. Thackeray.
 3. Emma: a fragment, by Charlotte Brontë.
-

WITH AN INTRODUCTION BY

JOHN WAUGH.



PRINTED FOR THE SOCIETY BY
M. FIELD AND SONS, GODWIN STREET, BRADFORD.

AUGUST, 1899.

PREFACE.

THE Brontë Society is fortunate in including amongst its members a number of gentlemen whose interest in the work of the Society is such as to prompt them to make some sacrifice for its welfare. In 1895, Mr. Claude Meeker, then American Consul at Bradford, presented each member with a copy of his "Haworth : Home of the Brontës" (unfortunately now out of print); and in the following year "A Descriptive Catalogue of the Objects in the Brontë Museum," by the late Treasurer, Mr. F. C. Galloway, was presented to the members by Mrs. Galloway. Only last year Mr. W. E. B. Priestley, a member of the Council, gave to each of the members a copy of Mr. Wm. Scruton's "Thornton and the Brontës," and now Mr. John Waugh, one of our esteemed Vice-Presidents, has generously defrayed the cost of the present number, the contents of which he has long had a desire to bring together for the benefit of the Society. Mr. Waugh has not only been successful in obtaining permission from the owners of the copyrights to reprint the following articles, but he has also secured the use of the blocks which illustrated the *Reminiscences* by Miss Nussey.

The Council takes this opportunity of thanking Mr. Waugh for the service he has rendered to the Society; the Century Publishing Company for permission to reprint Miss Nussey's *Reminiscences* and the blocks which accompanied the article; Messrs. Smith, Elder & Co., for permission to reprint the "Last Sketch," by W. M. Thackeray, and "Emma," by Charlotte Brontë; and lastly Mrs. Ritchie, the daughter of Thackeray, for her sympathetic assistance in connection with some of the copyrights.

B.W.

CONTENTS.

	PAGE.
Introductory Note by John Waugh	55
Reminiscences of Charlotte Brontë, by Miss Ellen Nussey	58
The Last Sketch, by W. M. Thackeray	84
Emma : a fragment, by Charlotte Brontë	87

ILLUSTRATIONS.

Charlotte Brontë's Grave	50
Facsimile of Letter from Charlotte Brontë to Mrs. Gaskell <i>to face page</i>	52
Roe Head School	61
The "Field Head" of <i>Shirley</i>	65
The "Briarfield" Church of <i>Shirley</i>	66
The House that Charlotte visited	70
Haworth Parsonage and Graveyard	72
Rev. Patrick Brontë and Facsimile of Signature	74
Haworth Village	77
Haworth Church	78
Interior of Haworth Church	80
Organ Loft over Brontë Tablet and Pew	81
New Brontë Tablet	83

112. Gloucester Terrace
Hyde Park.
1851

My dear Mrs. Gaskell

If all be well I shall leave
London at the close of next week - Fri-
day or Saturday - how will this ar-
rangement accede with my wishing to
see you for a day or two on my
way home? I remember in your
last you mentioned the possibility of
your fetching Mariana down from
school when the holidays begin - in that
case a visit just now would be out of

the question - to your decision then
I submit the matter - relying now as
ever on your perfect candour.

London has been almost as quiet for
me as Harworth - I have paid but a
single visit to some old friends. Theatre
lectures and Rachel's acting are the
two things in this great Babylon which
have stirred and interested me most -
simply because in them I found most
of what was genuine whether for good
or evil; two sermons also I have liked -
one preached by W. Aubrey - the other by
Melville. The Exhibition is no doubt a
great and fine sight but not much in
my way.

I have not called on Lady K. S. and
indeed don't see why I should. Am I wrong?

pulling on people who can't possibly
want you seems to me a grievous
waste of effort & exertion - besides - in my
estimation - partaking of the error of ob-
stinacy.

How often recurring nervous headache has
much annoyed and depressed me during my
stay in Town - it curtails this note.

Write me a line soon to say how you
are and what I must do - Remember
me kindly to Mr. Gaskell, and believe me
Sincerely yours
Charlotte

W. Gaskell

Plymouth Grove.

INTRODUCTORY NOTE,

By JOHN WAUGH.

IN the present number of "Transactions and Publications" two interesting articles are reproduced through the kindness of the respective owners of the copyrights, duly acknowledged elsewhere. A facsimile of one of Charlotte Brontë's letters written to Mrs. Gaskell from London during her visit in 1851 is given, and a view of her Grave in Haworth Church forms the Frontispiece.

Of the articles, the first, "Reminiscences of Charlotte Brontë," is from the pen of Miss Nussey, contributed to the pages of *Scribner's Monthly*, at the urgent request of the Editor of that Magazine. The article appeared in Vol. 2, 1871, pp. 18 to 31.

Miss Nussey was Charlotte Brontë's oldest and dearest friend, and as such her opportunities were exceptional—the correspondence between the two has been a mine of wealth to the biographers of the Brontës. There were the visits of Charlotte to Ellen, and above all of Ellen to Haworth. It is to these latter we owe perhaps the chief charm of the pages, as from them we gather knowledge of the surroundings of the life at Haworth. Did that life beget or only help to mould the genius of the sisters? Of one thing we are certain, as we take in the whole of the circumstances of Charlotte's life, that the one word "fortitude" to quote Dr. W. Robertson Nicoll, "and no other than that puts the case so well." Miss Nussey's paper helps those who hold dear the memory of Charlotte to a proper estimate of "a life, the lesson of whose suffering and heroism is one of the best legacies Heaven has granted to this generation." The article is reproduced with all the illustrations which appeared in the original, and will no doubt be welcome to all Brontë lovers.

The second article entitled the "Last Sketch" is an Introduction by Thackeray to a fragment of a story by the late Charlotte Brontë, entitled "Emma," which appeared in the *Cornhill Magazine*, Vol. 1, pp. 485—489. A story unfinished, indeed it contains the very last pages which were traced by the hand of Charlotte Brontë," and as such, possesses a mournful interest.

The introduction, which is in the manner of the Master in his best mood, is a veritable "In Memoriam." Swinburne, speaking of this tribute to her memory, says:

“They seem to me worthy of special remembrance among the truest and noblest, the manliest and the kindest lines that ever came from the pen of Thackeray.”

The admiration of Charlotte Brontë for Thackeray, and Thackeray's high appreciation of the author of *Jane Eyre* is a great literary fact. They were respectively the authors of two books almost contemporaneous as to dates of publication, and perhaps the two most remarkable literary productions of the reign of Victoria. In this number of our publications, Thackeray and Charlotte Brontë are associated together in a manner befitting the memory of both.

Thackeray read *Jane Eyre* whilst he was being pressed for copy for the November or December part of *Vanity Fair*. Of *Jane Eyre* he wrote “I could not, having taken the volumes up, lay them down until they were read through.”

Through the kindness of Mr. Williams, Charlotte Brontë received the monthly parts of *Vanity Fair* as they were issued. Whilst Thackeray was reading *Jane Eyre* in October, 1847, by an author whose name and sex were alike unknown to him, Charlotte Brontë was at the same time reading *Vanity Fair* of the same month in the yellow covers.

Thackeray came to the conclusion that *Jane Eyre* was “the master work of a great genius,” and evidently he manifested a natural curiosity to know something of the author. “Should Mr. Thackeray again ask after Currer Bell, say the secret is and will be kept because it is not worth disclosure.” There was, at any rate, mind contact through the medium of their respective productions.

“I have read the ‘Caxtons,’ I have looked at ‘Fanny Hervey,’—take a hundred, take a thousand of such works and weigh them in the balance with a page of Thackeray,” so wrote Charlotte to Mr. Williams.

In the Dedication of the Second Edition of *Jane Eyre* to Thackeray, we obtain in a condensed form the opinion of the author of that work on the author of *Vanity Fair*, the conclusion of which is as follows:—

“Why have I alluded to this man? I have alluded to him, reader, because I think I see in him an intellect profounder and more unique than his contemporaries have yet recognised; because I regard him as the first social regenerator of the day—as the very master of that working corps who would restore to rectitude the warped system of things; because I think no commentator on his writings

has yet found the comparison that suits him, the terms which rightly characterise his talent. They say he is like Fielding ; they talk of his wit, humour, comic power. He resembles Fielding as an eagle does a vulture. Fielding could stoop on carrion, but Thackeray never does. His wit is bright, his humour attractive, but both bear the same relation to his serious genius that the mere lambent sheet-lightning playing under the edge of the summer cloud, does to the electric death-spark hid in its womb. Finally ; I have alluded to Mr. Thackeray, because to him—if he will accept the tribute of a total stranger—I have dedicated this second edition of *Jane Eyre*.”—The date of such dedication is December 21st, 1847.

In July, 1848, there came to the Haworth Parsonage a cloth copy of *Vanity Fair*, with the grateful regards of W. M. Thackeray.

A Reviewer (Quarterly Review, Vol. 84, No. 167, 1849) bracketed the two books, *Vanity Fair* and *Jane Eyre* under one article. “The author of *Jane Eyre* is Mr. Thackeray’s governess, whom he had himself chosen as his model of Becky, who in mingled love and revenge personified him in return as Mr. Rochester.” Romantic rumours may have been current in Mayfair, but did ever Reviewer, before or since, give credence to such wide of the mark stories from any other motive than that of malice ?

During Charlotte’s visit to London in 1849, the author of *Jane Eyre* saw the author of *Vanity Fair*, through the good offices of Mr. George Smith, of Messrs. Smith Elder and Co.

During the Exhibition year in 1851 they met again, and Charlotte attended one of Thackeray’s lectures. See facsimile of autograph letter to Mrs. Gaskell for Charlotte Brontë’s opinion of Thackeray’s lectures and Rachel’s acting—“the two things in this great Babylon which have stirred and interested me most.”

The frontispiece, Charlotte Brontë’s grave, is a proper though mournful accompaniment to the “Last Sketch.” The position of the grave is indicated by the white card.

REMINISCENCES OF CHARLOTTE BRONTË, BY MISS ELLEN NUSSEY.

*Reprinted by permission from "Scribner's Monthly,"
May, 1871, now the "Century Magazine."*

TO THE EDITOR: You with much urgency beg me to give you some reminiscences of the Brontë family.

The life of Charlotte Brontë, viewed apart from her high gifts and genius as an authoress, was a very unsensational life; for the most part it was a life of domestic duty, self-sacrifice, fidelity to whatever she believed to be right, fortitude in suffering, and patient resignation under all inevitable trials; and these are not elements of attraction to readers who care for excitement. What is said of Charlotte may, with almost equal truth, be said of Emily and Anne; though they differed greatly in many points of character and disposition, they were each and all on common ground if a *principle* had to be maintained or a *sham* to be detected. They were all jealous of anything hollow or unreal. All were resolutely single-minded, eminently courageous, eminently simple in their habits, and eminently tender-hearted.

For many years past I have from time to time received urgent requests from your countrymen (who have at all times evinced the highest appreciation of Charlotte Brontë's writings) for a further publication of her letters.

In 1867 some communication arose on the subject with your now lamented countryman, Henry J. Raymond. He wrote to intimate he should possibly see me on this subject in England, while on his way to join some members of his family in Europe. He advised a further publication of C.B.'s letters, said "they would in any case be a considerable success," and begged to assure me that "he should be glad to aid in the enterprise as far as it might be in his power." I had entertained strong doubts as to the desirability of adding (at least for some time to come) to the letters already given in the Memoir (which were many more than were at first anticipated), when close upon Mr. Raymond's advice another kind of urgency rose up, which has often been very active among some of C.B.'s warmest admirers.

With painful frequency it has been said to me, "Why do you not defend your friend's memory from the oft-made charge of irreligion?" Every chord of affection vibrated in response to such an appeal, soothed however, for the time, by the promise to one's self that, on some future day, her own letters should be her defence, *after* (as I thought) my own web of life had run its course. But a series of

events (which I need not specify) seemed to call, and to call so repeatedly, I could no longer refuse or delay to set about giving, as a tribute of justice to herself, a few more of her own words, the words of her *heart* and *feelings*, as they were elicited by the common accidents and incidents of daily life. The doing of this involves some sacrifice; but to shrink from possible annoyance or discomfort when duly called upon in defence of one we have loved, is indeed to be cowardly and craven-hearted, and unworthy of Charlotte Brontë's faithful love and friendship.

It is hoped the few more letters now given* will not fail to show with deep truth that her religion, though it did not manifest itself in phraseology and shibboleth, yet existed in a higher and better sense, finding its expression in the thought and action which springs from trustful obedient faith. Why should she be condemned on points of doctrine upon which she had no call to pronounce? Why question her faith in our Saviour when her whole life was a practical illustration of His teachings,—her constant attendance at celebrations of the Holy Eucharist, a declaration of her faith in His atonement,—her self-sacrifice to duty, offered so freely and entirely without one thought of merit or of praise to be won, and this, too, when tempted by a combination of circumstance and affection which none of less religious principle could have resisted;—when she never shirked a duty because it was irksome, or advised another to do what she herself did not fully count the cost of doing,—above all, when her goodness was not of the stand-still order,—when there was new beauty, when there were new developments and growths of goodness to admire and attract in every succeeding renewal of intercourse,—when daily she was a Christian heroine, who bore her cross with the firmness of a martyr-saint.

E.

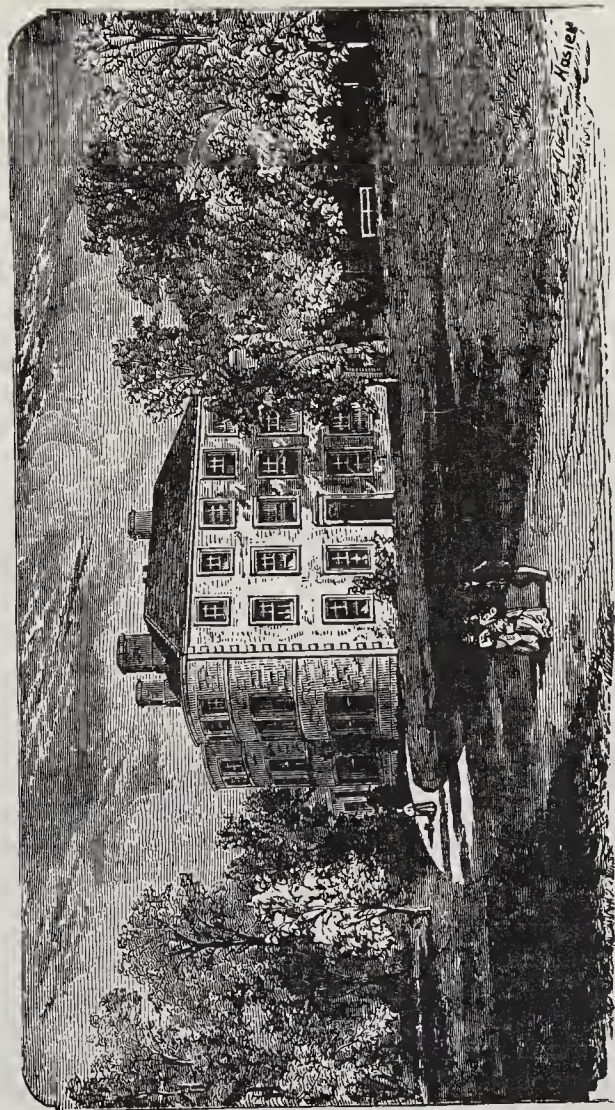
SCHOOL DAYS AT ROE HEAD.

ARRIVING at school about a week after the general assembling of the pupils, I was not expected to accompany them when the time came for their daily exercise, but while they were out, I was led into the school-room, and quietly left to make my observations. I had come to the conclusion it was very nice and comfortable for a school-room, though I had little knowledge of school-rooms in general, when, turning to the window to observe the look-out I became aware for the first time that I was not alone; there

* The letters referred to appeared in the last volume of *Hours at Home*, although many of great interest still remain unpublished.—ED.

was a silent, weeping, dark little figure in the large bay-window; she must, I thought, have risen from the floor. As soon as I had recovered from my surprise, I went from the far end of the room, where the book-shelves were, the contents of which I must have contemplated with a little awe in anticipation of coming studies. A crimson cloth covered the long table down the center of the room, which helped, no doubt to hide the shrinking little figure from my view. I was touched and troubled at once to see her so sad and so tearful.

I said *shrinking*, because her attitude, when I saw her, was that of one who wished to hide both herself and her grief. She did not shrink, however, when spoken to, but in very few words confessed she was "home-sick." After a little of such comfort as could be offered, it was suggested to her that there was a possibility of her too having to comfort the speaker by and by for the same cause. A faint quivering smile then lighted her face; the tear-drops fell; we silently took each other's hands, and at once we felt that genuine sympathy which always consoles, even though it be unexpressed. We did not talk or stir till we heard the approaching footsteps of other pupils coming in from their play; it had been a game called "French and English," which was always very vigorously played, but in which Charlotte Brontë never could be induced to join. Perhaps the merry voices contesting for victory, which reached our ears in the school-room, jarred upon her then sensitive misery, and caused her ever after to dislike the game; but she was physically unequal to that exercise of muscle which was keen enjoyment to strong, healthy girls, both older and younger than herself. Miss Wooler's system of education required that a good deal of her pupils' work should be done in classes, and to effect this, new pupils had generally a season of solitary study; but Charlotte's fervent application made this period a very short one to her,—she was quickly up to the needful standard, and ready for the daily routine and arrangement of studies, and as quickly did she outstrip her companions, rising from the bottom of the classes to the top, a position which, when she had once gained, she never had to regain. She was first in everything but play, yet never was a word heard of envy or jealousy from her companions; every one felt she had won her laurels by an amount of diligence and hard labor of which they were incapable. She never exulted in her successes or seemed conscious of them; her mind was so wholly set on attaining knowledge that she apparently forgot all else.



THE ROE HEAD SCHOOL.

Charlotte's appearance did not strike me at first as it did others. I saw her grief, not herself particularly, till afterwards. She never seemed to me the unattractive little person others designated her, but certainly she was at this time anything but *pretty*; even her good points were lost. Her naturally beautiful hair of soft silky brown being then dry and frizzy-looking, screwed up in tight little curls, showing features that were all the plainer from her exceeding thinness and want of complexion, she looked "dried in." A dark, rusty green stuff dress of old-fashioned make detracted still more from her appearance; but let her wear what she might, or do what she would, she had ever the demeanour of a born gentlewoman; vulgarity was an element that never won the slightest affinity with her nature. Some of the elder girls, who had been years at school, thought her ignorant. This was true in one sense; ignorant she was indeed in the elementary education which is given in schools, but she far surpassed her most advanced school-fellows in knowledge of what was passing in the world at large and in the literature of her country. She knew a thousand things in these matters unknown to them.

She had taught herself a little French before she came to school; this little knowledge of the language was very useful to her when afterwards she was engaged in translation or dictation. She soon began to make a good figure in French lessons. Music she wished to acquire, for which she had both ear and taste, but her nearsightedness caused her to stoop so dreadfully in order to see her notes, she was dissuaded from persevering in the acquirement, especially as she had at this time an invincible objection to wearing glasses. Her very taper fingers, tipped with the most circular nails, did not seem very suited for instrumental execution; but when wielding the pen or the pencil, they appeared in the very office they were created for.

Her appetite was of the smallest; for years she had not tasted animal food; she had the greatest dislike to it; she always had something specially provided for her at our midday repast. Towards the close of the first half-year she was induced to take, by little and little, meat gravy with vegetable, and in the second half-year she commenced taking a very small portion of animal food daily. She then grew a little bit plumper, looked younger and more animated, though she was never what is called lively at this period. She always seemed to feel that a deep responsibility rested upon her; that she was an object of

expense to those at home, and that she must use every moment to attain the purpose for which she was sent to school, *i.e.*, to fit herself for governess life. She had almost too much opportunity for her conscientious diligence; we were so little restricted in our doings, the industrious might accomplish the appointed tasks of the day and enjoy a little leisure, but she chose in many things to do *double* lessons when not prevented by class arrangement or a companion. In two of her studies she was associated with her friend, and great was her distress if her companion failed to be ready, when she was, with the lesson of the day. She liked the stated task to be over, that she might be free to pursue her self-appointed ones. Such, however, was her conscientiousness that she never did what some girls think it generous to do; generous and unselfish though she was, she never whispered help to a companion in class (as she might have done), to rid herself of the trouble of having to appear again. All her school-fellows regarded her, I believe, as a model of high rectitude, close application, and great abilities. She did not play or amuse herself when others did. When her companions were merry round the fire, or otherwise enjoying themselves during the twilight, which was always a precious time of relaxation, she would be kneeling close to the window busy with her studies, and this would last so long that she was accused of seeing in the dark; yet though she did not play, as girls style play, she was ever ready to help with suggestions in those plays which required taste or arrangement.

When her companions formed the idea of having a coronation performance on a half-holiday, it was Charlotte Brontë who drew up the programme, arranged the titles to be adopted by her companions for the occasion, wrote the invitations to those who were to grace the ceremony, and selected for each a title, either for sound that pleased the ear or for historical association. The preparations for these extra half-holidays (which were very rare occurrences) sometimes occupied spare moments for weeks before the event. On this occasion Charlotte prepared a very elegant little speech for the one who was selected to present the crown. Miss W.'s younger sister consented after much entreaty to be crowned as our queen (a very noble, stately queen she made), and did her pupils all the honor she could by adapting herself to the rôle of the moment. The following exquisite little speech shows Charlotte's aptitude, even then, at giving fitting expression to her thoughts:—

"Powerful Queen! accept this crown, the symbol of dominion, from the hands of your faithful and affectionate subjects! And if their earnest and united wishes have any efficacy, you will long be permitted to reign over this peaceful, though circumscribed empire.

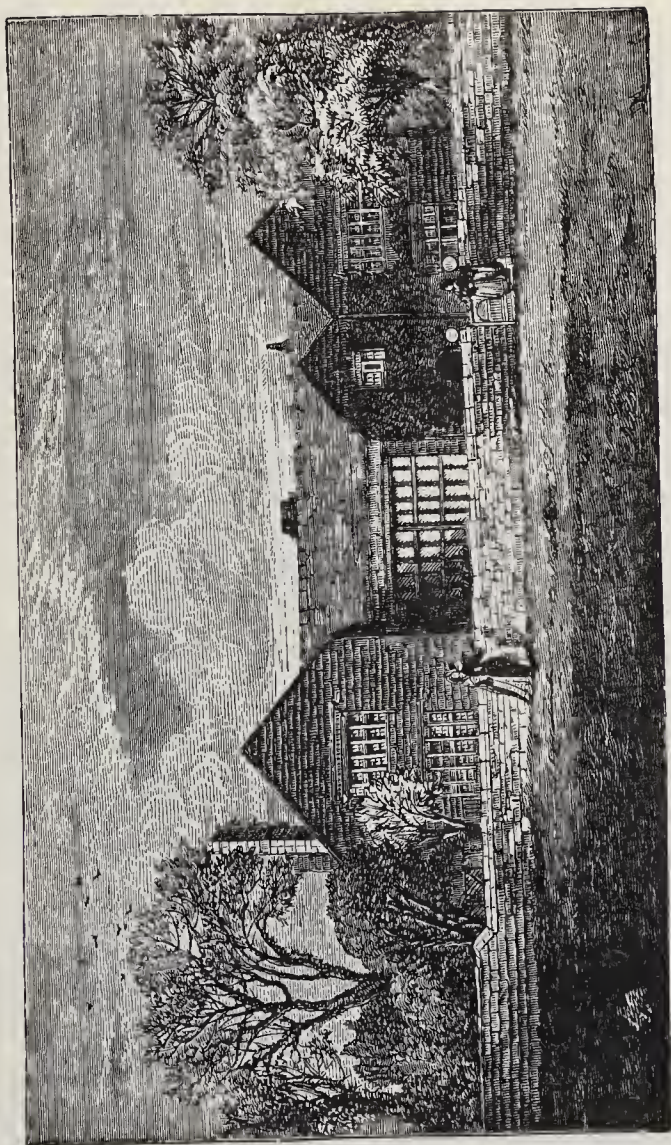
[Signed, &c., &c.]

"Your loyal subjects."

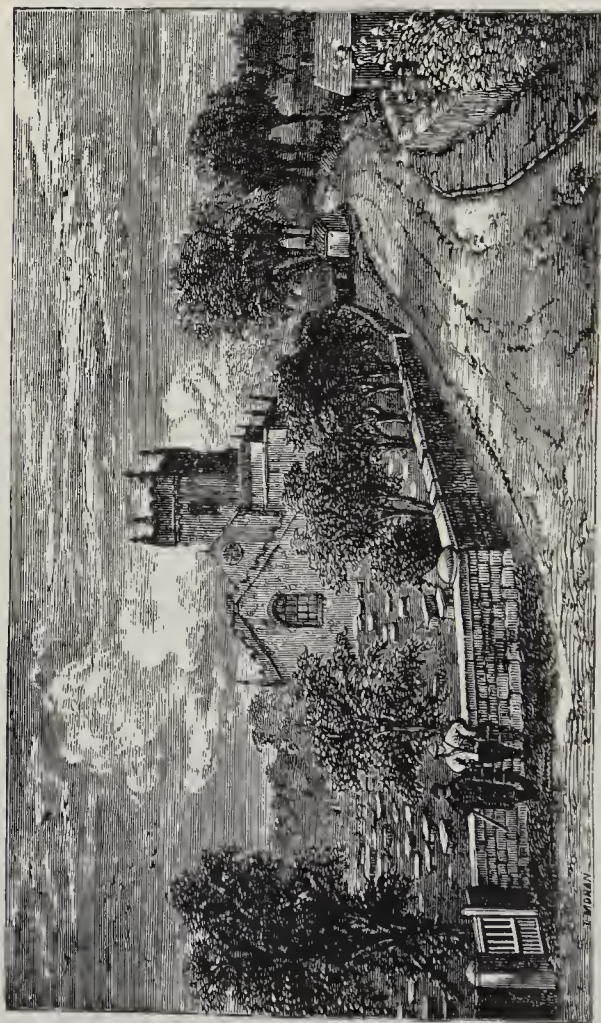
The little fête finished off with what was called a ball; but for lack of numbers we had to content ourselves with one quadrille and two Scotch reels. Last of all there was a supper, which was considered very *recherché*, most of it having been coaxed out of yielding mammas and elder sisters, in addition to some wise expenditure of pocket money. The grand feature, however, of the supper was the attendance of a mulatto servant. We descended for a moment from our assumed dignities to improvise this distinguishing appanage. The liveliest of our party, "Jessie York," volunteered this office, and surpassed our expectations. Charlotte evidently enjoyed the fun, in her own quiet way, as much as any one, and ever after with great zest helped, when with old school-fellows, to recall the performances of the exceptional half-holidays.

About a month after the assembling of the school, one of the pupils had an illness. There was great competition among the girls for permission to sit with the invalid, but Charlotte was never of the number, though she was as assiduous in kindness and attention as the rest in spare moments; but to sit with the patient was indulgence and leisure, and these she would not permit herself.

It was shortly after this illness that Charlotte caused such a panic of terror by her thrilling relations of the wanderings of a somnambulist. She brought together all the horrors her imagination could create, from surging seas, raging breakers, towering castle walls, high precipices, invisible chasms and dangers. Having wrought these materials to the highest pitch of effect, she brought out, in almost cloud-height, her somnambulist, walking on shaking turrets,—all told in a voice that conveyed more than words alone can express. A shivering terror seized the recovered invalid; a pause ensued; then a subdued cry of pain came from Charlotte herself, with a terrified command to others to call for help. She was in bitter distress. Something like remorse seemed to linger in her mind after this incident; for weeks there was no prevailing upon her to resume her tales, and she never again created terrors for her listeners. Tales, however, were made again in time, till Miss W. discovered there was "late talking." That was forbidden; but understanding it was "late talk" only which was pro-



THE "FIELD HEAD" OF SHIRLEY.



THE "BRIARFIELD" CHURCH OF SHIRLEY.

hibited, we talked and listened to tales again, not expecting to hear Miss C. H. W. say, one morning, "All the ladies who talked last night must pay fines. I am sure Miss Brontë and Miss —— were not of the number." Miss Brontë and Miss —— were, however, transgressors like the rest, and rather enjoyed the fact of having to pay like them, till they saw Miss W.'s grieved and disappointed look. It was then a distress that they had failed where they were reckoned upon, though unintentionally. This was the only school fine Charlotte ever incurred.

At the close of the first half-year, Charlotte bore off three prizes. For one she had to draw lots with her friend—a moment of painful suspense to both; for neither wished to deprive the other of her reward. Happily, Charlotte won it, and so had the gratifying pleasure of carrying home three tangible proofs of her goodness and industry. Miss W. had two badges of conduct for her pupils which were wonderfully effective, except with the most careless. A black ribbon, worn in the style of the Order of the Garter, which the pupils passed from one to another for any breach of rules, unladylike manners, or incorrect grammar. Charlotte might, in her very earliest school-days, have worn "the mark," as we styled it, but I never remember her having it. The silver medal, which was the badge for the fulfillment of duties, she won the right to in her first half-year. This she never afterwards forfeited, and it was presented to her on leaving school. She was only three half-years at school. In this time she went through all the elementary teaching contained in our school-books. She was in the habit of committing long pieces of poetry to memory, and seemed to do so with real enjoyment and hardly any effort.

In these early days, whenever she was certain of being quite alone with her friend, she would talk much of her two dead sisters, Maria and Elizabeth. Her love for them was most intense; a kind of adoration dwelt in her feelings which, as she conversed, almost imparted itself to her listener.

She described Maria as a little mother among the rest, superhuman in goodness and cleverness. But the most touching of all were the revelations of her sufferings,—how she suffered with the sensibility of a grown-up person, and endured with a patience and fortitude that were Christ-like. Charlotte would still weep and suffer when thinking of her. She talked of Elizabeth also, but never with the anguish of expression which accompanied

her recollections of Maria. When surprise was expressed that she should know so much about her sisters when they were so young, and she herself still younger, she said she began to analyze character when she was five years old, and instanced two guests who were at her home for a day or two, and of whom she had taken stock, and of whom after-knowledge confirmed first impressions.

The following lines, though not regarded of sufficient merit for publication in the volume of poems, yet have an interest, as they depict her then desolated heart :—

MEMORY.

When the dead in their cold graves are lying
Asleep, to wake never again !
When past are their smiles and their sighing,
Oh, why should their memories remain ?
Though sunshine and spring may have lightened
The wild flowers that blow on their graves,
Though summer their tombstones have brightened,
And autumn have palled them with leaves,
And winter have wildly bewailed them
With his dirge-wind as sad as a knell,
And the shroud of his snow-wreath have veiled them,
Still—how deep in our bosoms they dwell !

The shadow and sun-sparkle vanish,
The cloud and the light fleet away,
But man from his heart may not banish
Even thoughts that are torment to stay.
When quenched is the glow of the ember,
When the life-fire ceases to burn,
Oh ! why should the spirit remember ?
Oh ! why should the parted return ?

During one of our brief holidays Charlotte was guest in a family who had known her father when he was curate in their parish. They were naturally inclined to show kindness to his daughter, but the kindness here took a form which was little agreeable. They had had no opportunity of knowing her abilities or disposition, and they took her shyness and smallness as indications of extreme youth. She was slow, very slow, to express anything that bordered on ingratitude, but here she was mortified and hurt. "They took me for a child, and treated me just like one," she said. I can now recall the expression of that ever honest face as she added, "one tall lady *would* nurse me."

The tradition of a lady ghost who moved about in rustling silk in the upper stories of Roe Head had a great charm for Charlotte. She was a ready listener to any girl who could relate stories of others having seen her ; but on Miss W. hearing us talk of our ghost, she adopted an effective measure for putting our belief in such an existence

to the test, by selecting one or other from among us to ascend the stairs after the dimness of evening hours had set in, to bring something down which could easily be found. No ghost made herself visible even to the frightened imaginations of the foolish and the timid; the whitened face of apprehension soon disappeared, nerves were braced, and a general laugh soon set us all right again.

It was while Charlotte was at school that she imbibed the germ of many of those characters which she afterwards produced in *Shirley*; but no one could have imagined that, in the unceasing industry of her daily applications, she was receiving any kind of impress external to her school-life.

She was particularly impressed with the goodness and saintliness of one of Miss W.'s guests,—the Miss Ainley of *Shirley*, long since gone to her rest. The character is not of course a literal portrait, for the very reasons Charlotte herself gave. She said, "You are not to suppose any of the characters in *Shirley* intended as literal portraits. It would not suit the rules of art nor of my own feelings to write in that style. We only suffer reality to *suggest*, never to *dictate*. Qualities I have seen, loved, and admired, are here and there put in as decorative gems, to be preserved in that setting." I may remark here that nothing angered Charlotte more, than for any one to suppose they could not be in her society without incurring the risk of "being put in her books." She always stoutly maintained she never thought of persons in this light when she was with them.

In the seldom recurring holidays Charlotte made sometimes short visits with those of her companions whose homes were within reach of school. Here she made acquaintance with the scenes and prominent characters of the Luddite period; her father materially helped to fix her impressions, for he had held more than one curacy in the very neighbourhood which she describes in *Shirley*. He was present in some of the scenes, an active participator as far as his position permitted. Sometimes on the defensive, sometimes aiding the sufferers, uniting his strength and influence with the Mr. Helstone of *Shirley*. Between these two men there seems to have been in some respects a striking affinity of character which Charlotte was not slow to perceive, and she blended the two into one, though she never personally beheld the original of Mr. Helstone, except once when she was ten years old. He was a man of remarkable vigor and energy, both of mind and will. An absolute disciplinarian, he was sometimes called "Duke Ecclesiastic," a very Wellington in the Church.

Mr. Brontë used to delight in recalling the days he spent in the vicinity of this man. Many a breakfast hour he enlivened by his animated relations of his friend's unflinching courage and dauntless self-reliance,—and how the ignorant and prejudiced population around misunderstood and misrepresented his worthiest deeds. In depicting the Luddite period Charlotte had the power of giving an almost literal description of the scenes then enacted, for, in addition to her father's personal acquaintance with what occurred, she had likewise the aid of authentic records of the eventful time, courteously lent to her by the editors of the *Leeds Mercury*.

I must not forget to state that no girl in the school was equal to Charlotte in Sunday lessons. Her acquaint-



THE HOUSE THAT CHARLOTTE VISITED.

ance with Holy Writ surpassed others in this as in everything else. She was very familiar with all the sublimest passages, especially those in Isaiah, in which she took great delight. Her confirmation took place while she was at school, and in her preparation for that, as in all other studies, she distinguished herself by application and proficiency.

At school she acquired that habit which she and her sisters kept up to the very last, that of pacing to and fro in the room. In days when out-of-door exercise was impracticable, Miss Wooler would join us in our evening hour of relaxation and converse (for which she had rare talent); her pupils used to hang about her as she walked

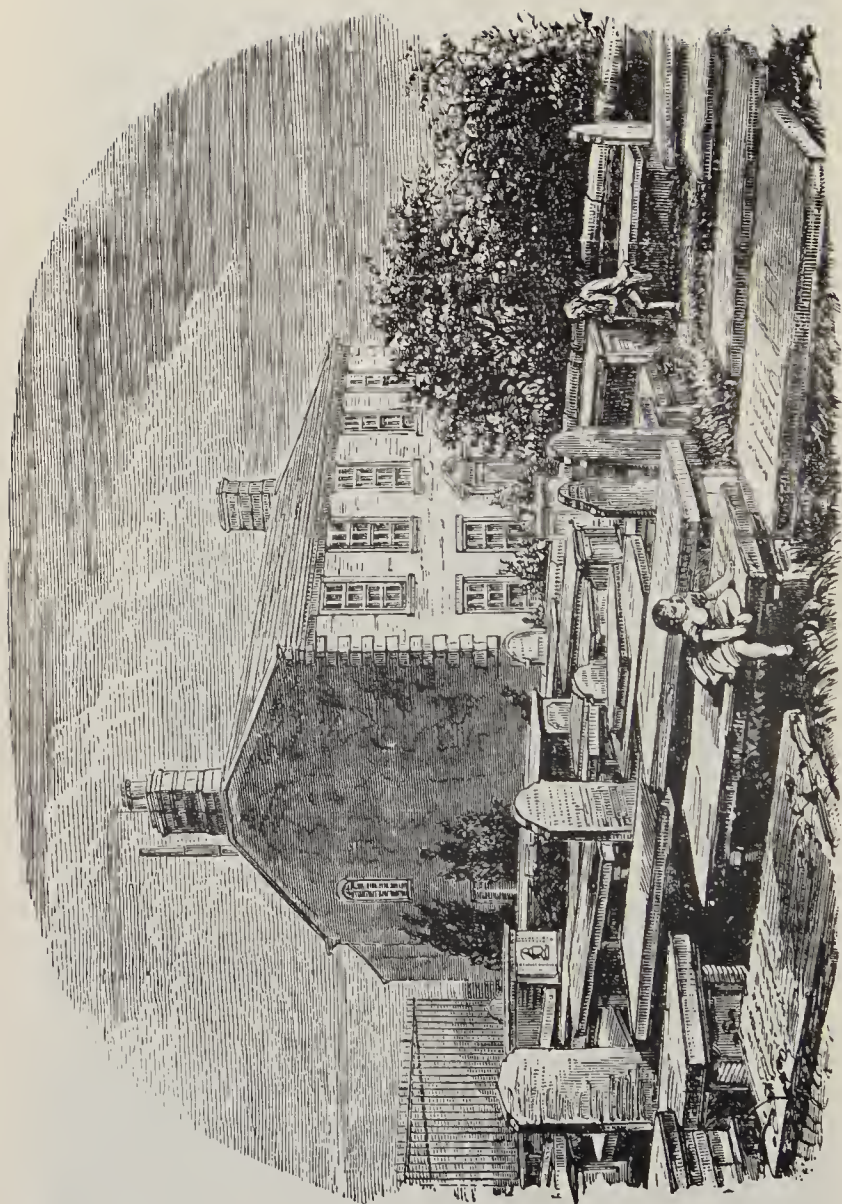
up and down the room, delighted to listen to her, or have a chance of being nearest in the walk. The last day Charlotte was at school she seemed to realize what a sedate, hard-working season it had been to her. She said, "I should for once like to feel *out and out* a school-girl; I wish something would happen! Let us run round the fruit garden [running was what she never did]; perhaps we shall meet some one, or we may have a fine for trespass." She evidently was longing for some never-to-be-forgotten incident. Nothing, however, arose from her little enterprise. She had to leave school as calmly and quietly as she had there lived.

CHARLOTTE'S EARLY LIFE AT HAWORTH.

Charlotte's first visit from Haworth was made about three months after she left school. She travelled in a two-wheeled gig, the only conveyance to be had in Haworth except the covered cart which brought her to school. Mr. Brontë sent Branwell as an escort; he was *then* a very dear brother, as dear to Charlotte as her own soul; they were in perfect accord of taste and feeling, and it was mutual delight to be together.

Branwell probably had never been far from home before! he was in wild ecstasy with everything. He walked about in unrestrained boyish enjoyment, taking views in every direction of the old turret-roofed house, the fine chestnut trees on the lawn (one tree especially interested him because it was "iron-garthed," having been split by storms, but still flourishing in great majesty), and a large rookery, which gave to the house a good background—all these he noted and commented upon with perfect enthusiasm. He told his sister he "was leaving her in Paradise, and if she were not intensely happy she never would be!" Happy, indeed, she then was, *in himself*, for she, with her own enthusiasms, looked forward to what her brother's great promise and talent might effect. He would at this time be between fifteen and sixteen years of age.

The visit passed without much to mark it (at this distance of time) except that we crept away together from household life as much as we could. Charlotte liked to pace the plantations or seek seclusion in the fruit garden; she was safe from visitors in these retreats. She was so painfully shy she could not bear any special notice. One day, on being led in to dinner by a stranger, she trembled and nearly burst into tears; but notwithstanding her



HAWORTH PARSONAGE AND GRAVEYARD.

excessive shyness, which was often painful to others as well as herself, she won the respect and affection of all who had opportunity enough to become acquainted with her.

Charlotte's shyness did not arise, I am sure, either from vanity or self-consciousness, as some suppose shyness to arise ; its source was (as Mr. Arthur Helps says very truly in one of his recent essays) in her "not being understood." She felt herself apart from others ; they did not *understand* her, and she keenly felt the distance.

My first visit to Haworth was full of novelty and freshness. The scenery for some miles before we reached Haworth was wild and uncultivated, with hardly any population ; at last we came to what seemed a terrific hill, such a steep declivity no one thought of riding down it ; the horse had to be carefully led. We no sooner reached the foot of this hill than we had to begin to mount again, over a narrow, rough, stone-paved road ; the horses' feet seemed to catch at boulders, as if climbing. When we reached the top of the village there was apparently no outlet, but we were directed to drive into an entry which just admitted the gig ; we wound round in this entry and then saw the church close at hand, and we entered on the short lane which led to the parsonage gateway. Here Charlotte was waiting, having caught the sound of the approaching gig. When greetings and introductions were over, Miss Branwell (the aunt of the Brontës) took possession of their guest and treated her with the care and solicitude due to a weary traveller. Mr. Brontë, also, was stirred out of his usual retirement by his own kind consideration, for not only the guest but the man-servant and the horse were to be made comfortable. He made enquiries about the man, of his length of service, &c., with the kind purpose of making a few moments of conversation agreeable to him.

Even at this time, Mr. Brontë struck me as looking very venerable, with his snow-white hair and powdered coat-collar. His manner and mode of speech always had the tone of high-bred courtesy. He was considered somewhat of an invalid, and always lived in the most abstemious and simple manner. His white cravat was not then so remarkable as it grew to be afterwards. He was in the habit of covering this cravat himself. We never saw the operation, but we always had to wind for him the white sewing-silk which he used. Charlotte said it was her father's one extravagance—he cut up yards and yards of white lutestring (silk) in covering his cravat ; and like

Dr. Joseph Woolffe (the renowned and learned traveller), who, when on a visit and in a long fit of absence, "went into a clean shirt every day for a week, without taking one off," so Mr. Brontë's cravat went into new silk and new size without taking any off, till at length nearly half his head was enveloped in cravat. His liability to bronchial attacks, no doubt, attached him to this increasing growth of cravat.



*Ever truly and
respectfully Yours,
D. Brontë*

Miss Branwell was a very small, antiquated little lady. She wore caps large enough for half a dozen of the present fashion, and a front of light auburn curls over her forehead. She always dressed in silk. She had a horror of the climate so far north, and of the stone floors in the parsonage. She amused us by clicking about in pattens whenever she had to go into the kitchen or look after household operations.

She talked a great deal of her younger days; the gayeties of her dear native town, Penzance, in Cornwall;

the soft, warm climate, etc. The social life of her younger days she used to recall with regret; she gave one the idea that she had been a belle among her own home acquaintances. She took snuff out of a very pretty gold snuff-box, which she sometimes presented to you with a little laugh, as if she enjoyed the slight shock and astonishment visible in your countenance. In summer she spent part of the afternoon in reading aloud to Mr. Brontë. In the winter evenings she must have enjoyed this; for she and Mr. Brontë had often to finish their discussions on what she had read when we all met for tea. She would be very lively and intelligent, and tilt arguments against Mr. Brontë without fear.

"Tabby," the faithful, trustworthy old servant, was very quaint in appearance—very active, and, in these days, the general servant and factotum. We were all "childer" and "bairns," in her estimation. She still kept to her duty of walking out with the "childer," if they went any distance from home, unless Branwell were sent by his father as a protector. Poor "Tabby," in later days, after she had been attacked with paralysis, would most anxiously look out for such duties as she was still capable of. The post-man was her special point of attention. She did not approve of the inspection which the younger eyes of her fellow-servant bestowed on his deliveries. She jealously seized them when she could, and carried them off with hobbling step, and shaking head and hand, to the safe custody of Charlotte.

Emily Brontë had by this time acquired a lithesome, graceful figure. She was the tallest person in the house, except her father. Her hair, which was naturally as beautiful as Charlotte's, was in the same unbecoming tight curl and frizz, and there was the same want of complexion. She had very beautiful eyes—kind, kindling, liquid eyes; but she did not often look at you; she was too reserved. Their color might be said to be dark gray, at other times dark blue, they varied so. She talked very little. She and Anne were like twins—inseparable companions, and in the very closest sympathy, which never had any interruption.

Anne—dear, gentle Anne—was quite different in appearance from the others. She was her aunt's favorite. Her hair was a very pretty, light brown, and fell on her neck in graceful curls. She had lovely violet-blue eyes, fine penciled eyebrows, and clear, almost transparent complexion. She still pursued her studies, and especially her sewing, under the surveillance of her aunt. Emily had now begun to have the disposal of her own time.

Branwell studied regularly with his father, and used to paint in oils, which was regarded as study for what might be eventually his profession. All the household entertained the idea of his becoming an artist, and hoped he would be a distinguished one.

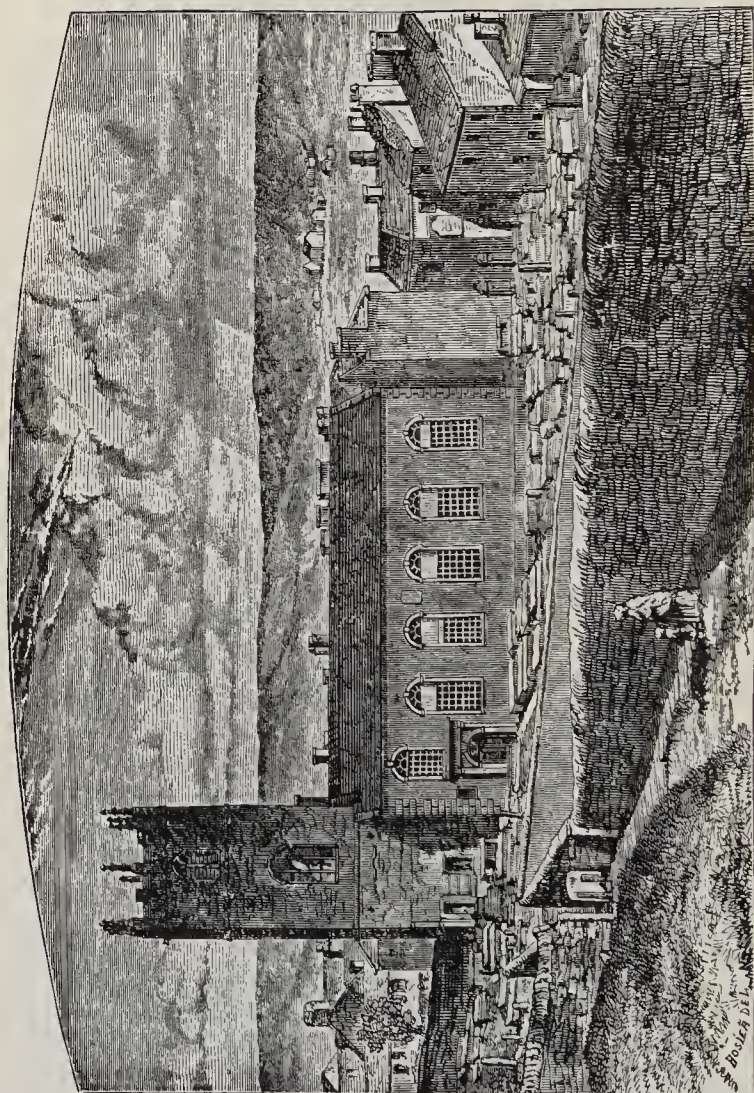
In fine and suitable weather delightful rambles were made over the moors, and down into the glens and ravines that here and there broke the monotony of the moorland. The rugged bank and rippling brook were treasures of delight. Emily, Anne, and Branwell used to ford the streams, and sometimes placed stepping-stones for the other two; there was always a lingering delight in these spots,—every moss, every flower, every tint and form, were noted and enjoyed. Emily especially had a gleesome delight in these nooks of beauty,—her reserve for the time vanished. One long ramble made in these early days was far away over the moors to a spot familiar to Emily and Anne, which they called “The Meeting of the Waters.” It was a small oasis of emerald green turf, broken here and there by small clear springs; a few large stones served as resting-places; seated here, we were hidden from all the world, nothing appearing in view but miles and miles of heather, a glorious blue sky, and brightening sun. A fresh breeze wafted on us its exhilarating influence; we laughed and made mirth of each other, and settled we would call ourselves the quartette. Emily, half reclining on a slab of stone, played like a young child with the tadpoles in the water, making them swim about, and then fell to moralizing on the strong and the weak, the brave and the cowardly, as she chased them with her hand. No serious care or sorrow had so far cast its gloom on nature’s youth and buoyancy, and nature’s simplest offerings were fountains of pleasure and enjoyment.

The interior of the now far-famed parsonage lacked drapery of all kinds. Mr. Brontë’s horror of fire forbade curtains to the windows; they never had these accessories to comfort and appearance till long after Charlotte was the only inmate of the family sitting-room,—she then ventured on the innovation when her friend was with her; it did not please her father, but it was not forbidden.

There was not much carpet anywhere except in the sitting-room, and on the study floor. The hall floor and stairs were done with sand-stone, always beautifully clean, as everything was about the house; the walls were not papered, but stained in a pretty dove-coloured tint; hair-seated chairs and mahogany tables, book-shelves in the



HAWORTH VILLAGE.



HAWORTH CHURCH.

study, but not many of these elsewhere. Scant and bare indeed, many will say, yet it was not a scantness that made itself felt. Mind and thought, I had almost said elegance but certainly refinement, diffused themselves over all, and made nothing really wanting.

A little later on, there was the addition of a piano. Emily, after some application, played with precision and brilliancy. Anne played also, but she preferred soft harmonies and vocal music. She sang a little; her voice was weak, but very sweet in tone.

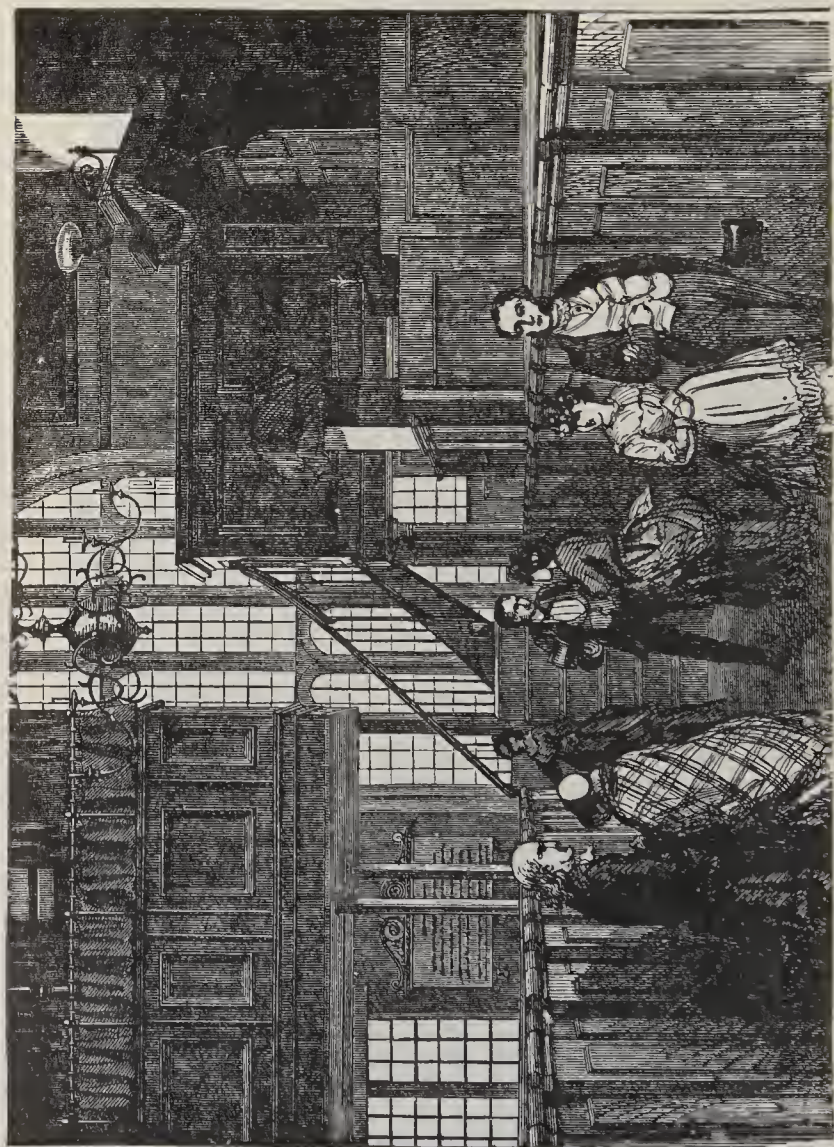
Mr. Brontë's health caused him to retire early. He assembled his household for family worship at eight o'clock; at nine he locked and barred the front door, always giving as he passed the sitting-room door a kindly admonition to the "children" not to be late; half-way up the stairs he stayed his steps to wind up the clock, the clock that in after days seemed to click like a dirge in the refrain of Longfellow's poem, "The old Clock on the Stairs:"—

"Forever—never!
Never—forever!"

Every morning was heard the firing of a pistol from Mr. Brontë's room window,—it was the discharging of the loading which was made every night. Mr. Brontë's tastes led him to delight in the perusal of battle-scenes, and in following the artifice of war; had he entered on military service instead of ecclesiastical he would probably have had a very distinguished career. The self-denials and privations of camp-life would have agreed entirely with his nature, for he was remarkably independent of the luxuries and comforts of life. The only dread he had was of *fire*, and this dread was so intense it caused him to prohibit all but silk or woollen dresses for his daughters; indeed, for any one to wear any other kind of fabric was almost to forfeit his respect.

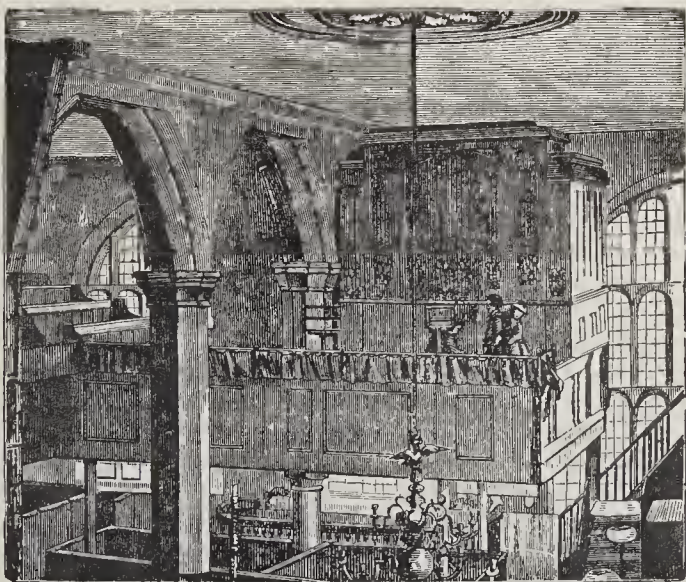
Mr. Brontë at times would relate strange stories, which had been told to him by some of the oldest inhabitants of the parish, of the extraordinary lives and doings of people who had resided in far-off, out-of-the-way places, but in contiguity with Haworth,—stories which made one shiver and shrink from hearing; but they were full of grim humor and interest to Mr. Brontë and his children, as revealing the characteristics of a class in the human race, and as such Emily Brontë has stereotyped them in her *Wuthering Heights*.

During Miss Branwell's reign at the parsonage, the love of animals had to be kept in due subjection. There



INTERIOR OF HAWORTH CHURCH.

was then but one dog, which was admitted to the parlor at stated times. Emily and Anne always gave him a portion of their breakfast, which was, by their own choice, the old north country diet of oatmeal porridge. Later on, there were three household pets—the tawny, strong-limbed “Keeper,” Emily’s favorite: he was so completely under her control, she could quite easily make him spring and roar like a lion. She taught him this kind of occasional play without any coercion. “Flossy,”—long, silky-haired, black and white “Flossy,”—was Anne’s favorite; and black “Tom,” the tabby, was everybody’s favorite. It received such gentle treatment it seemed to have lost cat’s



THE ORGAN LOFT OVER BRONTË TABLET AND PEW.

nature, and subsided into luxurious amiability and contentment. ‘The Brontës’ love of dumb creatures made them very sensitive of the treatment bestowed upon them. For any one to offend in this respect was with them an infallible bad sign, and a blot on the disposition.

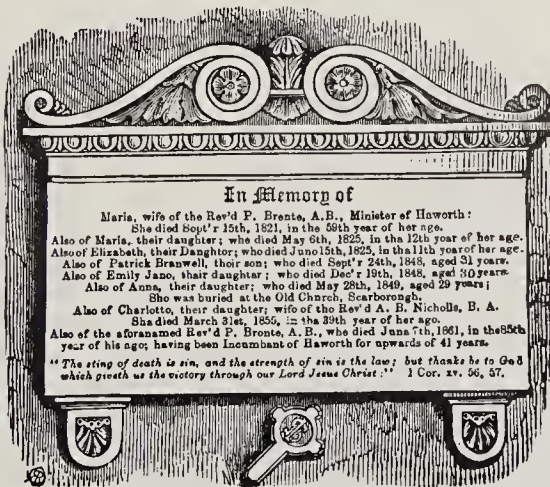
The services in church in these days were such as can only be seen (if ever seen again) in localities like Haworth. The people assembled, but it was apparently to *listen*. Any part beyond that was quite out of their reckoning. All through the prayers, a stolid look of apathy was fixed on the generality of their faces. There they sat, or leaned, in

their pews ; some few, perhaps, were resting, after a long walk over the moors. The children, many of them in clogs (or sabots), pattered in from the school after service had commenced, and pattered out again before the sermon. The sexton, with a long staff, continually walked round in the aisles, "knobbing" sleepers when he dare, shaking his head at and threatening unruly children ; but when the sermon began there was a change. Attitudes took the listening forms, eyes were turned on the preacher. It was curious, now, to note the expression. A rustic, untaught intelligence, gleamed in their faces ; in some, a daring, doubting, questioning look, as if they would like to offer some defiant objection. Mr. Brontë always addressed his hearers in extempore style. Very often he selected a parable from one of the Gospels, which he explained in the simplest manner—sometimes going over his own words and explaining them also, so as to be perfectly intelligible to the lowest comprehension.

The parishioners respected Mr. Brontë because, as one of them said, "he's a grand man ; he lets other folks' business alone." No doubt Mr. Brontë's knowledge of human nature made him aware that this was the best course to pursue, till their independence had acquired a more civilized standard. There were exceptions, however, among them. Two or three individuals deserve particular note—they were men remarkable for self-culture and intelligence. One, it was said, vied with Mr. Brontë himself in his knowledge of the dead languages. He and another had, in addition to their mental stamina, such stalwart frames and stature they looked capable of doing duty as guards to the whole village. The third individual was an ailing, suffering man ; but he wrote such a critique on Charlotte's writings, when they became known, that it was valued more than any other coming from such a source. The villagers would have liked Tabby to talk to them about the family in the parsonage ; but Tabby was invincible and impenetrable. When they asked her "if they were not fearfully larn'd," she left them in a "huff ;" but she did not deny her "childer" the laugh she knew they would have if she told them the village query.

Haworth of the present day, like many other secluded places, has made a step onwards, in that it has now its railway station and its institutions for the easy acquirement of learning, politics, and literature. The parsonage is quite another habitation from the parsonage of former days. The garden, which was nearly all grass, and possessed

only a few stunted thorns and shrubs, and a few currant bushes which Emily and Anne treasured as their own bit of fruit-garden, is now a perfect Arcadia of floral culture and beauty. At first the alteration, in spite of its improvement, strikes one with heart-ache and regret; for it is quite impossible, even in imagination, to people those rooms with their former inhabitants. But after-thought shows one the folly of such regret; for what the Brontës cared for and *lived* in most were the surroundings of nature, the free expanse of hill and mountain, the purple heather, the dells, and glens, and brooks, the broad sky view, the whistling winds, the snowy expanse, the starry heavens, and the charm of that solitude and seclusion which sees things from a distance without the disturbing atmosphere which lesser minds are apt to create. For it was not the seclusion of a *solitary* person, such as Charlotte endured in after days, and which in time becomes awfully oppressive and injurious. It was solitude and seclusion shared and enjoyed with intelligent companionship, and intense family affection.



THE NEW BRONTË TABLET.

THE LAST SKETCH.

Being an introduction by William Makepeace Thackeray, to a fragment of a story by Charlotte Brontë, entitled "Emma," which appeared in the Cornhill Magazine, vol. I, pp. 487-498., 1860. This story, and the introduction by Thackeray, are reprinted by special permission of Messrs. Smith, Elder & Co.

NOT many days since I went to visit a house where in former years I had received many a friendly welcome. We went in to the owner's—an artist's—studio. Prints, pictures, and sketches hung on the walls as I had last seen and remembered them. The implements of the painter's art were there. The light which had shone upon so many, many hours of patient and cheerful toil, poured through the northern window upon print and bust, lay figure and sketch, and upon the easel before which the good, the gentle, the beloved Leslie laboured. In this room the busy brain had devised, and the skilful hand executed, I know not how many of the noble works which have delighted the world with their beauty and charming humour. Here the poet called up into pictorial presence, and informed with life, grace, beauty, infinite friendly mirth and wondrous naturalness of expression, the people of whom his dear books told him the stories,—his Shakspeare, his Cervantes, his Molière, his Le Sage. There was his last work on the easel—a beautiful fresh smiling shape of Titania, such as his sweet guileless fancy imagined the *Midsummer Night's* queen to be. Gracious, and pure, and bright, the sweet smiling image glimmers on the canvas. Fairy elves, no doubt, were to have been grouped around their mistress in laughing clusters. Honest Bottom's grotesque head and form are indicated as reposing by the side of the consummate beauty. The darkling forest would have grown around them, with the stars glittering from the midsummer sky: the flowers at the queen's feet, and the boughs and foliage about her, would have been peopled with gambolling sprites and fays. They were dwelling in the artist's mind no doubt, and would have been developed by that patient, faithful, admirable genius: but the busy brain stopped working, the skilful hand fell lifeless, the loving, honest heart ceased to beat. What was she to have been—that fair Titania—when perfected by the patient skill of the poet, who in imagination saw the sweet innocent figure, and with tender courtesy and caresses, as it were, posed and shaped and

traced the fair form? Is there record kept anywhere of fancies conceived, beautiful, unborn? Some day will they assume form in some yet undeveloped light? If our bad unspoken thoughts are registered against us, and are written in the awful account, will not the good thoughts unspoken, the love and tenderness, the pity, beauty, charity, which pass through the breast, and cause the heart to throb with silent good, find a remembrance, too? A few weeks more, and this lovely offspring of the poet's conception would have been complete—to charm the world with its beautiful mirth. May there not be some sphere unknown to us where it may have an existence? They say our words, once out of our lips, go travelling in *omne ævum*, reverberating for ever and ever. If our words, why not our thoughts? If the Has Been, why not the Might Have Been?

Some day our spirits may be permitted to walk in galleries of fancies more wondrous and beautiful than any achieved works which at present we see, and our minds to behold and delight in masterpieces which poets and artists' minds have fathered and conceived only.

With a feeling much akin to that with which I looked upon the friend's—the admirable artist's—unfinished work, I can fancy many readers turning to these—the last pages which were traced by Charlotte Brontë's hand. Of the multitude that has read her books, who has not known and deplored the tragedy of her family, her own most sad and untimely fate? Which of her readers has not become her friend? Who that has known her books has not admired the artist's noble English, the burning love of truth, the bravery, the simplicity, the indignation at wrong, the eager sympathy, the pious love and reverence, the passionate honour, so to speak, of the woman? What a story is that of that family of poets in their solitude yonder on the gloomy northern moors! At nine o'clock at night, Mrs. Gaskell tells, after evening prayers, when their guardian and relative had gone to bed, the three poetesses—the three maidens, Charlotte, and Emily, and Anne—Charlotte being the “motherly friend and guardian to the other two”—“began, like restless wild animals, to pace up and down their parlour, “making out” their wonderful stories, talking over plans and projects, and thoughts of what was to be their future life.”

One evening, at the close of 1854, as Charlotte Nicholls sat with her husband by the fire, listening to the howling of the wind about the house, she suddenly said to

her husband, "If you had not been with me, I must have been writing now." She then ran upstairs, and brought down, and read aloud, the beginning of a new tale. When she had finished, her husband remarked, "The critics will accuse you of repetition." She replied, "Oh! I shall alter that. I always begin two or three times before I can please myself." But it was not to be. The trembling little hand was to write no more. The heart, newly awakened to love and happiness, and throbbing with maternal hope, was soon to cease to beat; that intrepid outspeaker and champion of truth, that eager, impetuous redresser of wrong, was to be called out of the world's fight and struggle, to lay down the shining arms, and to be removed to a sphere where even a noble indignation *cor ulterius nequit lacerare*, and where truth complete, and right triumphant, no longer need to wage war.

I can only say of this lady, *vidi tantum*. I saw her first just as I rose out of an illness from which I had never thought to recover. I remember the trembling little frame, the little hand, the great honest eyes. An impetuous honesty seemed to me to characterize the woman. Twice I recollect she took me to task for what she held to be errors in doctrine. Once about Fielding we had a disputation. She spoke her mind out. She jumped too rapidly to conclusions. (I have smiled at one or two passages in the *Biography*, in which my own disposition or behaviour forms the subject of talk.) She formed conclusions that might be wrong, and built up whole theories of character upon them. New to the London world, she entered it with an independent, indomitable spirit of her own; and judged of contemporaries, and especially spied out arrogance or affectation, with extraordinary keenness of vision. She was angry with her favourites if their conduct or conversation fell below her ideal. Often she seemed to me to be judging the London folk prematurely: but perhaps the city is rather angry at being judged. I fancied an austere little Joan of Arc marching in upon us, and rebuking our easy lives, our easy morals. She gave me the impression of being a very pure, and lofty, and high-minded person. A great and holy reverence of right and truth seemed to be with her always. Such, in our brief interview, she appeared to me. As one thinks of that life so noble, so lonely—of that passion for truth—of those nights and nights of eager study, swarming fancies, invention, depression, elation, prayer; as one reads the necessarily incomplete, though most touching and admir-

able history of the heart that throbbed in this one little frame—of this one amongst the myriads of souls that have lived and died on this great earth—this great earth?—this little speck in the infinite universe of God,—with what wonder do we think of to-day, with what awe await to-morrow, when that which is now but darkly seen shall be clear! As I read this little fragmentary sketch, I think of the rest. Is it? And where is it? Will not the leaf be turned some day, and the story be told? Shall the deviser of the tale somewhere perfect the history of little EMMA's griefs and troubles? Shall TITANIA come forth complete with her sportive court, with the flowers at her feet, the forest around her, and all the stars of summer glittering overhead?

How well I remember the delight, and wonder, and pleasure with which I read *Jane Eyre*, sent to me by an author whose name and sex were then alike unknown to me; the strange fascinations of the book; and how with my own work pressing upon me, I could not, having taken the volumes up, lay them down until they were read through! Hundreds of those who, like myself, recognized and admired that master-work of a great genius, will look with a mournful interest and regard and curiosity upon this, the last fragmentary sketch from the noble hand which wrote *Jane Eyre*.

W. M. T.

EMMA.

(A FRAGMENT OF A STORY BY CHARLOTTE BRONTË.)

CHAPTER I.

WE all seek an ideal in life. A pleasant fancy began to visit me in a certain year, that perhaps the number of human beings is few who do not find their quest at some era of life for some space more or less brief. I had certainly not found mine in youth, though the strong belief I held of its existence sufficed through all my brightest and freshest time to keep me hopeful. I had not found it in maturity. I was become resigned never to find it. I had lived certain dim years entirely tranquil and unexpectant. And now I was not sure but something was hovering round my hearth which pleased me wonderfully.

Look at it, reader. Come into my parlour and judge for yourself whether I do right to care for this thing. First, you may scan me, if you please. We shall go on better together after a satisfactory introduction and due

apprehension of identity. My name is Mrs. Chalfont. I am a widow. My house is good, and my income such as need not check the impulse either of charity or a moderate hospitality. I am not young, nor yet old. There is no silver yet in my hair, but its yellow lustre is gone. In my face wrinkles are yet to come, but I have almost forgotten the days when it wore any bloom. I married when I was very young. I lived for fifteen years a life which, whatever its trials, could not be called stagnant. Then for five years I was alone, and, having no children, desolate. Lately Fortune, by a somewhat curious turn of her wheel, placed in my way an interest and a companion.

The neighbourhood where I live is pleasant enough, its scenery agreeable, and its society civilised, though not numerous. About a mile from my house there is a ladies' school, established but lately—not more than three years since. The conductresses of this school were of my acquaintances; and though I cannot say that they occupied the very highest place in my opinion—for they had brought back from some months' residence abroad, for finishing purposes, a good deal that was fantastic, affected, and pretentious—yet I awarded them some portion of that respect which seems the fair due of all women who face life bravely, and try to make their own way by their own efforts.

About a year after the Misses Wilcox opened their school, when the number of their pupils was as yet exceedingly limited, and when, no doubt, they were looking out anxiously enough for augmentation, the entrance-gate to their little drive was one day thrown back to admit a carriage—"a very handsome, fashionable carriage," Miss Mabel Wilcox said, in narrating the circumstance afterwards—and drawn by a pair of really splendid horses. The sweep up the drive, the loud ring at the door-bell, the bustling entrance into the house, the ceremonious admission to the bright drawing-room, roused excitement enough in Fuchsia Lodge. Miss Wilcox repaired to the reception-room in a pair of new gloves, and carrying in her hand a handkerchief of French cambric.

She found a gentleman seated on the sofa, who, as he rose up, appeared a tall, fine-looking personage; at least she thought him so, as he stood with his back to the light. He introduced himself as Mr. Fitzgibbon, inquired if Miss Wilcox had a vacancy, and intimated that he wished to intrust to her care a new pupil in the shape of his daughter.

This was welcome news, for there was many a vacancy in Miss Wilcox's school-room; indeed, her establishment was as yet limited to the select number of three, and she and her sisters were looking forward with anything but confidence to the balancing of accounts at the close of their first half-year. Few objects could have been more agreeable to her then, than that to which, by a wave of the hand, Mr. Fitzgibbon now directed her attention—the figure of a child standing near the drawing-room window.

Had Miss Wilcox's establishment boasted fuller ranks—had she indeed entered well on that course of prosperity which in after years an undeviating attention to externals enabled her so triumphantly to realise—an early thought with her would have been to judge whether the acquisition now offered was likely to answer well as a show-pupil. She would have instantly marked her look, dress, &c., and inferred her value from these indicia. In those anxious commencing times, however, Miss Wilcox could scarce afford herself the luxury of such appreciation: a new pupil represented 40*l.* a year, independently of masters' terms—and 40*l.* a year was a sum Miss Wilcox needed and was glad to secure; besides, the fine carriage, the fine gentleman, and the fine name gave gratifying assurance, enough and to spare, of eligibility in the proffered connection. It was admitted, then, that there were vacancies in Fuchsia Lodge; that Miss Fitzgibbon could be received at once; that she was to learn all that the school prospectus proposed to teach; to be liable to every extra; in short, to be as expensive, and consequently as profitable a pupil, as any directress's heart could wish. All this was arranged as upon velvet, smoothly and liberally. Mr. Fitzgibbon showed in the transaction none of the hardness of the bargain-making man of business, and as little of the penurious anxiety of the straitened professional man. Miss Wilcox felt him to be "quite the gentleman." Everything disposed her to be partially inclined towards the little girl whom he, on taking leave, formally committed to her guardianship; and as if no circumstance should be wanting to complete her happy impression, the address left written on a card served to fill up the measure of Miss Wilcox's satisfaction—Conway Fitzgibbon, Esq., May Park, Midland County. That very day three decrees were passed in the new-comer's favour:—

1st. That she was to be Miss Wilcox's bed-fellow.

2nd. To sit next her at table.

3rd. To walk out with her.

In a few days it became evident that a fourth secret clause had been added to these, viz. that Miss Fitzgibbon was to be favoured, petted, and screened on all possible occasions.

An ill-conditioned pupil, who before coming to Fuchsia Lodge had passed a year under the care of certain old-fashioned Misses Sterling, of Hartwood, and from them had picked up unpractical notions of justice, took it upon her to utter an opinion on this system of favouritism.

"The Misses Sterling," she injudiciously said, "never distinguished any girl because she was richer or better dressed than the rest. They would have scorned to do so. *They* always rewarded girls according as they behaved well to their school-fellows and minded their lessons, not according to the number of their silk dresses, and fine laces and feathers."

For it must not be forgotten that Miss Fitzgibbon's trunks, when opened, disclosed a splendid wardrobe; so fine were the various articles of apparel, indeed, that instead of assigning for their accommodation the painted deal drawers of the school bedroom, Miss Wilcox had them arranged in a mahogany bureau in her own room. With her own hands, too, she would on Sundays array the little favourite in her quilted silk pelisse, her hat and feathers, her ermine boa, and little French boots and gloves. And very self-complacent she felt when she led the young heiress (a letter from Mr. Fitzgibbon, received since his first visit, had communicated the additional particulars that his daughter was his only child, and would be the inheritress of his estates, including May Park, Midland County)—when she led her, I say, into the church, and seated her stately by her side at the top of the gallery-pew. Unbiased observers might, indeed, have wondered what there was to be proud of, and puzzled their heads to detect the special merits of this little woman in silk—for, to speak truth, Miss Fitzgibbon was far from being the beauty of the school: there were two or three blooming little faces amongst her companions lovelier than hers. Had she been a poor child, Miss Wilcox herself would not have liked her physiognomy at all: rather, indeed, would it have repelled than attracted her; and, moreover—though Miss Wilcox hardly confessed the circumstance to herself, but, on the contrary, strove hard not to be conscious of it—there were moments when she became sensible of a certain strange weariness in continuing her system of partiality. It hardly came natural to her to show this special

distinction in this particular instance. An undefined wonder would smite her sometimes that she did not take more real satisfaction in flattering and caressing this embryo heiress—that she did not like better to have her always at her side, under her special charge. On principle Miss Wilcox continued the plan she had begun. On *principle*, for she argued with herself: This is the most aristocratic and richest of my pupils; she brings me the most credit and the most profit: therefore, I ought in justice to show her a special indulgence; which she did—but with a gradually increasing peculiarity of feeling.

Certainly, the undue favours showered on little Miss Fitzgibbon brought their object no real benefit. Unfitted for the character of playfellow by her position of favourite, her fellow-pupils rejected her company as decidedly as they dared. Active rejection was not long necessary; it was soon seen that passive avoidance would suffice; the pet was not social. No: even Miss Wilcox never thought her social. When she sent for her to show her fine clothes in the drawing-room when there was company, and especially when she had her into her parlour of an evening to be her own companion, Miss Wilcox used to feel curiously perplexed. She would try to talk affably to the young heiress, to draw her out, to amuse her. To herself the governess could render no reason why her efforts soon flagged; but this was invariably the case. However, Miss Wilcox was a woman of courage; and be the *protégée* what she might, the patroness did not fail to continue on *principle* her system of preference.

A favourite has no friends; and the observation of a gentleman, who about this time called at the Lodge and chanced to see Miss Fitzgibbon, was, "That child looks consummately unhappy:" he was watching Miss Fitzgibbon, as she walked, by herself, fine and solitary, while her school-fellows were merrily playing.

"Who is the miserable little wight?" he asked.

He was told her name and dignity.

"Wretched little soul!" he repeated; and he watched her pace down the walk and back again; marching upright, her hands in her ermine muff, her fine pelisse showing a gay sheen to the winter's sun, her large Leghorn hat shading such a face as fortunately had not its parallel on the premises.

"Wretched little soul!" reiterated this gentleman. He opened the drawing-room window, watched the bearer of the muff till he caught her eye, and then summoned her

with his finger. She came; he stooped his head down to her; she lifted her face up to him.

"Don't you play, little girl?"

"No, sir."

"No! why not? Do you think yourself better than other children?"

No answer.

"Is it because people tell you you are rich, you won't play?"

The young lady was gone. He stretched his hand to arrest her, but she wheeled beyond his reach, and ran quickly out of sight.

An only child," pleaded Miss Wilcox; "possibly spoiled by her papa, you know; we must excuse a little pettishness."

"Humph! I am afraid there is not a little to excuse."

CHAPTER II.

MR. ELLIN—the gentleman mentioned in the last chapter—was a man who went where he liked, and being a gossiping, leisurely person, he liked to go almost anywhere. He could not be rich, he lived so quietly; and yet he must have had some money, for, without apparent profession, he continued to keep a house and a servant. He always spoke of himself as having once been a worker; but if so, that could not have been very long since, for he still looked far from old. Sometimes of an evening, under a little social conversational excitement, he would look quite young; but he was changeable in mood, and complexion, and expression, and had chameleon eyes, sometimes blue and merry, sometimes grey and dark, and anon green and gleaming. On the whole he might be called a fair man, of average height, rather thin and rather wiry. He had not resided more than two years in the present neighbourhood; his antecedents were unknown there; but as the Rector, a man of good family and standing, and of undoubted scrupulousness in the choice of acquaintance, had introduced him, he found everywhere a prompt reception, of which nothing in his conduct had yet seemed to prove him unworthy. Some people, indeed, dubbed him "a character," and fancied him "eccentric;" but others could not see the appropriateness of the epithets. He always seemed to them very harmless and quiet, not always perhaps so perfectly unreserved and comprehensible as might be wished. He had a discomposing expression

in his eye ; and sometimes in conversation an ambiguous diction ; but still they believed he meant no harm.

Mr. Ellin often called on the Misses Wilcox ; he sometimes took tea with them ; he appeared to like tea and muffins, and not to dislike the kind of conversation which usually accompanies that refreshment ; he was said to be a good shot, a good angler.—He proved himself an excellent gossip—he liked gossip well. On the whole he liked women's society, and did not seem to be particular in requiring difficult accomplishments or rare endowments in his female acquaintance. The Misses Wilcox, for instance, were not much less shallow than the china saucer which held their teacups ; yet Mr. Ellin got on perfectly well with them, and had apparently great pleasure in hearing them discuss all the details of their school. He knew the names of all their young ladies too, and would shake hands with them if he met them walking out ; he knew their examination days and gala days, and more than once accompanied Mr. Cecil, the curate, when he went to examine in ecclesiastical history.

This ceremony took place weekly, on Wednesday afternoons, after which Mr. Cecil sometimes stayed to tea, and usually found two or three lady parishioners invited to meet him. Mr. Ellin was also pretty sure to be there. Rumour gave one of the Misses Wilcox in anticipated wedlock to the curate, and furnished his friend with a second in the same tender relation ; so that it is to be conjectured they made a social, pleasant party under such interesting circumstances. Their evenings rarely passed without Miss Fitzgibbon being introduced—all worked muslin and streaming sash and elaborated ringlets ; others of the pupils would also be called in, perhaps to sing, to show off a little at the piano, or sometimes to repeat poetry. Miss Wilcox conscientiously cultivated display in her young ladies, thinking she thus fulfilled a duty to herself and to them, at once spreading her own fame and giving the children self-possessed manners.

It was curious to note how, on these occasions, good, genuine natural qualities still vindicated their superiority to counterfeit, artificial advantages. While “dear Miss Fitzgibbon,” dressed up and flattered as she was, could only sidle round the circle with the crestfallen air which seemed natural to her, just giving her hand to the guests, then almost snatching it away, and sneaking in unmannerly haste to the place allotted to her at Miss Wilcox's side, which place she filled like a piece of furniture, neither

smiling nor speaking the evening through—while such was *her* deportment, certain of her companions, as Mary Franks, Jessy Newton, &c., handsome, open-countenanced little damsels—fearless became harmless—would enter with a smile of salutation and a blush of pleasure, make their pretty reverence at the drawing-room door, stretch a friendly little hand to such visitors as they knew, and sit down to the piano to play their well-practised duet with an innocent, obliging readiness which won all hearts.

There was a girl called Diana—the girl alluded to before as having once been Miss Sterling's pupil—a daring, brave girl, much loved and a little feared by her comrades. She had good faculties, both physical and mental—was clever, honest, and dauntless. In the schoolroom she set her young brow like a rock against Miss Fitzgibbon's pretensions; she found also heart and spirit to withstand them in the drawing-room. One evening, when the curate had been summoned away by some piece of duty directly after tea, and there was no stranger present but Mr. Ellin, Diana had been called in to play a long, difficult piece of music which she could execute like a master. She was still in the midst of her performance, when—Mr. Ellin having for the first time, perhaps, recognized the existence of the heiress by asking if she was cold—Miss Wilcox took the opportunity of launching into a strain of commendation on Miss Fitzgibbon's inanimate behaviour, terming it lady-like, modest, and exemplary. Whether Miss Wilcox's constrained tone betrayed how far she was from really feeling the approbation she expressed, how entirely she spoke from a sense of duty, and not because she felt it possible to be in any degree charmed by the personage she praised—or whether Diana, who was by nature hasty, had a sudden fit of irritability—is not quite certain, but she turned on her music-stool:—

“Ma'am,” said she to Miss Wilcox, “that girl does not deserve so much praise. Her behaviour is not at all exemplary. In the schoolroom she is insolently distant. For my part I denounce her airs; there is not one of us but is as good or better than she, though we may not be as rich.”

And Diana shut up the piano, took her music-book under her arm, curtsied, and vanished.

Strange to relate, Miss Wilcox said not a word at the time; nor was Diana subsequently reprimanded for this outbreak. Miss Fitzgibbon had now been three months in the school, and probably the governess had had leisure to wear out her early raptures of partiality.

Indeed, as time advanced, this evil often seemed likely to right itself; again and again it seemed that Miss Fitzgibbon was about to fall to her proper level, but then, somewhat provokingly to the lovers of reason and justice, some little incident would occur to invest her insignificance with artificial interest. Once it was the arrival of a great basket of hothouse fruit—melons, grapes, and pines—as a present to Miss Wilcox in Miss Fitzgibbon's name. Whether it was that a share of these luscious productions was imparted too freely to the nominal donor, or whether she had had a surfeit of cake on Miss Mabel Wilcox's birthday, it so befel, that in some disturbed state of the digestive organs Miss Fitzgibbon took to sleep-walking. She one night terrified the school into a panic by passing through the bedrooms, all white in her night-dress, moaning and holding out her hands as she went.

Dr. Percy was then sent for; his medicines, probably, did not suit the case; for within a fortnight after the somnambulistic feat, Miss Wilcox going upstairs in the dark, trod on something which she thought was the cat, and on calling for a light, found her darling Matilda Fitzgibbon curled round on the landing, blue, cold, and stiff, without any light in her half-open eyes, or any colour in her lips, or movement in her limbs. She was not soon roused from this fit; her senses seemed half scattered; and Miss Wilcox had now an undeniable excuse for keeping her all day on the drawing-room sofa, and making more of her than ever.

There comes a day of reckoning both for petted heiresses and partial governesses.

One clear winter morning, as Mr. Ellin was seated at breakfast, enjoying his bachelor's easy chair and damp, fresh London newspaper, a note was bought to him marked "private," and "in haste." The last injunction was vain, for William Ellin did nothing in haste—he had no haste in him; he wondered anybody should be so foolish as to hurry; life was short enough without it. He looked at the little note—three-cornered, scented, and feminine. He knew the handwriting; it came from the very lady Rumour had so often assigned him as his own. The bachelor took out a morocco case, selected from a variety of little instruments a pair of tiny scissors, cut round the seal, and read:—"Miss Wilcox's compliments to Mr. Ellin, and she should be truly glad to see him for a few minutes, if at leisure. Miss W. requires a little advice. She will reserve explanations till she sees Mr. E."

Mr. Ellin very quietly finished his breakfast ; then, as it was a very fine December day—hoar and crisp, but serene, and not bitter—he carefully prepared himself for the cold, took his cane, and set out. He liked the walk ; the air was still ; the sun not wholly ineffectual ; the path firm, and but lightly powdered with snow. He made his journey as long as he could by going round through many fields, and through winding, unfrequented lanes. When there was a tree in the way conveniently placed for support, he would sometimes stop, lean his back against the trunk, fold his arms, and muse. If Rumour could have seen him, she would have affirmed that he was thinking about Miss Wilcox ; perhaps when he arrives at the Lodge his demeanour will inform us whether such an idea be warranted.

At last he stands at the door and rings the bell ; he is admitted, and shown into the parlour—a smaller and a more private room than the drawing-room. Miss Wilcox occupies it ; she is seated at her writing-table ; she rises—not without air and grace—to receive her visitor. This air and grace she learnt in France ; for she was in a Parisian school for six months, and learnt there a little French, and a stock of gestures and courtesies. No : it is certainly not impossible that Mr. Ellin may admire Miss Wilcox. She is not without prettiness, any more than are her sisters ; and she and they are one and all smart and showy. Bright stone-blue is a colour they like in dress ; a crimson bow rarely fails to be pinned on somewhere to give contrast ; positive colours generally—grass-greens, red violets, deep yellows—are in favour with them ; all harmonies are at a discount. Many people would think Miss Wilcox, standing there in her blue merino dress and pomegranate ribbon, a very agreeable woman. She has regular features ; the nose is a little sharp, the lips a little thin, good complexion, light red hair. She is very business-like, very practical ; she never in her life knew a refinement of feeling or of thought ; she is entirely limited, respectable, and self-satisfied. She has a cool, prominent eye ; sharp and shallow pupil, unshrinking and inexpressive ; pale irid ; light eyelashes, light brow. Miss Wilcox is a very proper and decorous person ; but she could not be delicate or modest, because she is naturally destitute of sensitiveness. Her voice, when she speaks, has no vibration ; her face no expression ; her manner no emotion. Blush or tremor she never knew.

“What can I do for you, Miss Wilcox ?” says Mr.

Ellin, approaching the writing-table, and taking a chair beside it.

"Perhaps you can advise me," was the answer; "or perhaps you can give me some information. I feel so thoroughly puzzled, and really fear all is not right."

"Where? and how?"

"I will have redress if it be possible," pursued the lady; "but how to set about obtaining it! Draw to the fire, Mr. Ellin; it is a cold day."

They both drew to the fire. She continued:—

"You know the Christmas holidays are near?"

He nodded.

"Well, about a fortnight since, I wrote, as is customary, to the friends of my pupils, notifying the day when we break up, and requesting that, if it was desired that any girl should stay the vacation, intimation should be sent accordingly. Satisfactory and prompt answers came to all the notes except one—that addressed to Conway Fitzgibbon, Esquire, May Park, Midland County—Matilda Fitzgibbon's father, you know."

"What? won't he let her go home?"

"Let her go home, my dear sir! you shall hear. Two weeks elapsed, during which I daily expected an answer; none came. I felt annoyed at the delay, as I had particularly requested a speedy reply. This very morning I had made up my mind to write again, when—what do you think the post brought me?"

"I should like to know."

"My own letter—actually my own—returned from the post-office, with an intimation—such an intimation!—but read for yourself."

She handed to Mr. Ellin an envelope; he took from it the returned note and a paper—the paper bore a hastily-scribbled line or two. It said, in brief terms, that there was no such place in Midland County as May Park, and that no such person had ever been heard of there as Conway Fitzgibbon, Esquire.

On reading this, Mr. Ellin slightly opened his eyes.

"I hardly thought it was so bad as this," said he.

"What? you did think it was bad then? You suspected that something was wrong?"

"Really! I scarcely knew what I thought or suspected. How very odd, no such place as May Park! The grand mansion, the grounds, the oaks, the deer, vanished clean away. And then Fitzgibbon himself! But you saw Fitzgibbon—he came in his carriage?"

"In his carriage!" echoed Miss Wilcox; "a most stylish equipage, and himself a most distinguished person. Do you think, after all, there is some mistake?"

"Certainly, a mistake; but when it is rectified I don't think Fitzgibbon or May Park will be forthcoming. Shall I run down to Midland County and look after these two precious objects?"

"Oh! would you be so good, Mr. Ellin? I knew you would be so kind; personal inquiry, you know—there's nothing like it."

"Nothing at all. Meantime, what shall you do with the child—the pseudo-heiress, if pseudo she be? Shall you correct her—let her know her place?"

"I think," responded Miss Wilcox, reflectively—"I think not exactly as yet! my plan is to do nothing in a hurry; we will inquire first. If after all she should turn out to be connected as was at first supposed, one had better not do anything which one might afterwards regret. No; I shall make no difference with her till I hear from you again."

"Very good. As you please," said Mr. Ellin, with that coolness which made him so convenient a councillor in Miss Wilcox's opinion. In his dry laconism she found the response suited to her outer worldliness. She thought he said enough if he did not oppose her. The comment he stinted so avariciously she did not want.

Mr. Ellin "ran down," as he said, to Midland County. It was an errand that seemed to suit him; for he had curious predilections as well as peculiar methods of his own. Any secret quest was to his taste; perhaps there was something of the amateur detective in him. He could conduct an inquiry and draw no attention. His quiet face never looked inquisitive, nor did his sleepless eye betray vigilance.

He was away about a week. The day after his return, he appeared in Miss Wilcox's presence as cool as if he had seen her but yesterday. Confronting her with that fathomless face he liked to show her, he first told her he had done nothing.

Let Mr. Ellin be as enigmatical as he would, he never puzzled Miss Wilcox. She never saw enigma in the man. Some people feared, because they did not understand him; to her it had not yet occurred to begin to spell his nature or analyze his character. If she had an impression about him, it was, that he was an idle but obliging man, not aggressive, of few words, but often convenient. Whether

he were clever and deep, or deficient and shallow, close or open, odd or ordinary, she saw no practical end to be answered by inquiry, and therefore did not inquire.

"Why had he done nothing?" she now asked.

"Chiefly because there was nothing to do."

"Then he could give her no information?"

"Not much: only this, indeed—Conway Fitzgibbon was a man of straw; May Park a house of cards. There was no vestige of such man or mansion in Midland County, or in any other shire in England. Tradition herself had nothing to say about either the name or the place. The Oracle of old deeds and registers, when consulted, had not responded.

"Who can he be, then, that came here, and who is this child?"

"That's just what I can't tell you:—an incapacity which makes me say I have done nothing."

"And how am I to get paid?"

"Can't tell you that either."

"A quarter's board and education owing, and masters' terms besides," pursued Miss Wilcox. "How infamous! I can't afford the loss."

"And if we were only in the good old times," said Mr. Ellin, "where we ought to be, you might just send Miss Matilda out to the plantations in Virginia, sell her for what she is worth, and pay yourself."

"Matilda, indeed, and Fitzgibbon! A little impostor! I wonder what her real name is?"

"Betty Hodge? Poll Smith? Hannah Jones?" suggested Mr. Ellin.

"Now," cried Miss Wilcox, "give me credit for sagacity! It's very odd, but try as I would—and I made every effort—I never could really like that child. She has had every indulgence in this house; and I am sure I made great sacrifice of feeling to principle in showing her much attention; for I could not make any one believe the degree of antipathy I have all along felt towards her."

"Yes. I can believe it. I saw it."

"Did you? Well—it proves that my discernment is rarely at fault. Her game is up now, however; and time it was. I have said nothing to her yet; but now—"

"Have her in whilst I am here," said Mr. Ellin. "Has she known of this business? Is she in the secret? Is she herself an accomplice, or a mere tool? Have her in."

Miss Wilcox rang the bell, demanded Matilda Fitzgibbon, and the false heiress soon appeared. She came in

her ringlets, her sash, and her furbelowed dress adornments—alas! no longer acceptable.

“Stand there!” said Miss Wilcox, sternly, checking her as she approached the hearth. “Stand there on the farther side of the table. I have a few questions to put to you, and your business will be to answer them. And mind—let us have the truth. *We will not endure lies.*”

Ever since Miss Fitzgibbon had been found in the fit, her face had retained a peculiar paleness and her eyes a dark orbit. When thus addressed, she began to shake and blanch like conscious guilt personified.

“Who are you?” demanded Miss Wilcox. “What do you know about yourself?”

A sort of half-interjection escaped the girl’s lips; it was a sound expressing partly fear, and partly the shock the nerves feel when an evil, very long expected, at last and suddenly arrives.

“Keep yourself still, and reply, if you please,” said Miss Wilcox, whom nobody should blame for lacking pity, because nature had not made her compassionate. “What is your name? We know you have no right to that of Matilda Fitzgibbon.”

She gave no answer.

“I do insist upon a reply. Speak you shall, sooner or later. So you had better do it at once.”

This inquisition had evidently a very strong effect upon the subject of it. She stood as if palsied, trying to speak, but apparently not competent to articulate.

Miss Wilcox did not fly into a passion, but she grew very stern and urgent; spoke a little loud; and there was a dry clamour in her raised voice which seemed to beat upon the ear and bewilder the brain. Her interest had been injured—her pocket wounded—she was vindicating her rights—and she had no eye to see, and no nerve to feel, but for the point in hand. Mr. Ellin appeared to consider himself strictly a looker-on; he stood on the hearth very quiet.

At last the culprit spoke. A low voice escaped her lips. “Oh, my head!” she cried, lifting her hands to her forehead. She staggered, but caught the door and did not fall. Some accusers might have been startled by such a cry—even silenced; not so Miss Wilcox. She was neither cruel or violent; but she was coarse, because insensible. Having just drawn breath, she went on, harsh as ever.

Mr. Ellin, leaving the hearth, deliberately paced up the room as if he were tired of standing still, and would

walk a little for a change. In returning and passing near the door and the criminal, a faint breath seemed to seek his ear, whispering his name—

“Oh, Mr. Ellin!”

The child dropped as she spoke. A curious voice—not like Mr. Ellin’s, though it came from his lips—asked Miss Wilcox to cease speaking, and say no more. He gathered from the floor what had fallen on it. She seemed overcome, but unconscious. Resting beside Mr. Ellin, in a few minutes she again drew breath. She raised her eyes to him.

“Come, my little one ; have no fear,” said he.

Reposing her head against him, she gradually became reassured. It did not cost him another word to bring her round ; even that strong trembling was calmed by the mere effects of his protection. He told Miss Wilcox, with remarkable tranquillity, but still with a certain decision, that the little girl must be put to bed. He carried her upstairs, and saw her laid there himself. Returning to Miss Wilcox, he said :

“Say no more to her. Beware, or you will do more mischief than you think or wish. That kind of nature is very different from yours. It is not possible that you should like it ; but let it alone. We will talk more on the subject to-morrow. Let me question her.”



BRONTË SOCIETY PUBLICATIONS.

PART XI.

TRANSACTIONS:

CONTAINING

REPORT OF PROCEEDINGS

AT LEEDS,

AND

A PAPER READ BEFORE THE SOCIETY.



PRINTED FOR THE SOCIETY BY
M. FIELD AND SONS, SOUTHGATE, BRADFORD.

JUNE, 1900.

NOTE.

The Council of the Brontë Society wish it to be understood that the Authors of the various Articles printed in the "Transactions" are alone responsible for the opinions expressed.

CONTENTS.

	PAGE.
Sixth Annual Meeting, at Leeds	107
“The Work of Emily Brontë and the Brontë Problem,” by Mr. James Fotheringham ...	107

SIXTH ANNUAL MEETING OF THE BRONTË SOCIETY.

THE Sixth Annual Meeting of the Society was held in the Philosophical Hall, Leeds, on the afternoon of the 20th of January, 1900, Mr. J. F. Greenwood presiding.

Mr. W. T. Field, the Honorary Secretary, read the Annual Report, which was moved by the Chairman, seconded by Mr. S. P. Unwin, and unanimously adopted. The Balance Sheet prepared by the Hon. Treasurer, Mr. J. J. Stead, was adopted on the motion of Mr. Halliwell Sutcliffe and seconded by Mr. W. S. Cameron. An election of the Council for ensuing year afterwards took place.

In the evening, a public meeting was held in the lecture theatre, presided over by Mr. Councillor W. E. B. Priestley, J.P., of Bradford. He was supported by the Vicar of Leeds (Dr. Gibson) and members of the Council of the Brontë Society. The Vicar gave the Society a hearty welcome to the City of Leeds, and observed that the Brontës not only belonged to Bradford and Haworth, but to all Yorkshire, and England, and indeed to the whole English race. Mr. James Fotheringham then delivered an address on "The work of Emily Brontë and the Brontë Problem," and this was followed by an interesting exhibition of lantern slides illustrating the scenes and characters of the Brontë novels, by Mr. J. J. Stead. A hearty vote of thanks to Mr. Fotheringham and Mr. Stead concluded the proceedings.

THE WORK OF EMILY BRONTË, AND THE BRONTË PROBLEM.

A Paper read before the Brontë Society, at Leeds, on
January 20th, 1900.

BY MR. JAMES FOTHERINGHAM.

It may be that this Society has come to a point at which its lines of approach to its special field of study may be somewhat changed. It has done good and useful work towards the illustration of the lives of the Brontë sisters, and certain aspects of the Brontë literature. It has shed light on questions of biography and bibliography, on the question of places, of names and people connected with the stories and with their authors.

But I understand that it is felt by your Council that on that side of matters a good deal of what is to be done has been done, and the future researches and proceedings of the Society seem likely to be devoted rather to literary criticism and interpretation than to questions of more or less external detail; and this would commend itself to the Brontë sisters; it is the spirit of their writings to show this kind of care.

Understand me, I do not for one moment, or in any degree, undervalue that other research and illumination. On the contrary, as a student of letters, I put much value on it for the full and exact interpretation of all literature. But literature as such, and in so far as it is made for any breadth of appeal, for any degree of endurance, and very certainly when it is built for immortality, is matter of the general heart of man, or at least documents of human nature. Its value lies not in its circumstances and accidents but in its substance, in the life it breathes and reveals, in its inner thought and passion, in its eternal truth and beauty.

In any case it is such a study, a study on this side of things, that I have to offer you now. I do not propose to add to your knowledge of facts; my concern is rather with the meaning of certain facts pretty well known. It is my hope to touch a certain group of facts within this Society's field of interest with the freshness of a cordial and independent appreciation.

I wish this evening to consider the work and genius of Emily Brontë, to set that work in due relation to her life, character, and circumstances, and in a subordinate way to consider the relation of that work to the question of "origins" as regards the genius and art of the Brontës.

It is not the pleasantest task in the range of Brontë study. One could no doubt more readily discourse of *Jane Eyre* or *Villette*, the best and strongest work of Charlotte. In its author's own words, *Wuthering Heights* is a somewhat grim and dreary story. A document of human nature it may be, but most readers are likely to find it rather a harsh document and to ask why did the writer conceive and carry through such a "dree" story, and present such a strange and unattractive group of persons? And yet if this be so, and most readers hold it to be so, this it may be is a reason over and above the value and interest of the work itself why a society such as this should seek to do justice to the work of the writer. If this work needs for most readers appreciative introduction it may seem well to

supply it. To do this kind of justice to the work of Emily Brontë is anyhow our scope now.

It would be out of place for me here and now to keep you over the life of Emily Brontë, though Mrs. Gaskell has done less than justice there, and did not, some of us think, quite understand Emily or her work, coming to both with a distinctly imperfect sympathy. 'The simple, austere, and deeply-touching story of these women of genius has been known to all cultivated people for a quarter of a century. But it will be in place, and indeed something essential to my purpose, that I should sketch the character of the woman, and her circumstances and story in relation to that and to her work.

It is a truism of criticism in our time that character, powers, and work always stand and must stand in vital relation to each other and to the circumstances amid which they were fashioned. But there are cases where the relation is very close, and what one may call pure and simple, both the temper of the writer and the circumstances of the life tending to make it so. It seems to me that Emily Brontë's is such a case. Her parentage and bias of nature, her life-long environment, and what we may term her vital education, go far to account for the woman and the writer we know, and the elements and forces in them had fuller and franker play right through her nature and her life than usually happens in the present century.

Her nature was simple, constant, pious in the old sense, loyal to the elemental things and relations of life, with an undemonstrative yet deep love of home, of the things of the past, and of her early days. Her heart was full of an unusual intensity of affection, and determination, reserved but faithful, and strong and genuine in its attachments.

From her father she had a certain nervous and passionate force of character, and of will, from her mother a delicate constitution and a certain sensibility—restrained and pretty well suppressed, but always felt. Born at Thornton and reared in Haworth, and spending nearly all her days amid the circumstances and scenery of that Yorkshire valley, of those Yorkshire hills and moors, she took deeply their impress and loved them with a responsive affection. Simple, bold, plain, bare as those hills and moors, but well and firmly grounded, and though plain and even bare, yet in touch with the deep heart of things and aware of the wonder and mystery which not only lies there, but of the ways in which life, in nature and in man,

is pierced through and through with wonder and mystery, and having seen a thousand moments of dawn and sunset, of moonlight and midnight, when the barest and simplest things and scenes were lit with an unspeakable glory and loveliness. Moorish, rustic you may say, as indeed her sister says, but alive to the poetry of the moors, to the strength of the hills, to the depth as to the simplicity of the rustic nature and character.

It is clear that the routine of life was somewhat narrow, a little dull, and rather serious in that Haworth home. They had little society, almost none that was quite congenial, except in the home itself. Their mother died when they were quite young. Their aunt was a prim person, very excellent, but inadequate to help these women. Their training at home and at school was of the old evangelical type, which discourages "Nature" and the enjoyment of life, and says or implies that the best use of this life is to get ready for another. Their early school training was of the same sort, somewhat grim and not very real.

It is further clear that Emily re-acted against this, though she never quite shook it off. A lover of natural things, she was a lover of liberty and sought a free, natural life, with quick interest in all exhibitions of such life, and yet never quite free, never buoyant, glad,—intense and rigid rather. When at school in Brussels, she struck the quick, eager "Professor," M. Héger, as a woman of power, of genius, of unusual intellectual grasp and force, of vivid nature and intense imagination, but inflexible rather. And she would not imitate his French masterpieces,—she had too stiff a self-respect and independence, too exigent a regard for nature, and the rights of her own mind. All through, she drew largely, too largely, upon her own mind, on her own observations, on her own field of reflection and experience. She took her stand too much and too exigently on her own personality.

She was always miserable away from home. She broke down once in that situation, and came pretty near doing so again, supporting herself by sheer resolution and sense of duty. And when she returned home from Brussels after her aunt's death, to care for her father and watch over her brother, it was with a simple sense of duty, and little if any feeling of self-denial, in spite of the narrowness of her task and the deepening gloom of the domestic circumstances—with her brother nervelessly and miserably going to ruin because, forsooth, the world would not square itself to his self-esteem, nor arrange itself to the pattern of his

desires, to put the moral situation mildly as regards Branwell Brontë. It was a brave and loyal, but grim, exacting, depressing task that she faced and bore through, generously and with truest valour; and what knowledge of dark and sad realities of life it must have brought her, colouring deeply of course all her later thinking, and the brooding spirit of her imaginative mind.

There is, I think, no portrait of Emily yet given to the public, but with the help of the "portrait" given in *Shirley* one can pretty well imagine what she was like. One can see the pale, expressive face, the nervous yet vigorous physique, the lithe shape, the straight graceful figure, the alert and pensive, musing and mirthful, the mocking defiant yet tender countenance, the clear, piercing, touching eyes, as of a "she-eagle," the taper fingers, interlacing and pressing each other hard while she talked. One may hear, too, the vibrating voice, touched with passion, strung by will. She had lived with, and she loved, the fair wild things of Nature on the moors, the beasts and birds, the long grass, the heather, and "the wind upon the heath," the sounds and the silence of the free large spaces of the moors and the sky, and her own figure and face had surely not a little of the temper and the beauty of wild and quiet things and places. Tender and kind she could be, friendly with equals, proud rather to superiors, passionately just to the poor and those in trouble, simple with all unaffected persons. She was at times capricious, wilful; she could kindle and flash, and had a look at times of "a thing made of fire and air."

In the judgment of some, Emily had the strongest, keenest, most original mind of these remarkable sisters. I do not ask this Society to discuss that question of comparative criticism, nor do I now advance that view, but it is the fact that Emily is conspicuous for vividness of mind, for freshness of perception, for force of judgment, for sincerity of temper and of speech. She had a fund of passion and a fire no circumstances could quench, an independence nothing could subdue. At the core of her mind was a keen care for and interest in the play of her own powers, at the core of her character a proud self-respect, and, we may say, as the very soul of her ethics and her faith too, a most living and intense personality.

Some of her critics blame her for this temper and quality. It has its defects, of course, as all strong qualities have. It is scarcely a *social* quality. It is not an easy medium for every day intercourse, and the thousand little

exchanges which are so important in the common life. But it is a *power* both in the records of character and of literature. It heightens perception, it kindles speech, it quickens and deepens insight. It is "an ardour" not "of the blood" but of the soul, and it projects and creates the facts and experience of souls.

This, then, was the woman Emily Brontë, briefly estimated, simply described, and set in relation to the circumstances of her life. We turn to *the work this woman did in those circumstances*, with such qualities, such culture, in such environment.

She has left little, as you are aware, and as she died early, what she has left is somewhat immature, and even in certain respects and places crude. The world, we are told, goes by what has been well done, and is cold to all that might have been, and these facts, with the work's quality of intense individuality, have stood in the way of a fair appreciation in many minds of both writer and work.

The whole of her writings consist of a few pages of poetry, and the story we have named.

Of the poems, I would say here only a little, as we are not now concerned with the poems in themselves, but with them only as they throw light on the character and genius of the writer.

Her poetry was the first part of Emily Brontë's work to seek the favour of the public, that is of course the poems published in 1846, though to these must be added the poems published by Charlotte after her sister's death, since these have some of the best of her verses.

It has seemed to some critics that but for the fame of these sisters on other grounds, their poems would not have attracted any notice or had any interest. Now, though I must grant that of very many of the poems of Charlotte and Anne, it is less true of the work of Emily as a whole, and it is quite wrong of the best of Emily's work. I will allow that even the best of this work, with the exception of some half-dozen poems possibly, has defects which are soon perceived, defects of metre, construction, diction. There is a certain bareness and clumsiness. The metres are little varied and not well turned, while diction and imagery often fail to satisfy or even to please. But with all that there is a grip of passion, a quality and light of imagination, a fire and directness of speech, a grasp and force of thought, at times an insight and glow of the spirit, that give these poems fuller value and deeper interest than a good many verses that are more musical and better finished.

It is scarcely easy to trace Emily's teachers and masters in the art of poetry, nor can we now attempt to do so, but so much is clear that our old ballad literature, and our newer romantic literature, our literature of Nature, and of the deeper, keener passion and thought had kindled her genius here. She is romantic in her temper and phrasing. In the keen play of passion and imagination she is romantic, and she is so in her simplicity and fire. There are many flashes of what the early romanticists would have called the supernatural in the few poems she has left, and some of those words that touch the heart. Her form is lyrical, and you feel the sincerity of the poems as of all her work.

You will see also in them the aspects of experience, the facts of life, that impressed and moved her. Her sister speaks of the poems as "wild, melancholy, elevating." And they are on the whole occupied with the stern aspects of nature, and the austere aspects of life: the moors, the stars, the night, and the night-wind, the outcast mother, the prisoner, the wanderer from the fold—sorrow, ruin, sin, death. It is true they sing also of brighter things and moods, of summer and the song of birds, and the thousand lyres of the heather in June, of day-dreams, of hope, of fancy, but they are mostly shadowed by the darker things of the human lot, and the nature they know is that of the Haworth moors. They are not pessimistic, but they certainly are austere rather, and distinctly stoical.

Their moral quality is what M. Héger would have called masculine. There is the thrill of a strong nature in them, the force of a fearless and resolute spirit. Here is one who will see things for herself, who will go through with her own experience, who will frankly face life, and will stand to the last master of herself and thus of Fate—"a chainless soul with courage to endure." For her, as for many a brave and high-strung nature, life's law seems pretty largely a law of renunciation,—the most useful virtue the power to go without and hold yourself in reserve. She professes herself in fact an "old stoic." Riches, love, fame, the pleasures and the honours of life, the things so many pursue and cling to, she has seen through them and she asks only for liberty—that is scope to be herself up to the height and always, and strength to bear resiliently all that may come. On another great matter her note is strong and distinctive: she saw that her life was to be short, she felt with her passion and grasp that life at its longest is brief. She saw the law of death sweeping all lives away, seeming to triumph over all wills, powers, persons. But

she held that spiritual force is the most real, the most precious of all things, and by lofty assertion of that high and pure force in herself, she dared to draw the conclusion that death must be good, cannot be what it seems, and that beyond and above death is life. What lives lives for ever. Moral will is life and surely endures.

You see, then, that I take the best of these poems of Emily Brontë as words of genius, saying out and saying well things of life and nature, and above all, from our present point of view, as documents of her own nature, as giving pure and striking expression to her ethical spirit, and to one of the strongest and surest principles of her own mind, her proud principle of spiritual faith and self-conservation.

But *Wuthering Heights* is Emily's chief work, and a monument of her power, greater and better finished, than even her sister Charlotte understood.

The *critical history* of *Wuthering Heights* is that of many works of distinctive or original power, or of marked individuality. It was long undervalued or misunderstood. It was long the best abused. the least popular is too mild a term, of the Brontë writings. I suppose that even now if you took a group of your own members you would find a dozen who had read and liked *Jane Eyre* or *Shirley* for one who had cordial interest in *Wuthering Heights*. *Jane Eyre* was indeed condemned by some and had to fight her way, but the distaste for this book long survived. It was indeed, as Charlotte says, in her fine *Biographical Notice of Ellis Bell*, with both wit and justice, it was a case of the astrologers and soothsayers being again gathered before a certain handwriting on the wall, and unable to read the characters, not to speak of making known the interpretation. It was some time before any "Chaldean" was found with sufficient insight to read the writing, before a reviewer was found with an eye for the merit or meaning of the book. And then when Mr. S. Dobell, to his credit, saw its power, felt its freshness, he insisted on giving it to Charlotte, not seeing that Charlotte could not have written it. Mr. Dobell's criticism in the *Palladium* in 1851 was discerning. And since Dobell ventured to find merit and genius in the book a few others have written well of it. It still receives less than its due, and those who value it are sometimes thought to do so from a liking for what is strained and violent.

It is a strange work; it has faults and defects that offend the critics of literature. It has a harsh theme and an unpleasant tone, that tend to shut off those who read

only for pleasure. It has faults of style, defects of construction. It has errors of grammar, mistakes in its use of words, a certain affectation in diction, and either the author or some one failed in certain instances to spell the English language correctly. It has, I said, defects of construction. The machinery of the story is not well devised; the long story, told in such quaint circumstances, broken off to be resumed, still in the mouth of a servant, who is introduced into certain scenes where she has no right to be present, and could in fact scarcely have been so, simply that she may tell the story, the number of lengthy narratives brought in at different parts and told through other persons, and the final break in the structure when Mr. Lockwood to whom it has been told takes up the story himself,—these are faults.

Then there are improbabilities, some of them quite wild, in the plot. The writer draws too often on convenient coincidences, and ignores both credibility and law in the violent doings of Heathcliffe. At the beginning of the century he could not have done some of the things she makes him do even in the wilds on the borders of Yorkshire and Lancashire.

And besides there is *the matter and tone of the story*. It is a harsh theme and the author spares us none of its harshness. She tells us that Wuthering Heights, by its mere name, is a place where the winds beat wildly and sob and wail. She sets the place on the edge of the moorland where the air is keen and the whole aspect of nature bare and bold, and through most of the year stern when it is not wild. She gives us a race that has lived there through generations, and the home and its morale fit the situation well. The race suits its environment, and that environment just then draws out its harshest qualities. Quarrels, curses, and blows are the most interesting occupation and a good part of the human intercourse of the place. Passion and perversity, pride and cruel self-will are its normal state. And all this the author grasps and relentlessly presents, and her style, which halts at times, on the whole conveys her theme with truth and power, in strong, keen phrases, that give the situations and her personæ in a graphic and masterly way.

Yet with all this even Charlotte hung back. "Its power," she says to Mr. Williams, in a letter of September, 1850, "fills me with admiration, but I am oppressed; the reader is scarcely ever permitted a taste of unalloyed pleasure, every beam of sunshine is poured down through

black bars of threatening cloud, every page is overcharged with a sort of moral electricity," and she adds, the writer "was unconscious of all this and nothing could make her conscious of it." Again, in her fine preface to the 1850 edition she says, "over much of the book there broods a horror of great darkness, in its storm-heated and electrical atmosphere we seem at times [and pretty often] to breathe lightning." And then, as you may recall, she goes on in an apologetic way to point to certain brighter and more human parts.

Now that is so, such is the quality of the book. It is tragic, in parts it is fierce, we may say, in its play of tragic passion, in its presentment of tragic truth. And so two things are often said, or felt when they are not said, "We do not like such tragedy," (Charlotte says that), and further "It is not life." Well, what then? Both positions are very arguable. Most of us don't like tragedy, and when the tragic misery is pure and full we turn away. R. L. Stevenson, in those pleasant letters of his, recently published, calls tragedy "the great-hearted lie," meaning that it never is the final interpretation of life. Well, in a sense it is not. "Gloomy tragedy" certainly is not. And that is why the tragedy of Webster and Ford is less true to life, and to the world order, than the tragedy of the master who wrote *King Lear* and *The Tempest*. And I ask, does not *King Lear* PLEASE after all its pain, as *The Tempest* reaches its comic issue after suffering and wrong well borne and nobly conquered. And as to this book of Emily Brontë, this tragic and tempestuous tale of *Wuthering Heights*, I have said it is by no means pleasant. Its persons are scarcely any of them pleasant to deal with, and would have been rather fearful to live with. Few of them have learned even the elements of self-control. A fierce and wrangling assertion of passion, courage, and personality is their normal mood, and some of them are almost odious. And yet not only is the book strong but the drift and moral of the book *please*, please that is in the high sense,—they satisfy our higher feelings and principles, and please as the severe order of the world pleases when we have caught its issues.

It is a work, let us allow, that can never be popular. It is a work that all too congenially expresses the temper and reflects the environment of its writer. It is not mellow and measured as the great works are. But it is a work of unquestionable depth, originality, and power, both in conception and execution. It is a work of strength and eminence in its kind and class.

And *what is that kind? what is that class?* It is said that it is not life or human nature. I have said that it is not life or man as the mellow masters present them. But it is true as well as powerful in its *kind*. Let us see what this means. There is, as you know, a rough division of dramatists and novelists into *Idealists* and *Realists*, and though both terms are hazily used and vaguely applied, we may allow a certain point and utility in them. The Realist is thought to draw and develop from observation and fact, the Idealist from his own passions and imagination. And it is said the one gives men and women, while the other gives types, ideals, principles, passions playing frankly, following their natures with free ardour, and carried to their full development. And Marlowe, it is said, is an Idealist, and Shakspeare a Realist—the Marlowe of *Tamburlaine* and *Faustus*—the Shakspeare of *Othello* and *Macbeth*.

Now I will not detain you to consider how far the distinction thus drawn is valid, accurate. There is point in it, we may allow, without admitting the distinction to be absolute, or the classification thus made to be complete. And you will find it difficult to show that *Hamlet* and *Lear* have not, as imaginative interpretations of character and life, large ideal elements. But let us admit such a distinction of minds and types of art, and then for what it is really worth we may say that *Wuthering Heights* would go with the Idealists, not with the great imaginative Realists. It takes, I will say, certain types, certain elements, working under certain conditions, and shows powerfully, thoughtfully, what will come of these working out their proper results, not as they would work out in the concrete world, where they would be modified by the reactions and relations of the world, but as they would work in a world apart and working to their height—which is to say that the conditions, plot, and persons are conceived ideally.

The writer in fact not only works imaginatively, but is again and again caught in the web and play of her imagination, as she presents her persons and their story. She takes her stand at the heart of the situation and seeks without other care to unfold it as she sees it in its whole truth. There is no false pity, no sentiment. Her aim is to see her problem and work it through as great Nature might. Unrestrained by convention, undisturbed by craving for effect, she works on with a simple and strict love of truth, and with imaginative freedom. In so working she gives many fine idealisms, those audacities of the imagination that get to the quick of her personæ in and through

the situations that bring out their qualities. There are, it seems to me, many instances of this tragic audacity and idealistic thoroughness of conception, instances that are on or close to the level of the finest work of this kind, though to many who cannot, or who will not enter this sphere of free imagination, they seem extravagant. The characters and the problem, I say, of *Wuthering Heights* are conceived, presented, and developed thus.

Now, taking the story thus imagined and developed let us try an appreciation of it on one or two lines, and first as to its problem. There let us say it is a study of the development and issues of evil, of anti-social passions, of hate and malice, working freely, backed and unfolded by exceptional strength and ability. This passion, generated perhaps by the initial wrong of birth, fostered and perpetuated and increased by a hundred circumstances and wrongs of early life, acting on a proud and capable nature, stings and impels, provokes and drives him into a calculated and thorough scheme of revenge, into a subtle, deliberate, sustained war on all who have wronged him, and on the system that enabled them to wrong and insult him, and he *wins*. He punishes and ruins all who have wronged and insulted him, one after the other, and stands master of the whole field, triumphant it seems, and yet only to find himself baffled, conquered at length by his own nature and by forces from within the system he seemed to have driven to his own issues. What the *meaning* of this is, we are to consider, but first of all let us turn to the story and see how this problem is there presented and wrought out by the genius of the writer, and in the terms she has chosen, in those persons through whose lives her study is worked out, understanding always of course that she is first aware of the persons and their play on each other, so to speak, and, after that, of the problem illustrated by their actions and development.

The hero and villain of the story is Heathcliffe, as wild a piece of untamed nature and unsocialised humanity as ever author presented. He is brought to *Wuthering Heights* by the then master of the place, who found him a suffering waif in the streets of a town to which he had paid a flying visit. The master takes a fancy to him, makes a favourite of him, and so does his daughter, Catherine Earnshaw. They become playmates, and then a passionate attachment gradually grows and intensifies between them. But the son hates Heathcliffe from the first. The elder Earnshaw dies, and Hindley comes home

from college to the family estate to be master, comes with a wife. Both keenly dislike Heathcliff, and even persecute Catherine Earnshaw for her liking for him. Still they remain attached playmates until the girl is taken into Thrush Cross Grange, the home of the Lintons, to be nursed after an accident met with near the Grange. She returns after some weeks changed, at least superficially and conventionally. Hindley and his wife see and encourage this change, and degrade Heathcliff more and more in her eyes. Edgar Linton has fallen in love with Catherine Earnshaw, she has some fancy for him, at least she cannot marry the outcast now. Heathcliff overhears her declare this and leaves Wuthering Heights for the time, with bitter anger, and only to return for vengeance later, vengeance on Hindley Earnshaw and on Catherine Earnshaw, too, as he thinks, and on Edgar Linton for attracting and marrying her. During his absence, Earnshaw's wife dies, and a son Hareton is born. Catherine is married and lives in fair happiness at Thrush Cross Grange. After his wife's death, Hindley takes to reckless drinking, gambling, and brutality. Heathcliff returns to use this for his own ends, until Hindley Earnshaw is ruined every way, degraded, brutalised, and every acre mortgaged to his deadly enemy. Yet they live a kind of demon life in Wuthering Heights together, Heathcliff having the further satisfaction of degrading the son of the man he hates and is ruining. He has also found Catherine and revived her passion for himself, making her aware of the weakness of her husband. Her happiness is wrecked and then her life, in part through her sense of her mistake, in part through the headstrong devotion and resentment of Heathcliff. She dies as a daughter is born to her. But prior to this and to punish Linton further, Heathcliff has married his sister Isabella Linton. Heathcliff never pretended any love for her, and ill-uses and insults her from the very hour of the marriage she has the fatuity to enter into. She summons courage and finds means to leave him. He never tries to find her; she spends the rest of her life far away from him. A son is born to her; she sends for her brother when dying to take charge of her son. He kindly takes a poor, sickly, spoiled, yet malicious thing known as Linton Heathcliff, and brings him to Thrush Cross Grange, only to find his father claim him, because through him he may get hold of the Linton estates as well as the property of the Earnshaws, and he does. He draws or forces Catherine Linton, the daughter of his Catherine Earnshaw, into a marriage with

his wretched son, and that miserable creature lives only long enough to accomplish his father's double purpose with him.

But now that the field of his foes has been swept clear and his purposes apparently all achieved, what happens? Why, this, that his whole game turns to illusion and mere futility. He has done all and yet nothing, has punished all and yet now is lonely, restless. And Catherine Heathcliffe and Hareton Earnshaw fall in love with each other. Hareton, who worthily represents the old house and recovers himself through the love of Catherine Heathcliffe, and in these two the houses of Earnshaw and Linton triumph and win their rights again.

And what happens to Heathcliffe? This happens—that partly through weariness of his long game of hate, and partly through a sort of weird longing for love, the love of the one being who ever did love him, Catherine Earnshaw—Catherine Linton—he broods over her grave, over her spiritual presence with him, until he dies more than half mad, in the room that was her's in her girlhood.

That is a bald and brief outline of the plot, a rough sketch of the story through which the characters of Heathcliffe and the others are unfolded. It is easy to say that it is an impossible story. It is easy to start difficulties in the evolution of it. It is easy to find fault with the structure and arrangement of it. It is impossible to live without revulsion in *Wuthering Heights*, without pain even in *Thrush Cross Grange*. To be in the former were like being in *Pandemonium* or places not very far off.

But when we say all that, if we have read the story with any sympathy, with any insight, we are interested, impressed, we feel its strange force, its remorseless analysis, its powerful passion, its audacity and its ability, its fine ideality, its thrill of the power that creates.

To show it let us take certain parts of the story, certain points of æsthetic criticism, and then let me throw out the ethical laws and ideas on which the story as a study of life is set.

First then, as to the more striking parts of the story. Most of us would admit that the opening of the story is a little clumsy, and that so far as the narrative goes the machinery is never got into perfect order. I suppose that is part of what her sister meant when she spoke apologetically of "simple tools" and "a rude chisel." And yet in certain ways those opening chapters are framed to rouse curiosity in such a story as she has to tell. Lock-

wood's dreams, Heathcliff's strange passion, and those broken relics and memories of a tragic past, and that picture of Wuthering Heights and its dwellers—everyone's hand and temper against every other person in it—moves us, if it also somewhat repels us. And there is the true touch of the supernatural in the horror (woven out of those haunting memories of the place, and the tapping of a fir branch) with which Lockwood cries out to the one man most deeply interested in the whole story, "If the little fiend had got in at the window, she would probably have strangled me. She must have been a changeling, wicked little soul. She told me she had been walking the earth these twenty years, a just punishment for her mortal sins, no doubt." And that to Heathcliff, for whom the place and its memories are the heart of all his days! You don't wonder that the stranger's curiosity is piqued or that he listens with growing interest to Nelly Dean's strange wild story, with that vivid background of the actual Wuthering Heights set for it all. A "cuckoo's story," the house-keeper calls it, and such it is, if there ever was such a story.

And Heathcliff is the very genius and hero proper to such a story! From the first moment of his appearance he is the centre of angry disappointments and malignant passions, and he never ceases to be so until the strange calm of the close—that calm with a heart of wild restlessness. He suffers much, but as his pluck is indomitable, so his resource is exhaustless. Hindley thrashes him and he can bear it, with ready recovery of himself, because he knows he can beat them all yet, and he sticks at nothing, as nothing daunts him. He has no morality. Proud, with a pride that is self-assertion not self-respect, cold on the surface, though with a core of consuming passion, sullen and evil, yet not small, and free or nearly so from the grosser passions. He is no vulgar villain, a woman's villain you may possibly call him, but drawn largely, boldly, with astonishing force often. Charlotte speaks of the granite block on a solitary moor, cut to the shape of a head, savage, dark and sinister, and of a figure colossal, terrible, goblin-like, that remains half statue, half rock. But Charlotte is less than just there. The conception, I said, is ideal, and it is evolved under ideal conditions. It is too simply compounded; it is isolated for development; but the conception is grasped and presented more fully than Charlotte allows.

And I said Heathcliff is no vulgar villain. He suffers wrong and he will pay it back with interest. He has no care

for the rights of others; others have never cared for his rights or seen that he has any. Like Edmund in *Lear* his very position in the world and its whole bearing to him are a daily wrong. He owes it only hate, and he pays that royally. His life is a long battle against it.

And yet this nature, cruel, hard, and keen as steel, living only for vengeance, and evincing his power by his success in winning it, cut off every way it would seem from humanity, this nature has something deeper, more lasting, and more precious to it than hate or retaliation, and that is a strange, imperious, passionate love. His love for Catherine Earnshaw is the romance of his life, the romance of the book, as the wrong she did him by despising him for a time was the worst suffering of his life, and drove him to his worst deeds. In not a few scenes this passion is presented with extraordinary force. Keen, hungry, despotic, cruel, exacting, but from the quick, not from the senses or any calculations. You recall the last scene with Catherine, when the two are together for a brief space, knowing it to be the last, and when he pours out his whole passion, edged with irony and sense of wrong,—Catherine faded, spent, but beautiful, fascinating as ever—Heathcliffe struggling between a passionate love and a passionate revolt, cruel and tender in one molten mood of hopeless love. What elemental power of the great poets is in it! And you recall the wild scene, years after, at her grave. Madness is then of course setting in, and the madness deepens, the heart and spring of it his passionate need for the only human being he ever cared for, to break the sheer loneliness of life for him. She haunts his life; he wishes her to haunt his life. All places that he cares for are associated with her. She becomes at length the only fact of his life. His love turns to monomania, he sees and feels only her, and the strong man breaks down under the strain, and is driven whither she has gone.

And beside this strange figure, matching, complementing it, is the figure of Catherine Earnshaw, to which less than justice has been done, for surely as girl and woman she is fascinating to the romantic imagination, though again ideal. She has the loveliness and wildness of the moorland, its keen air, its changefulness under the winds that sweep it, the skies that stretch over it, and yet with the constancy of the moorland too, and of deep, simple, natural natures, shall we say? Gay, mischievous, proud, keen and fierce, and bold, and yet touched with a certain love of finery and of the world, her great mistake that she

did not know herself enough and married Linton. Her nature slept for a time, but the merciless devotion of Heathcliffe woke it up, made her aware that her heart was elsewhere, her destiny elsewhere, and took the life out of her life. The strain of passion, the cruel friction of her life, broke her more delicate nature down. She died in giving birth to that other Catherine who is the paler and yet sweeter charm of the last part of the tragedy.

There are scenes in which this nature is powerfully drawn, *e.g.*, when she talks to Nelly Dean of her marriage with Linton and gives us glimpses into her soul. "Your brother will be pleased, you will be happy, Edgar loves you, all seems smooth and easy. What is the difficulty? Where the obstacle?" asks Nelly Dean. "Here and here," said Catherine, striking her forehead and her breast, "here and here, or wherever the soul may be, in my soul and heart I am convinced I am wrong." "That's strange," says Nelly Dean. "It's my secret, I'll explain it, at least I'll give you a feeling of how I feel." Then, having told how she had had dreams that had gone through her mind like wine through water, changing her ideas, altering the tone and colour of her mind, when a lack of sympathy on the part of Nelly Dean checks her explanation, she can only tell that somehow she is such that if she were in heaven she would be miserable, and that how once she dreamt she was in heaven, and broke her heart with weeping to get back to earth, and how being thrown out she sobbed with joy to find herself again on the heath, behind the Heights. Such is her nature, such her feeling towards her lovers! Marriage with Linton seems a kind of heaven. But Heathcliffe is herself—and yet she feels she could not marry him now. The pity of it!

There are, too, those scenes in which she loses Heathcliffe, and seeks him, wild, disconsolate, reckless as Lear, on the heath exposed to the pitiless storm, soaked to the skin, and then in that state lies the night through on the settle, to wake in the delirium of fever.

And there are scenes of wild temper at the Grange, when the smooth surface is broken through, and the volcanic forces of her nature come up to shatter that quiet home, to startle that mild husband and leave him desolate.

The tragic audacity and force of the conception is indeed shown at many points, as we have said, though we can well understand the difficulty many readers have to enter into the freedom and pleasure of the artist. Take a few examples, with something of the force of the Elizabethans.

On p. 49 of Popular Edition, 1875, or 1879, we have this:—

“I am trying to settle how I shall pay Hindley back, I don’t care how long I wait, if I can only do it at last.”

“For shame, Heathcliffe,” said I, “It is for God to punish wicked people; we should forgive.”

“No, God won’t have the satisfaction that I shall,” he returned, “I only wish I knew the best way.”

A similar or even greater audacity is put in the mouth of Hindley Earnshaw on p. 62, measuring there also the surrender of the author to the free energy of creation.

Then this account of Heathcliffe with Catherine, on p. 132, when he feared she must die: “‘Oh, Cathy! Oh, my life! how can I bear it?’ And now he stared at her so earnestly that I thought the very intensity of his gaze would bring tears into his eyes, but they burned with anguish, they did not melt.”

Or, take the weird pages that give the doings of Heathcliffe at the grave, the night after Catherine’s burial, pp. 240-242. Snow had fallen. It was bleak as winter, and solitary all round, and she was deep in the earth. But he would see her face, and have her in his arms again. And he dug till he touched her coffin and was on the point of attaining his object, when the spirit of the dead seemed to come and be not under him but on the earth, and he was consoled and gave up his labour, and was led home by her and was sure she was with him, and yet could not for all his yearning *see* her.

Certain passages also that deal with Catherine have the same vividness and grasp. I have referred to one of these (cf. pp. 65-67). I will refer to another that has, as it seems to me, fine imaginative quality. It is that part of the story where, in her feverish excitement, Catherine is tearing the pillow with her teeth, pulling the feathers from the rents she has made, and ranging them in their different species (pp. 101-2). “That’s a turkey’s,” she murmured; “and this is a wild duck’s; and this is a pigeon’s. They put pigeon’s feathers in the pillows—no wonder I could not die! And here is a moor-cock’s; and this—I should know it among a thousand—it’s a lapwing’s. Bonny bird, wheeling over our heads in the middle of the moor. It wanted to get to its nest, for the clouds had touched the swells, and it felt rain coming. This feather was picked up from the heath, the bird was not shot; we saw its nest in the winter full of little skeletons. Heathcliffe set a trap over it and the old ones dare not come. I made him promise he’d never shoot a lapwing after that, and he

didn't. Yes, here are more! Did he shoot my lapwings, Nelly? Are they red, any of them? Let me look."

There is too that last wild scene with Heathcliffe already alluded to. If one go by the decencies of even measurably controlled lives that must be objected to. Yet surely it fits the two, and fills the cup of tragic misery wrought by such lives and their deeds. These scenes are not pleasant, any more than certain other great tragic scenes are pleasant. They are however from the core of her persons and quick with vital truth as well as passion.

Some, I am aware, invincibly regard Heathcliffe as a mere ruffian, not only unfit for the imagination of such a woman as Emily Brontë, but melodramatic if not morbid. Still your "ruffian" may be "studied," and I have suggested his interest and his uses, his "heart and nerves," (cf. pp. 132-133, 139-140). But are there not pages of mere brutality (cf. pp. 126-128)? Is not his marriage a piece of such brutality? and other relations of his in the tale? Is not his conduct to Catherine in her last days of this sort? It may be so, and I do not stop to "argue" these points, perhaps they are imperfectly open to argument. My point now is that on the whole the characters of Catherine and Heathcliffe, and their singular yet touching relation to each other, are vigorously and rightly imagined and set forth.

The conception and figure of the second Catherine, Linton and Earnshaw, is also well given, and the figure of Hareton Earnshaw is interesting and fairly drawn, both of them saved by love and lifted at length out of the world of hate and evil into which they are born. The description of this Catherine in the story is just and happy (vide pp. 157-158). "She soon grew like a larch. She was the most winning thing that ever brought sunshine into a desolate house, a real beauty in face, with the Earnshaws' handsome dark eyes, but the Lintons' fair skin and small features, and yellow curling hair. Her spirit was high, though not rough, and qualified by a heart sensitive and lively to excess in its affections. That capacity for intense attachments reminded one of her mother, still she did not resemble her, for she could be soft and mild as a dove, and she had a gentle voice and a pensive expression; her anger was never furious, her love never fierce, it was deep and tender. She had, however, faults to foil her gifts. A propensity to be saucy was one, and a perverse will . . ." and a certain passionate turn, "if her father reproved her, it was a heart-breaking business;" as a scholar she was "quick and eager to learn."

So it was, we can believe. The fairer and gentler things, and the better parts of the first Catherine appear in the second, and the kinder virtues of the Earnshaws, with their manly parts too, come in Hareton. The figure of Joseph, though not exactly one of the pleasantest of the book, is certainly one of its successes. It is a harsh figure, a stern delineation, some hold it; a type of a certain creed and form of religion, without morality but with plenty of mother-wit of the most caustic sort, also plenty of the hard egotism that gathers the promises for self, and is free with the curses for others and yet is loyal to the family it has served in its way for years. Of such folks, on both sides of them, Yorkshire has had its share.

And now to turn to the other side I named, to turn to the question, What is the moral ground of all this? Is it really set on moral truth, on laws of the soul? I must say as regards that, that it seems to me that *Wuthering Heights* is strong and sound, I cannot say mellow or sufficient on this side of it. What is it I mean? This is what I mean. Strange, exaggerated, as to some of its readers it has seemed, the elements and evolution of *Wuthering Heights* are fairly set on laws of the soul, within the moral sphere.

You have seen the problem as regards Heathcliffe and its development. I have implied that it is in part the problem of Edmund in *Lear*. A proud, able man, shut out by accident of birth, by the usage of society, and by the treatment of others, from honourable life and human rights, sets himself against society, and single-handed, alone, beats the part of society he is concerned with, triumphs all round cruelly, and desolates his world, his own life being desolate. They have forced him to it, being what he was and where he was, and he punishes them even to his contentment, only to find his triumph a defeat, only to realise that no life can be spent for that, only to feel a strange futility, a deep void, an awful loneliness, a fatal, awful separation from human fellowship, which drives him madly upon his deep, sad love for Catherine Earnshaw, and never lets him rest until he lies beside her, mixing his dust with hers, and desperately touching her heart in the grave. And that this is no moral of my drawing you can test if you look at p. 269 of the 1879 edition. "It is a poor conclusion, is it not?" he observed, having brooded a while on the scene he had just witnessed. "An absurd termination to my violent exertions? I got levers and mattocks to demolish the two houses, and train myself to be capable of working like Hercules, and when everything is ready and in my

power, I find the will to lift a slate off either roof has vanished! My old enemies have not beaten me; now would be the precise time to revenge myself on their representatives: I could do it; and none could hinder me. But where is the use? I don't care for striking; I can't take the trouble to raise my hand. . . . I have lost the faculty of enjoying their destruction."

I said that Heathcliffe has *no morality*, and through the larger part of this story he has not, nor could he have, for *morality* is essentially and actively *sociality*, and this man *felt no social ties*. But you see that even such natures *are held by morality*. Not even such a man can live for himself alone, even for him the final question comes, what good? for what end? and what is there after all your evil achievement? And the answer even in his case cannot be simply to please myself. And if one should say, "This is so in the tale. It is scarcely so in life and is but a woman's fancy." It is fair to say that the inventions of genius are facts of nature, and to point how Edmund, in *Lear*, as drawn by the great master, sought love, and was held at length by the human bonds.

And it closely follows from this study, as from the master's study of Edmund in *Lear*, that our villains are not made by any sheer and perverse delight in evil, as is often superficially assumed by a certain kind of moralist and theologian. I am not going to say that there is no such fact as delight in evil, though I rather think you will seldom find it, you will scarcely find it pure and simple. Anyhow, nearly always your villain is made by birth and circumstances, by perverse and wrong relations to society, and by the wrongs of society. In all his plays, Shakspeare has only Iago, and he suggests some excuse for and some good in Iago, and surely that is a case of critical significance on the point before us.

And there is a further truth and law fairly if not adequately realised in *Wuthering Heights* and its moral evolution, that is the in these days so much talked of *law of heredity*; our moral characters and deeds, the quality and drift of our lives, do not begin or end with ourselves. Vital results work on and on, through the generations of life, of lives. We enter into the lives of others, the life of humanity. We pass on not only the torch, but the consequences and qualities of life. And this law of moral causation—as a law of conduct and of souls is thoughtfully seen and boldly faced by the young writer. Edgar and Catherine Linton have a daughter, Hindley Earnshaw and his wife have a son,

Heathcliffe and Isabella Linton in their wretched and loveless marriage have a son, and these events are part of the tragedy of *Wuthering Heights*, for its author fairly portrays what must ensue,—tragically in the case of Linton Heathcliffe, painfully for a long time in that of Hindley Earnshaw, mildly in the case of Catherine Linton, terribly of course in the case of Heathcliffe, who has plainly come of a wild stock. All these she conceives as deeply modified by the lives and by the history behind them.

But she does not make the law of heredity an iron despot, working within harsh and narrow areas only, rather she felt it, if she did not conceive it broadly, and if austere still generously. For you see, out of the weakness of the Lintons and the evil of *Wuthering Heights* come these two lovers to bring in the milder and better day of another generation.

And connected with this austere yet kindly sense of the coherence of life and of lives is another point felt by readers and partly indicated by one critic. The close of the book seems to show on the author's part a sense of how exactly yet how genially in the great course of the years Nature takes her own laws, how the errors are adjusted, the wrongs healed, the tragedy of men's egoisms buried in peace, while about all the trouble of life and outlasting it all is Nature's own quiet greatness and beauty. You know what I refer to, the last scenes, and the closing pages of this strange story. Let me quote so as to give my points. "We buried him as he wished" [by the side of Catherine and near Edgar Linton]. . . . "We [two only] stayed to see it covered, Hareton, with streaming face, dug green sods, and laid them over the brown mould himself: now it is as smooth and green" [as the other graves]. . . . "I hope its tenant sleeps as soundly." . . . "The country folks [soon began to say] Heathcliffe walks [and another with him—"a woman."]. . . . "But," Nelly said "No! Mr. Lockwood the dead are at peace." . . . [And one evening, sometime after, visiting the kirk] "I lingered round their graves, under that benign sky: watched the moths fluttering among the heath, and the harebells, listened to the soft wind breathing through the grass, and wondered how any could ever imagine unquiet slumbers for the sleepers in that quiet earth."

It has always been a question with the critics and with thoughtful readers since this remarkable book was published: *How did the book arise? How could Emily Brontë have done it?*

Now this inquiry is first of all a question as to the sources of the culture, and even of the gifts and quality of mind of these women, and then it is a question as to the form and quality of their work. It is in part, too, a question as to all the sisters, and in part a question as to each, at least in the cases of Charlotte and Emily, for there are important differences between them. How were they able with their experience to do the work they did? And why has their work the qualities and the power that it has? Criticism has scarcely said its "last word" on this part of your subject. It is too large to deal with now, but though we have already touched parts of it in Emily's case, it may be well at least to outline the larger answer, and then to glance at the question of Brontë origins as regards the work of Emily more particularly.

The Celtic ancestry of the Brontës certainly had to do with their gifts and qualities, as women and as writers. Their sensibility, their fire, their passion, their romantic temper, their melancholy, are from the Celtic basis of their natures and a part of their genius.

Their Northern home, their Yorkshire environment and training, had, as we all see, much to do with their qualities as women, and with the matter and quality of their writings. Not only the moors above Haworth, their form, and colour, and spirit, but the Yorkshire folk, their traditions, their temper of life, their principles and types of character, and the particular social phase through which Northern English society was passing between the "twenties" and the "fifties" of this century, enter into it.

Their Puritan ethics, their evangelical creed and seriousness, and the view and colour of life that in coherent and sincere natures come of these, surely give in part the matter of the writings and the spirit of the writers. It is certainly so in the case of Charlotte. The strength and the limits of the writer of *Jane Eyre* and *Villette*, the quality and it must be said the defects of her body of thought, are in part thus explained. Are certain things in Emily's writings, things which Charlotte it seems could not understand, accounted for by implicit reaction from the ethics and creed in which they were nurtured and to which they were expected to conform?

Their literature, of course, is a good part of the answer to our question, though in literary studies it is easy to make too much of this. In their quiet home, they were eager readers of the best things they could get, and had the genius to respond to those things as they found them.

And we know what their favourite literature was. The elder and newer romantic literature of our own country, certain French romantic writers, and to some rather indefinite extent, certain German writers of the modern romantic movement—these were the writers they chiefly read and loved, and consciously or unconsciously shaped interest and utterance by, at the time when mind and style were being formed. It is perhaps scarcely necessary to enumerate the writers just referred to, Mrs. Gaskell and others have given them. But it may be well to add here to what has been above said of Emily that Charlotte came much more than Emily under the influence of certain French writers, Sand, Hugo, and others. It is said, though I cannot ascertain very clearly the evidence for it, that Emily fell more under the influence of certain German writers, Tieck and some others of the earlier romantic school. It seems to me the fact that Emily's romantic sympathy is freer and fuller than Charlotte's, her romantic instinct and power deeper, as her mind had a keener fire and a quicker passion, and a freer play in the sphere of art and for creative work.

And while setting forth thus briefly these points on the question of sources, we would not forget, though in a certain kind of analysis it seems easy to forget, that the last springs of genius lie deeper than culture, circumstance, or race, in a certain native power, a certain fineness or wealth or force of mind. It is, we suppose, in view of this that certain readers resent all attempts to give an account of sources and prefer to regard every original writer as beyond explanation, hiding—not merely at the heart of them, but in their whole character and work—a secret no search can clear up. To such readers, a writer like Emily Brontë, reserved, elusive, dying young, and leaving little, seems peculiarly a riddle. For her own set even, she was something not quite understood. Perhaps the points we have touched, and the point of view taken, throw some light on a difficult personality and a rare mind.

There is still that other part of our problem of Brontë origins, the problem of the sources of *Wuthering Heights*. Certain recent Brontë literature was by some I suppose thought to have given a full and final answer to that question. Dr. Wright's book on *The Brontës in Ireland* took a certain portion of the world of readers, and critics too, by storm, and was taken to have set forth the real sources of Emily's singular story.

Of the method and value of the book, what is to be said? Has Dr. Wright proved his case? Very distinctly

and very deliberately it seems to me, that the method of the book is vicious and its value slight. I can't now go into it, certainly not into the question discussed by Mr. Angus Mackay in his book on *The Brontës: Fact and Fiction*. I will only touch it so far as it bears upon our present subject, though indeed the main portion even, of Dr. Wright's argument or case, turns on *Wuthering Heights* and the work of Emily. He tries, as you are aware, to show that the kernel of the story was from Ireland, and arose in the life of one of the most remarkable of the Brontës. I am not convinced; I must even hold that Dr. Wright's whole theory can be refuted from his own book, and from true criticism of the writings of Emily.

How does it stand? Briefly, it seems to me to stand thus: Dr. Wright's stories hang very loosely together, at times fall into contradiction, and even if in themselves they were coherent and credible they are not much to the point. They really explain nothing, or nothing material, and these stories were not (whether true or otherwise) known to the Brontë sisters, not it seems to Patrick Brontë. The fact is, as I take it, Dr. Wright has gathered, without criticism, as many stories as he could, and spun them together very credulously. He is a romancist, not a historian, and my distinct impression is that the novels of these sisters have got mixed in Dr. Wright's *yarns* with the stories he picked up in Ireland. I will put it that the Yorkshire Brontës and their imaginations stand accountable for a good deal that happened to the Brontës in Ireland long ere they were born. That also is a way in which legends have grown and grow.

And then it is open to Dr. Wright to say, "If you refuse my account of the origin of the work of Emily Brontë more particularly, what account do you give?" Let me say, in the first place, that these gentlemen scarcely understand the way in which imagination works, its laws of invention. They think it seems that unless *all* is given you cannot explain the elements and texture of a story. But it is just the function of imagination to create and invent, and given simple suggestions, elements, it does not merely work them up mechanically, it vivifies and transforms them, giving more and better than it got.

And where then do I take it those elements were to be found? Here in Yorkshire, yonder in Haworth, and in the home of the Brontës I regret to say. Too much may have been made of the career of Branwell as one source, but there is no doubt it did contribute forcibly. That dark deteriora-

tion of their brother, his strange love affair, and his surrender of himself to evil and self-will, all this must have been the revelation of new powers of evil to his sisters, especially to Emily. And the scenery, the external as well as the human nature, of *Wuthering Heights* is definitely Yorkshire, the atmosphere Yorkshire, the hard force, the dogged will, the fierce self-assertion, the rugged rebellion against life, the tenacious assertion of self through evil and pain even, that is Yorkshire.

Charlotte herself—long before Dr. Wright had dealt in his peculiar fashion with the sources of *Wuthering Heights* and the origin of its conceptions—Charlotte herself had dealt with the question in her brief Memoir of her sister, and her account in substance was that the material of which the book was fashioned was got largely from the life around her and from her own temperament, her own mind and character. She did not of course venture to touch the family tragedy and the bearing of that on the ethical quality of *Wuthering Heights*. And I repeat, *that is the solution* of what I have called *the Brontë problem, which criticism still offers and approves*.

I can remember very well my first visit to the home of the Brontës, one autumn day, some twenty years ago now, and the impressions I then took. It was a grey day, with winds sweeping over the moors and through the few trees about the vicarage. The vicarage itself grey and bare, the graveyard in front, the old church at the side, the moors behind, the bare heights all round, and the harsh outlines of the village, it looked and felt a strong and stern scene. I had just been reading *Villette* and *Wuthering Heights* with a conviction, then new but distinct, that they were the strongest and most remarkable books of these two remarkable women. And it seemed to me then that every circumstance about me went to explain the last book I had been reading. It seems more definitely so now. The home, the village, the villagers, known from a distance rather and in their fierce and tragic traits, as Charlotte says, the larger houses about, built out of the moorland so to say all seem to fit that book. Life there must have seemed strangely grim. In large measure it must have seemed a harsh, perverse world; pain, roughness, blunt words, self-will, vice, temper, "conquered good and conquering ill," its elements and events. The author did not long for gentleness we may believe, but for reason, for right, for just humanities she did long, and where were they? To be evolved possibly some day, but far from being so then and

there, as it seemed. In view of this imaginative woman, sombre and severe herself, her memory stored, we have said, with tragic and terrible facts of the life near her, with knowledge of dogged, relentless, implacable natures, like moorland whinstone, yet capable of strong affections as of fixed resolutions, it does not seem difficult to account for the wild story and the strange picture of life she has given us.

And Emily herself had, we can see, a too emphatic sympathy with the strong, harsh side of the nature and human nature about her. We are told that Shirley Keeldar is Emily Brontë under more genial circumstances, and since Charlotte has said this, it must be taken as in some measure true, probable. But what might have been under other circumstances was not, and the woman we know is other than Shirley Keeldar, a courageous, passionate, proud, strong-willed, strong-minded, austere woman, affectionate and faithful of heart, relentless towards weakness, severe with herself, thinking her own thoughts, and able to act with a decision and pluck few women show, bearing her sorrows firmly, and dying (like a Norse warrior) on her feet—invincible in will to the last!

And *her creed*, we may say, fits—full of quick and vigorous reaction against convention, make-believe, stupidity, and every sort of cant. Her temper befits her environment, and reacts upon and masters her experience. She is no easy optimist, hardly an optimist it may seem at all. Her theory of things has the colour of the moors, the texture of life about her. Nature and man are harsh. There is much evil in the world, and men use their stubborn freedom to follow it, harden their wills to the far end of it, and neither bend nor break. But as on the moors there are fair, almost tender spots, and moments of a strange beauty, so in these strong, harsh evil natures, there are wells of passion, and powers of devotion, and capacities of good, unsuspected and it may be little valued by the sentimental, the conventional, but yet of essential value in the sum and final account of life. Life is a severe master and neither asks nor gives much happiness, it would seem, yet trains and punishes, cleanses and rewards on its own terms, and in its own way, and though the last secret of the issues of the process be kept from us so far, yet we may trust the issue, for we are a part of the eternal universe, and nothing can defraud us of our part in its life, or of our share in its good.

This was the woman, surely, and this the creed, to imagine and fashion *Wuthering Heights*.

NOTE.—It may be matter of interest, from the point of view of literary history, and for use of readers, to add here a list of the more valuable and significant appreciations of the work and genius of Emily Brontë. The list is short. It begins with Sydney Dobell's article in *Palladium* for 1851. It includes Charlotte's *Notice* above referred to; Arnold's *Haworth Churchyard* (one of his fine elegiac poems); *Emily Brontë* (life and criticism in *Eminent Women* series), by A. M. F. Robinson; the brief Essay on *Emily Brontë*, by A. C. Swinburne (now to be found in his *Miscellanies*). Mr. C. K. Shorter's chapter on "Emily Brontë," in his *Charlotte Brontë and her Circle*, gives three letters of Emily's, and some letters about her, that throw a little light on her life and character. But the fact that Mr. Shorter's sympathy and industry brought only these, suggests that we have now had what there is. Since the above study was written, Mrs. Ward's *Introduction to Wuthering Heights* has been issued in the "Haworth" edition of the novels.



BRONTË SOCIETY PUBLICATIONS.

PART XII.

TRANSACTIONS:

CONTAINING

REPORT OF PROCEEDINGS

AT BRIGHOUSE,

An Address delivered to the Society,

AND AN

Article reprinted from the British Association
Handbook, 1900.



PRINTED FOR THE SOCIETY BY
M. FIELD AND SONS, SOUTHGATE, BRADFORD.

MAY, 1901.

NOTE.

The Council of the Brontë Society wish it to be understood that the Authors of the various Articles printed in the "Transactions" are alone responsible for the opinions expressed.

CONTENTS.

	PAGE.
Seventh Annual Meeting, at Brighthouse	139
“Emily Brontë’s Place in Literature,” by Mr. R. B. Haldane, K.C., M.P.	142
“Haworth,” by Mr. J. F. Greenwood	151

SEVENTH ANNUAL MEETING OF THE BRONTË SOCIETY.

THE Meeting was held at Brighouse, on Saturday, March 30th, 1901. The date originally fixed, January 26th, was abandoned on account of the death of Queen Victoria.

The Annual Business Meeting of the Society was held in the afternoon (by the kind permission of the Mayor) in the Council Chamber, at the Municipal Buildings, and was presided over by Mr. J. F. Greenwood, of Haworth (retiring chairman of the Council). About fifty ladies and gentlemen were present from all parts of the West Riding and the attendance would undoubtedly have been larger had more favourable conditions of weather prevailed. The Chairman was supported by Mr. W. W. Yates, Dewsbury (newly-elected chairman), Mr. J. J. Stead, Heckmondwike (treasurer), Mr. W. T. Field, Bradford (honorary secretary), Mr. W. Taylor and Mr. Jonathan Caldwell (Brighouse), members of the Council, who had had in hand the arrangements for the gathering, and who accorded to the members from other districts a hearty and cordial welcome to Brighouse.

The Honorary Secretary, Mr. W. T. Field, read the Seventh Annual Report, and Mr. J. J. Stead, the Honorary Treasurer, submitted his Balance Sheet.

The Chairman said it was his pleasant duty, for the third time in succession, to move the adoption of the report and balance sheet. He was glad to say that at the conclusion of that triennium, when he was ceasing to hold office as chairman of the Council, the affairs of the Society were in such a prosperous condition. Their membership, as was stated in the report, now numbered 331, and he thought he was justified in saying that this was the high water mark of the Society, so far as its membership was concerned. They could not claim that their prosperity had advanced by leaps and bounds, but they might say, to use another quotation, that they went on without haste and yet without rest. The finances of the society were in a fairly good condition, for they finished the financial year with a larger balance in hand than they had at the beginning. He would like to see their position in this respect even stronger still, because he believed that as a society they would shortly have to face the expenses of incorporation, which would give the society a form of legal status it

did not possess at the present time. Unfortunately the process to be gone through in securing this was somewhat expensive, and he understood would cost about £40. The gifts to the museum had not been very numerous during the year, but some of them had been very valuable, especially the collection of Autograph Letters by Charlotte Brontë presented by Mr. Thomas J. Wise, including the two last letters which Charlotte Brontë ever wrote, and which were written in pencil on her death-bed. The society had visited each year places of interest associated with the Brontës, and his only regret was that the number of such places of interest available to the society was becoming somewhat limited; and he did not see any alternative in the future but beginning again and going the round over once more. The year had been specially marked by the number of educational and scientific bodies who had visited the museum. It had been his duty, in collaboration with Mr. Butler Wood, to explain the various objects in the museum, and also to point out the places of interest in the church and the village. The pleasure of doing this was somewhat interesting, though he was bound to say that it palled in course of time. In connection with the visit of the British Association to Bradford an excursion was made to Haworth, for which event he had the pleasure of preparing a small handbook relating to the village, the Brontës and the museum. In that handbook he inserted a number of very interesting extracts from the parish registers, the extracts dating back as far as 200 or 250 years ago. The chairman closed his address by moving the adoption of the report and balance sheet.

Mr. Wm. Taylor (Brighouse) seconded the motion, which was passed.

Mr. W. W. Yates and Mr. J. J. Stead suggested that the Haworth handbook to which the chairman had referred be included in the "Transactions" of the Society, a suggestion which was favourably received.

Mr. Thomas Ashworth (Todmorden) moved, and Mr. Hartley seconded, the re-election of the officers of the Society, which was unanimously passed.

Miss Cockshott (Oakworth) moved a vote of thanks to the Mayor and Corporation for the use of the Council Chamber.

This was seconded by Mrs. C. E. Sugden (Ryshworth Hall, Bingley), and cordially passed.

Mr. Caldwell replied to the vote, expressing the regret which Ald. Clay (the Mayor) felt at not being able to personally welcome the members of the Brontë Society to Brighouse. He could assure them that they were all heartily welcome that afternoon.

A vote of thanks to Mr. Greenwood for presiding brought the proceedings to a close.

PUBLIC MEETING.

A large audience assembled in the Town Hall in the evening, under the presidency of Mr. Algernon F. Firth, J.P., who was supported by Mr. R. B. Haldane, K.C., M.P., and members of the Council of the Brontë Society.

Mr. Field read a letter from Mr. C. P. Trevelyan, M.P., regretting his inability to be present as member of Parliament for the district to welcome them to Brighouse. He was glad that such a society was in existence to keep fresh the traditions of the greatest of our women novelists. "The greatest test," he wrote "of literary perfection is that an author's work should be read aloud without a feeling on the part of the hearers of any superfluity or dulness. I know no writer whose every sentence stands this test as absolutely as Charlotte Brontë. This, as one of the merits of her great work, has always struck me."

The Chairman expressed regret that owing to the postponement of the meeting, the society was deprived of the presence of Sir Geo. J. Armytage, Bart., who would have been an ideal chairman at a meeting of this kind. They welcomed very warmly the members of the Brontë Society, and only regretted that owing to the inclement character of the weather the audience was not larger. Yorkshiremen, of all English speaking people, ought to revere and cherish the memory of the wonderful Brontë family, and particularly in that district should they take an interest in the Brontës because they were living almost in the scene of their novels, many of which were familiar to most of them. It was not so much the novels as the life and character of the writers which they esteemed so highly. It was not for him to speak about Charlotte Brontë or the Brontë family. Mr. Haldane was there to do that. He only wished to say how warmly they in Brighouse cherished the memory of the sisters, and recognised how they nerved one for the struggle of

existence by the bright example set in that wild moorland parish, by the wonderful strength and courage with which they faced dangers and sorrow. They were not the only people who cherished the memory of those sisters. It was a cause for satisfaction to see distinguished Scotchmen revering their memory, and an equal satisfaction to note the number of Americans who visited Haworth every year. From the other side of the Atlantic Americans came across, seeking information about their doings. The stained glass window erected in Haworth Church by an American citizen in honour of Charlotte Brontë was a proof of the regard felt for her memory. His chief duty that night was to introduce to them Mr. Haldane. They all knew his name and were familiar with the work he was doing in legal circles and in Parliament. When a man of his position in politics and law was willing to come from London to pay a tribute of respect to the Brontës, they had reason to be proud of them, and cherish their memory even more than before. They knew how Charlotte Brontë was struck with Scotch people, and he hoped that night they would hear what one distinguished Scotchman thought of Charlotte Brontë. Whatever he might say, the fact of his presence was a proof of the increasing regard in which she was held by all classes of her fellow-countrymen.

Mr. Haldane then gave an address on "Emily Brontë's place in literature" which was highly appreciated by the audience.

Mr. J. J. Stead, the Hon. Treasurer, followed with an interesting exhibition of lantern slides illustrative of the scenes and characters of the Brontë novels, and the meeting was closed with votes of thanks to Mr. Haldane and the chairman.

EMILY BRONTË'S PLACE IN LITERATURE.

An Address delivered at the Annual Meeting of the Brontë Society by Mr. R. B. HALDANE, K.C., M.P., at Brighouse, on March 30th, 1901.

Mr. Haldane said:—

I have been asked to address this meeting on the subject of the Brontës.

Many more capable than myself could have been found for the task. The sole qualification I possess is that I have lived in their memory and have loved it. I

will not, speaking in this part of Yorkshire, attempt to recall to the minds of my audience the circumstances amid which the Brontës lived. That would, indeed, be to carry coals to Newcastle, and, moreover, it was only last Sunday that I managed, for the first time, to see Haworth. I found what one very rarely finds—just what I expected and what I had hoped. I will not try to speak of the whole of the members of the family. I dismiss out of consideration that venerable figure—the father—of whom the world knows so much from his daughters and from contemporary legend ; I pass by also that estimable, hard-working, gentle, tender sister, Anne ; and say nothing of the career of that life which had in it the touch of genius, but which was blighted—Branwell Brontë.

I want to take the course which is most natural to myself, because in doing that I shall come least short in trying to put my ideas before this meeting. I wish to speak of the two sisters—"the twin sisters of genius" they have been called,—Charlotte and Emily Brontë.

When one comes near a subject such as this, when one tries to form an estimate of the work of those two women who have so profoundly impressed themselves upon the literature of our time, one is full of the consciousness of the magnitude of the task. Charlotte and Emily Brontë do not belong merely to Yorkshire ; they belong to England, they belong to our Empire ; they are among the precious heritages of our civilisation. They have spoken in a way that is abiding, in a way that statesmen cannot speak, and that has made their work belong to what, so far as time is concerned, would seem to be imperishable. And when we try to estimate them as they were, what one feels first of all is the necessity of getting some standard, some idea of how best we are to test and judge that work. I want to try and estimate them relatively to one another, to bring out what to me seems to be that which marks off the one sister from the other.

But what is the standard to be applied in each case ? Fortunately, there has been a great deal of agreement as to what is the meaning of art, and what is the real standard of excellence in it. The philosophers have been singularly at one from the days of Plato down to our own times on this point. It is quite true that the philosophers, like the politicians, are constantly at loggerheads. But when you come to look into their differences it sometimes turns out that the differences are less between measures than

between men, and, therefore, when we eliminate the differences of language and the difference of standpoint, it is sometimes with the satisfactory result that we get agreement upon some broad principle. It has been so in this matter of art. If you take the great thinkers, they have agreed upon this—that in testing the work of the artist you must look for two things. It is not enough to find excellence in the reproduction of nature, whether it be of scenery or of sentiment. When you look merely for reproduction, a photograph is often more accurate than a painting, and yet a photograph is not the same thing as a painting; it is not a work of art in the same sense.

In the work of the great artist we have some scene of nature, some scene, it may be, of human emotion, reproduced and depicted so as to make it symbolise a great standpoint or a great idea. Take a landscape of Turner's. That picture has not the fulness of detail of nature. It is only a few dashes of paint upon canvas, but there comes in the marvellous technique of the artist, who is able by seizing upon certain impressions, certain signs, to symbolise and bring vividly before the eye his own, the great artists', conception of a landscape. Take again, a picture of Raphael's. His Madonna brings before the mind something that the work of no other artist does, because we have there, looking at us from the canvas, the embodiment of a great idea—the idea of The Woman to whom was given the destiny of being the Mother of God, in the tenderness and full consciousness of her Motherhood merging and losing Herself in the passionately pure conception of what the destiny was to which she had been called.

Or, if you please, consider a Dutch landscape. In it the artist has taken hold of the still life which was the conception of the picture, and, in the very details which he has brought before us, has tried to suggest to our minds the idea, it may be, of the interior of a cottage or the very simple lives of the people or at least something more than the mere dry facts. The idea has been the perfect fitting of these things into the harmony of nature. It was the conception that made the thing great. The difference between the ordinary photograph and the picture is, that the photograph is merely reproductive, but in the picture the details are subordinated to a conception. The greater the artist, the higher his standpoint, the greater is the conception of which he is capable, and the more that conception is symbolised.

Schopenhauer, perhaps one of the greatest critics that ever lived, and one of the most acute and most comprehensive minds that has ever dealt with the difference between the artist and the ordinary man, has written :—

“While to the ordinary man his faculty of knowledge is a lamp to lighten his path, to the man of genius it is the sun which reveals the world.” That was a noble simile. Then again : “The truth which lies at the foundation of all art is that its object, the representation of which is the aim of the artist, and the capacity for which must precede his work as its germ and its source, is an idea in Plato’s sense, and never anything else, not the particular thing the object of common apprehension, and not the abstract principle, the object of science.” I found these passages in a book of his which chanced to be by me as I travelled down here, and I think they are worth quoting.

The ordinary man, Schopenhauer said, looking at a landscape takes in the general idea—quite enough for his purpose—but the artist gives one the landscape from another point of view altogether, suggesting, it may be, the power or the peace of nature, or the notion of destiny or of force with which we cannot cope, such as Turner suggested in his masses of cloud, and in the presence of which we feel how small a thing is man. As Goethe said long ago, the real question in determining greatness is the question of “size”—of largeness of view. But it does not do to describe a subject in abstract terms, for prose will do as well as poetry for that. What is important is that there comes in a limit to the power of expression in prose, for it is perhaps only through verse—first as through the brush of the painter or the instrument of the musician, in a word, through art—that it is possible to bring before people’s minds that something which is really inexpressible, which is beyond abstract language, and which can be suggested only by symbols, but which may not the less embody a great conception.

I have diverged into these considerations because I needed to do so in order to answer the question what it is that marked out the Brontë sisters. There was a great difference between them and other writers of fiction in their descriptions of scenery. The commonplace writer gives us details as to a certain person who lived in a certain way, and who he tells us was wonderfully strong or, wonderfully beautiful, and this sort of writer writes as though by piling up language a weak impression can be

made more vivid. But in the work of Charlotte Brontë or in *Wuthering Heights* there is nothing of that kind. What is set out there is the actual facts suggesting and symbolising the qualities which the commoner writer would have to resort to names to indicate, but which in the work of the Brontës are irresistibly borne in upon the reader. This is what is meant by the quality of "inevitableness." In *Jane Eyre*—and most of us have steeped ourselves in that history of a country girl, moving among people far above her—there is borne in upon us what we cannot doubt, and what compels our conviction—how immeasurably stronger and greater was the girl's vitality than that of the people among whom she was cast. Who does not feel that there was all the difference in the world between Jane Eyre and the other women of the story when Rochester—rugged, storm-tossed, blind, deformed—demanded of her if she loved him sufficiently to be his wife, and she answered simply, "To the finest fibre of my nature, sir"? That girl, surging with passion, full of vitality, tenderness, and courage, is a real figure on the canvass, compelling us to follow her just as much as if we had known and spoken to her in life.

That great quality which Matthew Arnold and Swinburne have both described as inevitableness is the characteristic of the work of the Brontë sisters—the secret of this power of their writing; as Swinburne has called it, "A power to make us feel in every nerve, at every step forward which our imagination is compelled to take under the guidance of another's, that thus, and not otherwise, but in all things altogether, even as we are told and shown it was and must have been with the human figures set before us."

This is what we have in the writings of both Charlotte and Emily; we find it in *Jane Eyre*, and in each of the two other great novels which Charlotte wrote, *Villette* and *Shirley*. We find it again in *Wuthering Heights*. It is just that sense of the reality of nature, that power of the great artist to select the parts of Nature which suggest and symbolise an idea that distinguishes these two sisters. There is nothing artificial about them; they wrote because they must write; it was there, and it was surging through their veins, and it was their life to put it upon paper. Quality and not quantity is the test, as Goethe said. But then Charlotte produced three great prose novels to Emily's one, and Emily's novel, magnificent though it

is in its sexless passion, is still a fragment, imperfect in technique and finish, in comparison with that which Charlotte did. It has so happened that perhaps because of the quantity of Charlotte's work, notwithstanding the equal quality of Emily's prose, Charlotte has been put as the first figure. I cannot—I may be wrong—but I cannot follow that judgment. It seems to me to ignore something that lies beyond, and when I find such men as Mr. Swinburne and Mr. Matthew Arnold taking the view that in Emily "a lineal daughter of the earth-born giants," as Swinburne calls her, you have something different from Charlotte, I feel myself impelled to that conviction too.

I will put in a few words what it is that for me marks Emily out for a special position unique in our literature. Emily wrote verses, and Charlotte did not—I do not mean that Charlotte did not leave a great mass of verse. She did, but there are not four lines worth repeating. Magnificent as is her prose, she seemed to lose her faculty in verse. Emily died at 29. She had little opportunity of benefitting by criticism, but she left four or five poems behind her, of which three at least seem to belong to the great things not merely of the literature of our country but of all nations. She effected in the medium of verse the symbolising of the idea. Who is there that, listening to a symphony of Beethoven's, or the middle movement, say, of the funeral march of Chopin, or to some music of Wagner, does not feel his imagination elevated to a point beyond expression, to a point that is impersonal? That is what music, or the pictorial art, or poetry at their highest can do for us. Emily Brontë had that tremendous gift of verse.

I will use once more Mr. Swinburne's words, because they fully express my own feelings. Mr. Swinburne said:—"But the pure note of absolutely right expression for things inexpressible in full by prose at its highest point of adequacy—this is what Emily had for her birthright, as certainly as Charlotte had it not."

The greatest of Emily's poems,—one of the greatest poems I know in any language, is those last lines written before she died. The idea underlying them, the conception, the standpoint, is immeasurably beyond the ordinary standpoint. It was just before she died, when the mists of death were almost gathered upon her brow, when she, a country girl brought up in a country vicarage, under the traditions of Christianity, might well have turned to the ordinary consolations which weaker spirits require,

the ordinary props which are needed by those who have to enter the River. Not so with Emily. The first words that break from her shew her "as utterly disdainful of doctrine as of doubt;"—she had a faith in her greater than could be expressed by any creed.

No coward soul is mine,
 No trembler on the world's storm-troubled sphere :
 I see Heaven's glories shine,
 And faith shines equal, arming me from fear.
 O God within my breast,
 Almighty, ever-present Deity !
 Life—that in me has rest,
 As I—undying Life—have power in Thee !
 Vain are the thousand creeds
 That move men's hearts : unutterably vain ;
 Worthless as withered weeds,
 Or idlest froth amid the boundless main.
 To waken doubt in one
 Holding so fast by Thine infinity ;
 So surely anchored on
 The steadfast rock of immortality.
 With wide-embracing love
 Thy spirit animates eternal years.
 Pervades and broods above,
 Changes, sustains, dissolves, creates, and rears.
 Though earth and man were gone,
 And suns and universes ceased to be,
 And Thou were left alone,
 Every existence would exist in Thee.
 There is not room for death,
 Nor atom that his might could render void :
 Thou—Thou art Being and Breath.
 And what Thou art may never be destroyed.

Here you have expression of a faith that is unshakable, a faith so great that it can defy the terrors which overwhelm ordinary mortals.

Who that has read that poem has not recalled the immortal passage from "Sartor Resartus," where the voice, in the Rue de l'Enfer, surged up in the man in an everlasting "Yea," which dispelled doubt and delivered him from terror? Call it what you may—Pantheism, Panlogism—Emily Brontë felt her identity with Him in whom she had so profound a faith, and it was this that enabled her to rise above the mysteries of death and to look down on them fearlessly.

These verses will go down with the great things of literature. To find a parallel to them in strength you must go back to Greek and Roman poetry ; something of the same spirit there is in Lucretius when he breaks forth ;

something of the same spirit you have in Goethe's "Faust" in the confession scene with Marguerite in the garden. This, indeed, is a testimony to genius, that a girl, circumstanced as this one was, should from her meagre surroundings, have uttered words which will remain on record as among the greatest which humanity has ever uttered on the greatest and most inscrutable of all topics.

Emily is to be seen in another mood—a mood less great, perhaps, but very striking, in another poem, which, I think is in form even more perfect than that I have just quoted. This is the well-known poem called *The old Stoic*.

Riches I hold in light esteem,
And Love I laugh to scorn ;
And lust of fame was but a dream,
That vanished with the morn :
And if I pray, the only prayer
That moves my lips for me,
Is " Leave the heart that now I bear,
And give me liberty ! "
Yes, as my swift days near their goal,
'Tis all that I implore ;
In life and death a chainless soul,
With courage to endure.

The third great poem, in my opinion, is that called *Remembrance*—which tells of a lover separated for fourteen years from the mistress, taken from him by death. In that poem we have that which for me is among the most beautiful lines in the English language—" Severed at last by time's all-severing wave "—

Cold in the earth—and the deep snow piled above thee,
Far, far removed, cold in the dreary grave !
Have I forgot, my only love, to love thee,
Severed at last by time's all-severing wave ?
Now, when alone, do my thoughts no longer hover
Over the mountains, on that northern shore,
Resting their wings, where heath and fern-leaves cover
Thy noble heart for ever, ever more ?
Cold in the earth—and fifteen wild Decembers,
From those brown hills, have melted into spring ;
Faithful, indeed, is the spirit that remembers
After such years of change and suffering !
Sweet Love of youth, forgive, if I forget thee,
While the world's tide is bearing me along ;
Other desires and other hopes beset me,
Hopes which obscure, but cannot do thee wrong.
No later light has lightened up my heaven,
No second morn has ever shone for me ;
All my life's bliss from thy dear life was given,
All my life's bliss is in the grave with thee.

But when the days of golden dreams had perished,
 And even Despair was powerless to destroy ;
 Then did I learn how existence could be cherished,
 Strengthened, and fed without the aid of joy.

Then did I check the tears of useless passion—
 Weaned my young soul from yearning after thine ;
 Sternly denied its burning wish to hasten
 Down to that tomb already more than mine.

And, even yet, I dare not let it languish,
 Dare not indulge in memory's rapturous pain ;
 Once drinking deep of that divinest anguish,
 How could I seek the empty world again ?

If you take quality as distinguished from quantity—if you pass over the littleness of the work she left—she was young when she died—and if you judge her by the standard of Goethe—the standard of largeness, of size, then in point of symbolism and in point of the greatness of idea, Emily must be placed not only above Charlotte, but with Shakespeare and Milton and the greatest writers in English literature, and with the powerful minds that have sufficiently confronted and expressed themselves on the deepest problems which can rise before the human mind Charlotte was great, but Emily had a greater sort of greatness. The world has too little of her work. It knows only what her passion was, and with what power she expressed it—she whose soul, as Matthew Arnold wrote—

Knew no fellow for might,
 Passion, vehemence, grief,
 Daring, since Byron died.

You here, men and women of Yorkshire, are privileged to have that priceless heritage of their memories near you. Genius, when it manifests itself so, has this advantage over action that action and the records of action pass away. There is something essentially transitory about the great career as there is something transitory about even the work of the great reformer. The memories of great men who have been men of deeds fade and pass away, but when genius manifests itself in that other form of expression of ideas, then the records which it leaves behind are imperishable, because they are not subject to the limits of space, nor do they fade away with time. And the treasure which the Brontës have left behind, and which cannot be touched by the lapse of ages, will represent the truth centuries hereafter to the men and women who read their works just as it represents the truth to us who are privileged to read those works now.

HAWORTH.

Being a paper prepared for the use of the Members of the British Association, at their meeting in Bradford, September 1900, by Mr. J. F. GREENWOOD, and ordered to be re-printed for the use of Members of the Brontë Society, April, 1901.

The visitor to Haworth will probably be disappointed by his first impressions of the place. Apart from the hills, most of the elements of the picturesque are absent. Vegetation is scarce, and the hillsides themselves are bleak and bare. The view which first presents itself, is that of a straggling village, equal in size to many south country towns, rising on two sides of a somewhat narrow and precipitous valley, running north and south. On the eastern slope of the valley, the buildings are almost entirely of recent date, and old Haworth with its long, steep, and tortuous main street on the opposite hillside, has been modernised to a very considerable extent—new rows of cottages branching in almost every direction.

Both in old and new Haworth, the houses are placed in unpicturesque confusion. The monotony of the landscape is broken by chapels and schools, and numerous large factories, with all of which the neighbourhood abounds. The chimneys of the latter buildings rise high in the air, like lofty minarets, and call the faithful to work, if not to prayer. High over all, on the summit of the hill, up whose side winds the Main Street, rises the church tower—four square, plain, grim, weather-beaten, a landmark for many miles round.

Whatever Haworth may have been in the past, it is to-day, pre-eminently industrial, and for a generation at least, work has been abundant, and the prosperity of the workers is in evidence on every hand. The houses, although somewhat plain in external appearance, are well and stoutly built, as they had need be, to withstand the rough inclement weather so common in this part of Yorkshire, and they are generally comfortably and perhaps luxuriously furnished inside.

The hills round about Haworth rise to a height of about a thousand feet above sea level, and terminate in wide expanses of breezy moorlands, miles of which sweep far away into the west, and on to the borders of Lancashire. There is but little arable land in the parish; occasionally an adventurous farmer essays a crop of oats, but as a rule

he meets with small success. The farms themselves are small, and the tenants devote themselves principally to the ordinary produce of the dairy. Stone being very plentiful, the fences and other boundaries are of this material. Hedges and ditches, such as are found in more genial climates, are here almost entirely absent, and the stone walls add to the general bleakness and coldness of the landscape. A village near Haworth was once described as having "nine months of winter weather, and three months tolerable." The description is not inapplicable to Haworth itself, for here the weather is often cold, wet, windy, and boisterous in the extreme. The rainfall is considerably in excess of the general rainfall in England, and during the early part of the year, the east and north-east winds prevail. Such in brief is Haworth, and yet it is famous, and has been famous for half a century at least, with a fame all its own. In its material characteristics, there are twenty other villages like it in Yorkshire's West Riding—twenty other villages, stone built, busy, prosperous, given over to money-making—"addling brass" it is called locally—dirty, unpicturesque in detail, if picturesque in situation, and with few natural attractions; and yet there is but one Haworth, and Haworth owes its fame, and attracts even thousands of visitors to-day, to the circumstance that it was the home of the Brontës, and that in Haworth was played nearly the whole tragedy of their sad and sorrowful lives. The bleak stone-built parsonage, with dreary outlook across the church-yard and its crowded tombstones, was their home; within its walls, with one exception, they died; and in this quiet moorland village was wrought out the story of their brief existences, full of griefs, and trouble, and disappointments, and crowned by success when it came all too late.

The area of interest to the visitor is but very limited in extent. No dismantled castle of historic fame, no ruined abbey, attracts the antiquarian; no battlefield, the historian; traces of the ubiquitous Roman are few, and these some distance away. There is nothing unique in the geology of the district, nor in its *flora*. Of *fauna* it may be said to have none. Buildings or remains of buildings linking a matter-of-fact material present with a romantic past are wanting. Except the Church tower, the chronology of which is doubtful, there are few buildings which date back farther than the end of the seventeenth or beginning of the eighteenth century, and of these the number is

exceedingly small. Remains of two stone crosses have been found in outlying parts of the district—one at Oxenhope, about a mile and a-half south-west of Haworth; and one in Stanbury, a small village a mile or so away in a north-westerly direction—but of their actual history nothing is known. It has been surmised that Haworth had certain rights of sanctuary in the olden time, and that these crosses marked the limits of such rights; but this is pure conjecture, and beyond the existence of the crosses themselves there is no historical proof of it. Apart from those glorious spreading uplands, the moors stretching away to the west as far as eye can reach, almost the whole area of interest will be found in that part of Old Haworth lying at or near the top of the main street. Within a stone's throw of this point, and of each other, there may be found grouped together—like the Four Structures in the old town of Pisa—church, churchyard, parsonage, and village inn. These are all, and these are not as they were fifty years ago, nearly all of them having been changed, modernised, enlarged and “improved.” The rectory has been enlarged, the churchyard extended and planted with trees of which there were none in the Brontës' days; and, with the exception of the tower, the church has been entirely rebuilt in a totally different style from that which preceded it.

It will be seen, then, that Haworth has changed very considerably in recent years, and an attempt to picture Haworth as it was, half a century or more ago, or as it was during the time of the Brontës, is not uninteresting. A few dates here will not be out of place.

The Revd. Patrick Brontë, father of the three celebrated sisters, was married in 1812, when incumbent of Hartshead, in the parish of Dewsbury, a small village as bleak and exposed and uninteresting as Haworth itself, and some fifteen or twenty miles away in a southerly direction. Here were born his two eldest children, Maria and Elizabeth. In 1815, Mr. Brontë accepted the living of Thornton, near Bradford, and in this village were born, first his daughter Charlotte, on April 21st, 1816, and afterwards, and in quick succession, Patrick Branwell (his only son), Emily Jane—known to the world as Emily only—and Anne, his youngest child. In 1820 (on February 21st) Mr. Brontë removed to Haworth, and lived here until his death, which occurred in 1861.

Remembering these dates, and how the means of communication have developed, methods of transit improved,

and conveniences and luxuries of modern life multiplied during the present century, it will easily be imagined what an out-of-the-world, old-time little village Haworth was in those days. Mr. Brontë himself was the last surviving member of his family; and the railway connecting Haworth with Keighley was not made until some years after his death. Even the main line running from Leeds through Keighley to the North was then quite of recent construction, and in Mrs. Gaskell's "*Life of Charlotte Brontë*" we often read of "the coach," "a covered cart," and "the Haworth gig" as usual forms of conveyance. Small wonder, then, that under these circumstances a country village like Haworth, in a remote and secluded valley, should have been a little world in itself—with no great attractiveness in it to a stranger—its inhabitants, rude and uncultivated, but of marked individuality both in character and in speech. To picture the Haworth of those days, therefore, it is necessary to blot out or sweep away the railway, with all its adjuncts of station, platform warehousing, sidings, and the like. The land now used for railway purposes was then all green fields—meadow and pasture land, as rich and fertile as any to be found in the valley—intersected by the beck or rivulet, then a pretty trout stream flowing down the valley over its stony bed, to join the Aire a few miles further on. The beck is now used by the local authority as a convenient and useful drain.

Fifty or sixty years ago, the manufacturing industries of which one hears so much, in the West Riding of Yorkshire, were then in their infancy, and some at least of the operations carried on collectively, in the large factories now to be seen on every hand, were then performed by hand-labour in cottages scattered far and wide, over the country side. This was specially the case with the combing of the wool, and the weaving of the cloth, and combing and weaving were then done at home by the workman, who not unfrequently varied his mechanical operations by the expenditure of such care and labour as were necessary in the management of a few acres of grass land. The growth of the modern factory system has naturally stimulated the increase of population, and this to a greater extent even than is evidenced by the local census returns; but it has also compelled the workman in many instances to forsake his cottage home on the hill side and moor edges, and establish himself and family in a newer home as near his new place of employment as can easily be found. As a

result of the change, many cottages are to-day empty and in ruins in the outskirts of the district, while in the central parts streets of new houses have sprung into existence on every side, and the population is in a somewhat congested condition. New Haworth, or the "Brow Side" as it is often called locally, is very new, indeed; and five-and-twenty or thirty years only have been required to transform meadow lands and pasture fields into a crowded and badly-built suburb of the old village.

Old Haworth itself consisted for the most part of the church, with its surrounding buildings; some three or four village inns hard by; a few small streets of cottages, at the top of the hill, easily recognisable by the blackness of the stone of which they are built, and by the peculiar formation of their long low windows, showing they were erected in a time when handweaving was in vogue—the loom being placed along the window, to obtain the fullest possible amount of light. The buildings in the main street terminated halfway down the hill, at that point now called Hall Green, this part of the roadway taking its name from an old weather-stained hall still standing there. This interesting and picturesque old building was built probably some 250 or 300 years ago, by the Emmott family, then amongst the principal landowners of the neighbourhood, and still owning, though to a smaller extent, some of the property in Haworth. With the exception of the church, the Hall is perhaps the oldest building in the district, and though not in a good state of preservation, is worthy of a visit if time permit, and is interesting as showing a style of architecture more in keeping with the general features of the landscape than those now commonly adopted. At Hall Green the main street or road divides; one part continuing due south, and forming the high road to Halifax. The other branch dips down the hillside into the valley, and, crossing the stream by a bridge, zigzags up the opposite hillside and becomes the high road to Bradford. There were a few cottages at these points, a small mill worked by water power, near the bridge just mentioned, and these, with three or four turn-pike gates at as many entrances to the village, constituted Haworth as it was in the days of the Brontës.

So much for the general features of the place—present and past; of its history there is but little to be said, and it is highly probable that but for its connection with the Brontë family, it would have remained obscure and

comparatively unknown. Some suppose Haworth to be a place of considerable antiquity, and possibly this is so, but the theory that there was a church here in the year 600 A.D., as is evidenced by a stone in the south side of the church tower, may be dismissed as absurd. The village is not mentioned in the Domesday Book, and probably the earliest official record is one that dates back to the thirteenth century. It is worthy of note that in Richard II.'s reign, in 1380, forty persons paid a poll-tax in Haworth. In Bradford township the number so assessed was only fifty-nine. Later, as showing the relative importance of some of the various townships in the West Riding, we find that under the Riding Rate made in Queen Elizabeth's reign, in 1582, Haworth paid 1s.; Hothersfield (Huddersfield), 1s. 5d.; Bradford, 1s. 8d.; Halifax, 1s. 7d.; Ilkley, 6d.; and Otley, 10d.

That there has been a church at Haworth for a considerable period, is indisputable, though the evidence on the subject is so conflicting, and of so meagre a character, it is impossible to say for how long a time. In 1317 a decree was issued, commanding the rector and vicar of Bradford, and the freeholders of Haworth, to pay to the curate of Haworth chapel, the salary due to him in the proportions to which they had been liable *from ancient times*; and again in 1320, a monition was issued from the Archbishop of York's Court, commanding the rector of Bradford, to pay to the chaplain twenty shillings, the vicar of Bradford two marks and a-half, and the inhabitants of Haworth one mark, to sustain a chaplain officiating in the chapel of Haworth. There is other evidence of a like character.

The building as seen to-day is, with the exception of the tower, quite modern, having been built about twenty years ago. It is a handsome structure, calling for no special remark. Most of the stained-glass windows have been put in by the principal families of the neighbourhood in memory of deceased relatives. Charlotte Brontë's memory has been immortalised in this way by an American citizen.

The older church, on the site of which the present building is placed, was plain and unpretentious in appearance, and was probably built about the middle of the eighteenth century. The church had double aisles, old-fashioned horse-box pews made from unstained oak, darkened by age, a three-decker pulpit with sounding board overhead, and two east windows. Near the entrance

to the churchyard from the main street, and in the angle formed by the juncture of the gateway wall, with the wall of the Black Bull Inn, a pair of stocks formerly stood. These were removed at the time the church was rebuilt (1880).

The church tower is probably a little older than the eighteenth century church just described, but how much it is impossible to say. There are one or two inscriptions on its south face which have long puzzled antiquarians. Perhaps the one which has occasioned the most contention and dispute, and on which claims of antiquity chiefly rest, is that which reads as follows:—

Orate Pbono
Statu Autest.
6o D.

Pray for ye
Soul of
Autest. 6oo.

Respecting this inscription Whitaker says:— “Every antiquary knows that the formula of prayer, ‘bono statu’ always refers to the living. I suspect this singular Christian name has been mistaken by the stone-cutter for Austet, a contraction of Eustatius, but the word Tod, which has been misread for the Arabic figures 600, is perfectly fair and legible. On the presumption of this foolish claim to antiquity, the people would needs set up for independence, and contest the right of the vicar of Bradford to nominate a curate at Haworth.”

The tower itself has not escaped the hand of the improver, for about thirty years ago a clock was put in, and to provide the necessary space, the tower was raised some nine or ten feet.

A peal of bells, six in number, is hung in the tower, and on the largest or tenor bell, which weighs nearly twelve hundredweight, is the following inscription:

“These bells were raised by subscription by the
Rev. P. Brontë, A.B., incumbent.
Mr. George Feather and
Mr. James Lambert,
Churchwardens.”

The bells were cast by S. & G. Mears, founders, of Whitechapel, London, and the date they bear is 1845. The total weight of metal in them, is upwards of two tons.

On entering the church, it will be found that the majority of the memorial tablets are ranged round the internal walls of the tower, and those walls immediately adjoining the west window. There are one or two notifying certain charitable bequests, and a few commending the many excellencies of deceased Haworth citizens; the one which probably will attract the greatest amount of interest bears the following inscription:—

IN MEMORY OF

MARIA, wife of the Revd. P. Brontë, A.B., Minister of Haworth. She died Sept. 15th 1821, in the 39th year of her age.

Also of MARIA, their daughter, who died May 6th 1825, in the 12th year of her age.

Also of ELIZABETH, their daughter, who died June 15th 1825, in the 11th year of her age.

Also of PATRICK BRANWELL, their son, who died Sept. 29th 1848, aged 31 years.

Also of EMILY JANE, their daughter, who died Dec. 19th 1848, aged 30 years.

Also of ANNE, their daughter, who died May 28th 1849, aged 29 years. She was buried at the Old Church, Scarborough.

Also of CHARLOTTE, their daughter, wife of the Rev. A. B. Nicholls, B.A. She died March 31st 1855, in the 39th year of her age.

Also of the aforementioned Rev. P. B. BRONTË, A.B., who died June 7th, 1861, in the 85th year of his age, having been incumbent of Haworth for upwards of 41 years.

"The sting of death is sin; and the strength of sin is the law. But thanks be to God, which giveth us the victory through our Lord Jesus Christ." 1. Cor., xv., 56, 57.

Passing down the central aisle to the foot of the Communion rails, and slightly on the right hand side, a small brass tablet or plate has been let into the floor. On it are the words:—

IN MEMORY OF
EMILY JANE BRONTË,
WHO DIED DEC. 19th, 1848,
AGED 30 YEARS;
AND OF
CHARLOTTE BRONTË,
BORN APRIL 21, 1816;
DIED MARCH 31, 1855.

The entries in the registers kept in the vestry date as far back as 1645. Other registers of an even older date are believed to be in existence, but it is not known in whose possession they are. The register containing all the entries from 1645 to 1727 is only a copy of the original, and was made in the year 1786. The originals were spoiled by damp. Some of the entries are sufficiently quaint to be copied here. The earlier ones have been made by the parish clerk, a man called Ikkringill, who apparently held office for several years. Each year he was in the habit of entering in the register some of the notable events of the year.

The first to be noticed is in the year 1648, and reads as follows:—

“On the 18th Day of — in this year a Battle was fought between the Armies of England and Scotland. Lord Cromwell and Major-General Lambert being at the head of ye English Army, and Duke Hamilton and Sr Marmaduke Langdale at the Head of the Army made up of fugitive English and Scots. The latter were (by God’s Assistance) foiled, routed and pursued, and the said Duke Langdale taken, with many great Lords and Gentlemen of ye Scottish Nation, besides 10,000 Common Soldiers, as many more were slain; there being by their own Confession, and as it appears by the Muster Rolls 25,000 at least of the Scotts and 600 more of ffugitive English and Vagrant or Vagabond Souls.”

“A great Snow fell about ffastons (*sic*) Even, the week following being the 2nd week of ye Year, which continued till ye last week of the same winter.”

The Battle referred to in the above entry was evidently the battle of Preston, in Lancashire, which was fought on three or four successive days (Aug. 17—20). It would naturally excite much interest in Haworth and neighbourhood, for Cromwell marched from Otley, to meet the invaders, passing along Wharfedale to Skipton, and thence, via Clitheroe, to Preston. Wharfedale is only a few miles from Haworth, and lies on the farther side of the hills to the north of Keighley. Skipton is about ten miles away in a north-westerly direction. The particulars of the battle are fairly accurate, as may be seen on comparison with the account given by Cromwell himself. (See “Cromwell’s Letters and Speeches,” Carlyle.) The enthusiasm shown by the worthy clerk at the victory of the Parliamentary

forces is rather odd, when taken in conjunction with the entry made by him a dozen years later, on the accession of Charles II. to the throne.

1649. Notable in this Year.

“E’er it was known Carolum Regem mag : Brit : et Hyber : decap : fuisse ; there was a continual frosty Winter, and the Spring, though not violent yet lasting.”

“On the 25 day of feebry this year, being Monday there were two Suns appeared on either Side of the real Sun in the firmament ; wch made three Suns in all. They were seen betwixt Nine and Fleven by the Country People assembled at the great ffair of Cattle kept in Colne situate in the County Palatine of Lancaster.”

“On the 3rd of Septr. there was a bloody battle fot. at Worcester by Cromwell.”

In the burial notices for this year (1649) occur the following :—

“Harrison, a Taylor, buried, who died an untimely Death being Drunk ; he fell into the North Beck, Oxenhope, wch together with the ffrost air starved him to Death on ye Night of Sunday the 15th of November. Let all Drunkards that know it, take warning and avoid profaning the Sabbath Day. Sic invenitur per Juris d. Coronoris.”

“James Smith, of Holmhouse, my kinsman, buried at Keighley the — of Day of November An Dom : 1649 ; slain accidentally by the fforking of an Ox, with a Butcher’s Knife in his own Hand, which violently gliding off the said Joint, stabbed and ran into the Sinews and Veins of his thigh whereof (by the excessive Bloodings ffostering and swelling of the Wound) he died within a Month after the Mischance.”

Notable. (1652.)

“In this Year it was such a Drought between the — and the first week of June that during all that Season there was but one shower within the Limits of Haworth Parish wch was so small that it would scarce wet a Hand. The Grass was very short and slender and in many Places scorched The Corn Lands were scorched (except in moist Places) but it pleasing God to bless Haworth and other English Inhabitants

in June aforesaid they were much meliorated and heightened, so that there was a good Harvest. And this Year Wheat exceeded all other Grain (other Grain being but generally slender) yea the Harvest was so forward that some Oats were reaped at Haworth on the second of —

“On ffriday the 20th Day of August the same Year, a storm of Wind and Hail for the Space of a Quarter of an Hour did much damage to standing Corn; the fform of the Hailstones was Strange, some shaped like Spurr Rowels with sharp Points, like Dog Tooth; other like Pikes and Arrow Pikes (?). Icicles at the House Eaves in a ffrost, some of them five Inches about, which broke with the violence of the Wind.”

“It was the Effects of the Conjunction of Saturn and Mars; those planets being then supposed to be conjoined in the Sign of Leo, at that storm of Hail.

“This year there were Blackberries or Bilberries gotten in the latter end of — a second Growth. Also some ffruit trees bare second ffruit.”

Under the head of marriages, 1653, is the following:—

“Augst. A Gentleman surnamed Reesboy (?), and the Relict of one Mr. Oates, being sister of John Midgley of Headley, married by a Man like a Minister whom they brought along with them to Town.

From this, and the next notice, it seems there was no settled minister in Haworth at this date, for we read as follows, under date

1654.

Mr. Edmund Garforth began to officiate as minister at Haworth by Commission from the Commissioners at London, ordained and improved for the Settling and Approbation of Public Preachers (He having been first approved of and recommended unto them by the Certificate of most of the substantial Inhabitants of the said Parochial Chapelry of Haworth) on the Twelfth Day of June, this Year.”

The only other “notable” entry in 1655, is one occupying several pages in the register about a story of a Magpie, a Jackdaw, and a Buzzard, told to Earl Glamorgan and Marquis Worcester, at Carnarvon, by some of the inhabitants of that town. It is too long to be quoted here, and the connection between the anecdote and Haworth is by no means clear.

Wild and stormy weather is frequently alluded to in these entries. It often furnishes the only matter for remark. Note the following:—

[Notable 1655.]

“There was such a continual wet Sumer (?) this Year that most of the Hay was to sun (or dry) about the Western parts of Yorkshire at the middle of August, yea, it was the Middle of September or the Hay was sunned generally, at Haworth.”

In 1657 an early summer is mentioned. “Barley was offered in Keighley Market on July 22nd. The winter and spring following (1657-58) were cold, stormy and late. Seed time cold and wet.” 1658 also chronicles wild weather and floods.

In 1660 it is recorded that “King Charles the 2nd was crowned King of England France and Ireland on the 23rd day of April, 1660.” Then comes a long and florid description of the coronation and national rejoicings, “not a drop of rain did fall until the Solemnity was fully over; so that the giddy Brethren (who desired all to be Rulers, and would have no other) were forced to confess, That as we never had such a King; so we never had such a Coronation.”

In 1682 among the items entered is one to the effect that in December in that year, a collection was made (presumably in the church) for the Relief and Release of ffoxcroft prisoner under the Algerines, which said collection realised the sum of 9s. 10d. This was not the only act of generosity on the part of the Haworth people, for later, in 1688, there is the following:—“Colld of the Inhabitants of the Chapelry of Haworth according to his Majesty’s letters patent for the poør Distressed ffrench Protestants the sum of 14s. 10½. A collection made on behalf of John Wood, merchant, of Hull, realised the sum of 2s. 6d. A contribution was also made during the year towards the repair of St. Alban’s Cathedral in Hertfordshire.

The succeeding register, which is an original one, is of vellum, and the majority of the entries are beautifully engrossed, with, in some cases, the initial letter of a varied colour. As might be expected, the oddness of the entries decreases with succeeding years, but the following are not without interest:—

Under date June 1st, 1733:—The following were married at Bradford and by ye Clog and Shoe, in

Lancashire, but paid the minister of Haworth his Dues. (Then follows a list of the names of sixteen couples, with the addresses of the several parties concerned.)

Again :—

“Ic Smith came to Haworth to be Minister there Oct. 2, 1726. And raised the Church Rents *vi et armis*, 1727.

“Wheras (?) it has heretofore been a corrupt Custom, after receiving ye Holy Eucharist or Sacrament, for the Church Officers to dine in an Alehouse, together with ye Minister, this is the Rule or Order which in the fear of God we design henceforth to follow, viz.: On every Christmas Day and Good Friday, After Evening Prayer, the Minister, Clark, and Churchwardens with any other of ye Parishioners who have a mind to go with them are to take a moderate Repast in some Inn or Alehouse. But on Palm Sunday, Easter Sunday, Whit Sunday and Michaelmas Sunday (commonly called the Tide Sunday) everyone is to dine at his own Home: as witness our Hands. Dec. 25: 1733.

I. SMITH, *Minister*.

TIMOTHY JUDSON, *Clark*.

ADAM WRIGHT, } *Churchwardens*.
JOHN ROBERTS, }

“N.B.—It was afterwards agreed to get our Supper together on each of the Days aforesaid.”

A little later an entry records the fact that

“Henry Helliwell takes ye Grass in the Churchyard for Fifteen Pounds of Candles (three in ye Pound) every year which are used for light at Six O'clock prayers on Saturday Evenings and burying ye Dead when occasion should require, as may be seen by a Deed writte on Stampt paper and in ye keeping of Haworth Currer Esq of Kildwick.”

[On March 16th, 1737.]

“The Revd. Isaac Smith, M.A., was suspended from his Ministerial Function for Publishing and Marrying a Couple from Bradford Parish. Till Whitsunday May 17, 1741, on which day he again began his ministerial functions.

“As witness my hand.

“IS: SMITH.”

This inhibition does not seem to have prevented him exercising his ministerial functions altogether, as the following entry shows :—

“ May 15, 1739, at 6 o'clock in the Evening, the Houses in Haworth called the *Parsonage* (not the present one) were solemnly Dedicated and so Named with Prayers, Aspersions, Acclamations, and Crossings, by I. S. &c.

Surely Mr. Smith was a prototype of the modern ritualist. Original and eccentric as he must have been, he did not live long to enjoy either the renewed ministerial functions, or his parsonage which had been so thoroughly and effectively consecrated, for

“ On May 16, 1742. The Revd. Wm. Grimshaw of Xts. Coll. Camb. succeeded the Revd. Mr. Isaac Smith late Incumbent, decess'd in the Parochial Curacy of Haworth having been Minister of ye Parochial Curacy of Todmorden in ye County of Lancaster 10 years and 9 months. He was born in Brindle nr. Preston in ye County aforesaid.—And was educated at the Free School of Blackburn by Mr. George Smith Head Master thereof for some years ; but was afterwards Remov'd to the ffree School of Heskin and put under ye care of Mr. Thos : Johnson Headmaster thereof and from thence was sent to be admitted Member of ye University and College above mentioned.

Witness my hand

WILLIAM GRIMSHAW.

Min-de-Haworth.

The rectory lies west of the church, about 50 or 60 yards away. A veritable dwelling among the tombs, for on two sides it is enclosed by the church yard, with its crowded graves and numberless tombstones. Fifty years ago no trees were to be seen from its windows save one or two stunted bushes. All else was a wilderness of stone. And looking from its windows on one of those wild wet days so frequent at Haworth, one can easily see whence Charlotte Brontë drew her inspiration when she wrote the famous passage in “*Shirley*” beginning “This is an autumn evening, wet and wild. There is only one cloud in the sky ; but it curtains it from pole to pole. The wind cannot rest ; it hurries sobbing over hills of sullen outline, colourless with twilight and mist. Rain had beat all day on that church tower ; it rises dark from the stony

enclosure of its graveyard: the nettles, the long grass all drip with wet. * * * * They knew they had lost something whose absence could never be quite atoned for, so long as they lived; and they knew that heavy falling rain was soaking into the wet earth which covered their lost darling, and that the sad sighing gale was mourning above her buried head. The fire warmed them, Life and Friendship yet blessed them: but Jessie lay cold, coffined, solitary—only the sod screening her from the storm.”

The rectory itself, stone built and stone roofed, has been enlarged in recent years by the addition of a wing at its north end, and to some extent modernised as in the case of the windows, but its main features are the same as when erected 130 or 140 years ago. There is a central hall or lobby, with rooms right and left, the staircase ascending directly opposite the front entrance. In the Brontë days, the rooms were used as follows:—In front, the room on the left was the family sittingroom; that on the right being Mr. Brontë's library and study; behind the study was the kitchen, and behind the sitting-room, a store room. On the first floor and similarly arranged were four bedrooms, with the addition of a small room over the lobby or hall, used for purposes of study or recreation by the Brontës in their early days.

A narrow lane or street leads to the rectory, from the village, and terminates in a field footpath a little way past the rectory. This was the path usually chosen by the Brontë sisters in gaining access to their much loved moors.

It was a short cut, and prevented the necessity of passing through the village and coming into contact with its inhabitants, from whose rough manners and rude speech their super-sensitive spirits naturally shrank.

To many, the greatest charm and attraction of Haworth are its moors. North, west and south they are to be found—immense stretches of heather on almost every side, crowning nearly every hill, far and near, and, westwards, reaching apparently into infinity. Seen from a point west of the church, and not far from it, they outline the horizon for miles round, a wide rolling sweep of undulating hills—dark and sombre for the most part, even at mid-day, the sky line seldom, if ever, broken by building or any artificial formation. Nor is there tree or shrub in view. The soil is thin, poor, scanty; trees could not live on these heights; their roots would find no nourishment,

nor could they face the blasts of autumnal and winter storms.

There is always fresh air on the moors; pleasant life-giving invigorating breezes are found there even on hot summer days, when the air is stagnant and stifling in the valleys; in winter the wind blows over them, strong and keen. The moors inspire liberty. On them the thoughts go free. They fascinate; and over those who frequent them most, falls a strangely mysterious and magic spell. The moors are calling them, and they fall under the charm.

In appearance the moors change but little; in colour, slightly, with the changing seasons, but in form and outline never. The early summer sees them green in places with newly springing grasses, not the sweet soft blades beloved of kine, but hard, tough, wiry. Then, too, are seen the new shoots of the bilberry plant, with leaves tender and green, but the general aspect is dark, sullen, and sombre, and the colour of the moorland hills gives a fitting ground to the overhead canopy of leaden skies on an autumn day. The heather blooms at midsummer, and for a while the hillsides are purple and glorious, but the flowers do not last, and the glory fades away quickly.

Generally speaking, the moors are waterless, though here and there, is some quiet shaded hollow, a little pool can be found. Its margin is fringed with rushes, the water on its peaty bed lying silent and still, gloomy as

“ the dark pool of Auber,
By the ghoul haunted region of Weir.”

As might be expected, the moors grow little that sustains animal life. A few sheep are occasionally seen nibbling on the grassy patches, while overhead, a startled lapwing with mournful note seeks by halting flight to lure the stranger from its almost discovered nest; high in the blue, soars a hawk, keen of sight, searching for its prey, or the grouse, strong on the wing, dashes past, with hoarse unmusical call, and that is all.

The writer is indebted to Mrs. Gaskell's "Life of Charlotte Brontë," and Mr. J. H. Turner's "Haworth, Past and Present," for some of the above data. He also wishes to record his obligations to the Rev. T. W. Story, Rector of Haworth, by whose courtesy he has had free access to the Church Registers.

August, 1900.

J. F. G.

BRONTË SOCIETY PUBLICATIONS.

PART XIII.

TRANSACTIONS:

CONTAINING

REPORT OF PROCEEDINGS

AT MORLEY,

And a Paper read before the Society.



PRINTED FOR THE SOCIETY BY
M. FIELD & SONS, SOUTHGATE, BRADFORD.

JANUARY, 1903.

NOTE.

The Council of the Brontë Society wish it to be understood that the Authors of the various Articles printed in the "Transactions" are alone responsible for the opinions expressed.

CONTENTS.

PAGE.

Eighth Annual Meeting at Morley ... 171

“The Spirit of the Moors,” by

Mr. Halliwell Sutcliffe ... 174

EIGHTH

ANNUAL MEETING OF THE BRONTË SOCIETY.

THE Eighth Annual Meeting was held in the Council Chamber of the Town Hall, Morley, on January 18th, 1902. There was a large attendance at the meeting, which was presided over by Mr. W. W. Yates, of Dewsbury, the chairman of the Council, who was supported by the following members: Mr. J. Caldwell (Brighouse), Mr. W. S. Cameron (Leeds), Mr. C. A. Federer (Bradford), Mr. J. F. Greenwood (Haworth), Mr. L. Hainsworth (Farsley), Mr. P. F. Lee (Dewsbury), Mr. Wm. Smith (Morley), Mr. S. P. Unwin (Shipley), Mr. S. E. Wilson (Bradford), Mr. J. J. Stead, Heckmondwike (treasurer), Mr. Butler Wood and Mr. W. T. Field, Bradford (hon. secretaries), Mr. and Mrs. Scatcherd (Morley Hall), and other ladies and gentlemen.

Mr. Yates briefly expressed the thanks of the members of the Society to the Morley Corporation for permitting them to meet in the Town Hall.

The Honorary Secretary Mr. W. T. Field, read the Eighth Annual Report, and Mr. J. J. Stead, the Honorary Treasurer, submitted his Balance Sheet.

The Chairman moved the adoption of the report, and Mr. Wm. Smith, in seconding, said he was pleased to see so many members of the Brontë Society in the ancient town of Morley.

The report having been unanimously adopted, the balance sheet was adopted on the proposition of Mr. J. A. Clapham, and seconded by Mr. W. S. Cameron.

After the re-election of officers and council, some conversation took place on the question of the purchase of Haworth Parsonage. Mr. Unwin said the Parsonage was not ecclesiastical property, but was vested in trustees, and ultimately it might be possible to acquire it on satisfactory terms.

PUBLIC MEETING.

A public meeting was afterwards held, the Mayor of Morley (Councillor C. Scarth) presiding. Mr. Halliwell Sutcliffe, of Bingley, who is well-known for his stories depicting Yorkshire life and character, read a paper on "The Spirit of the Moors;" and Mr. Herbert E. Wroot, of

Bradford also read a paper entitled "Some Brontë Memoranda," in which he laid before the members of the Society the result of researches he had made into a number of obscure facts relating to the novels of Charlotte Brontë. Most of the facts in Mr. Wroot's paper are embodied in the first part of the "Persons and Places of the Brontë Novels," already issued to members, and the remainder will take their places in the next part of that work.

The Mayor was supported by the following ladies and gentlemen in addition to those mentioned above: The Mayoress (Mrs. Scarth), Lady Catherine Milnes Gaskell (Wakefield), the Town Clerk (Mr. R. Borough Hopkins), and Councillor Wm. Middlebrook, J.P.

The Mayor assured the ladies and gentlemen assembled that he was very pleased to be present on such an interesting occasion. This was the first visit that the Society had made to Morley, and in his own name and in the name of the inhabitants of the town whom it was his honour to represent that afternoon he gave the society a very hearty welcome. He hoped the members would take away with them abiding reminiscences not only of the joyfulness but the usefulness of that meeting. Alluding to the paper which was to be read by Mr. Halliwell Sutcliffe, his Worship said that most of them lived and did their work on a lower plane of life, and it was very helpful to be associated with men who in spirit and in mind lived out on the moors and hill-tops of imagination.

Mr. Halliwell Sutcliffe and Mr. H. E. Wroot having read their papers, Mr. R. Borough Hopkins moved a hearty vote of thanks to the readers of the papers. He said he had great pleasure in joining with the Mayor in offering a word of hearty welcome to the members of the Brontë Society on their visit to a town which could claim, at any rate, some indirect association with the Brontë family. Amongst the several reasons why they welcomed the society to Morley was that they were met in a town where commercial interests were strongest; and also because the society was such a *rara avis* as a literary society, as not only to be out of debt, but had a balance in hand. They were pleased to welcome the society, too, on account of its members. In looking over the list of membership they must all be struck in noticing the names of so many who were doing so much good in different parts of Yorkshire. But beyond these reasons they welcomed them because of the high aim and lofty purpose which distinguished the society. He knew of nothing that was more

worthy of support than an effort to encourage careful reading as distinguished from the cursory reading which was so common in these days; and he thought that through the work of that society the appreciation of the writings of the Brontës would increase in future generations as being the product of minds of those living apart from other people, minds which had been taught to think for themselves and to give expression in writing, which modern education was rather inclined to destroy. On these grounds he thought a society such as that was doing a work which they must all admire. He felt he voiced the opinions of everyone in that room when he said how much they were indebted to the readers of the papers which they had just heard read.

Councillor Middlebrook seconded the resolution, and confessed that as one who was born in the midst of the scene of one of the Brontë works he had a great pride in it; and he referred with pleasure to the fact of having heard his mother speak of meeting frequently with Charlotte Brontë when the latter was visiting the Nusseys.

Mrs. Scatcherd, in supporting the resolution, contrived a distant allusion to the Bacon-Shakespeare controversy by observing that the existence of such a Society would make it unlikely that two centuries hence people would be quarrelling as to the authorship of the Brontë novels. She also paid a warm tribute to Mr. Sutcliffe as a delineator of Yorkshire character, especially singling out his story of "Ricroft of Withens."

Mr. Sutcliffe briefly acknowledged the vote of thanks on behalf of himself and Mr. Wroot.

Lady Catherine Milnes Gaskell moved a vote of thanks to the Mayor for the use of the rooms and for presiding, and expressed the pleasure which it had given her to attend the meetings. The great pleasure on such an occasion as that was to bring oneself again in association with great minds.

Mr. Butler Wood seconded, and the resolution was heartily adopted.

The Mayor in reply said he had received his reward in listening to such admirable papers.

The members of the Society and a number of Morley ladies and gentlemen were afterwards entertained to tea in the Banqueting Hall by Mr. and Mrs. Scatcherd. Over one hundred and thirty guests sat down.

Mr. Fred Greenwood (Haworth) proposed and Mr. Unwin seconded a vote of thanks to Mr. and Mrs. Scatcherd.

Mr. Scatcherd in reply said it had been a great pleasure to Mrs. Scatcherd and himself to welcome and entertain the members of the Brontë Society on their first visit to Morley ; and they hoped it would not be the last visit which the Society would pay them.

Mrs. Scatcherd also replied, and expressed her pleasure in entertaining their friends that day, which had been a welcome variation to the ordinary commercial life of the town.

THE SPIRIT OF THE MOORS.

An Address delivered at the Annual Meeting of the Brontë Society, by Halliwell Sutcliffe, at Morley, on January 18th, 1902.

It has been well said that when truth left the valleys, it took refuge on the hills. From times of old the hills have been the mothers of conquering sons ; from times of old the hills have sheltered every primitive virtue, of loyal love and worthy hate, of mothers' tenderness and fathers' pride ; from of old the soldiers of the world have gone down from the hill-tops and have prevailed. This is true of the hills where cattle graze, and sheep clip the springy grass ; it is truer still of the moorland spaces where grass is hard in the winning, where ling and rush and bilberry fight hand-to-hand with the acres wrested from the heath.

Consider ! Flodden Field—that last decisive, desperate fight—was won by hill-fed thew and sinew of our Craven men. It is the same through history. The race has not been to the swift ; the victors have been slow farmer-fellows, who have learned endurance from wind and rain and cutting sleet, who have been taught the exquisite, long lesson of patience under heavy odds. In skill of arms alone the farmer stands supreme—the world's history is his history, and seed and growing blade and harvest-time have been with him, like a benediction, when the ploughshare shaped itself into a pike, and the sickle straightened itself into a broad and hilted sword.

Patience, infinite patience. Toil, infinite toil. Faith beyond the limits of bread, which is oft-times doubtful. These are the moorland virtues. The very ling, the crowberry, the late-budding bracken, show the same tough fibre ; the men of the moors, the plants of the moors, are one in spirit and endurance. What would come to the ling and the bracken, if they had no heart to meet the winter storms ? What would chance to the moorland

farmers, if they sank, as lesser men would do, beneath the weight of cold in winter, of drought in summer, of peevish autumn storms? Life is a fight to the moor-man always, and for this reason he is staunch in hatred, loyal in love, quick to bear arms against the adversary.

He is no saint, this man of the moors. He is no sinner. He feels the wind in his teeth, and he fights it; and now and then he is answerable for dread deeds, which lesser folk can neither understand nor judge. One knows of midnights—historic now, so far as country tales can make them—when the Squire drank level with the poacher, and battered faces smiled at recollection of some moon-mad prank played long ago. We know of superstitions which set the hair on end when passing lonely heaths. There is the glamour and the terror of the Dog on all the moonlit wastes of heath that lie between Haworth and old Bouldsworth Hill. It is a land of strength, and fear, and witchery.

And yet the voice of grouse and plover, of snipe and moor-fowl, was stronger than man's voice till Emily Brontë came. The outer world knew nothing of the storm and fret of Haworth Moor till "Wuthering Heights" was born. The ling had bloomed in purple glory—the crowberry had ripened its black-purple berries—dawn and sunset had weaved glory from the waste—and none had told the world how sweet these things can be. And then she came, and gave us "Wuthering Heights," and died before the song in her had reached its deepest compass.

These things of the heath are hard to speak about; religion of any type is hard in the telling to one who holds the faith; and to attempt praise of Emily Brontë is to praise the purple of dawn, the gold and red of sunset, the full and satisfying glory of nature in her highest moods. She came at a time when the novel was at last the true expression of mind and soul and heart; she came also at a time when the older traditions still held a dying power, when the green hue of sentimentality sicklied o'er the live passions of bare human nature; yet she knew what she knew, and never once did she waver in the expression of her faith.

Emily Brontë is the Joan of Arc of literature. Joan of Arc had all the trappings of evident romance. She rode in armour to the fray, and, a woman, fought with men in open battle. She is a picture in history such as the populace love; she has the limelight on her always, and it is easy for us all to applaud her heroism. Emily Brontë

had none of these things; she was a pale, great-boned, unhappy girl who shunned her fellows; she had no single outward gift that could appeal to a man's senses; she knew no lover; yet, with it all, she has drawn for us so stupendous a picture of human love, of human hate, of human yearning after the impossible, that men and women, who have known passion, know also that she held passion's secret in her pen. Whence came it? Whence comes the pregnant sap in springtime trees, whence comes the unalterable motherhood of kine, of birds at mating-time, of women in their happiness? None can tell. It is God-given, and that is all we know.

We who have been playmates with the heath, and bedfellows to the whistling winds and rain and winter snow of Haworth Moor, know that the dullest line of "Wuthering Heights" has that deepest interest of all—the interest of naked passion and of naked truth. It is the one book of the world, in that it could not, in a single word, have been written otherwise. It is the one book of the world, in that it shows the moor-life, as it were, reflected in a tarn of crystal clearness. It has no morality, it advocates no creed; its teaching is the teaching of the wind as it sweeps from Lancashire across old Haworth Moor; it is built upon the rock of Nature, who is pitiless and tender, angelic and demoniac, all in the one breath. The world has bowed at the shrine of many conquerors—Cæsar, Alexander, and the rest—but there is one Heathcliff, and one only. Not Alexander at his greatest—when he was sighing for fresh worlds to conquer—could have imagined a hero of Heathcliff's fibre. Not Cleopatra at her softest could have pictured a heroine so tender, so illusive, and so complete, as Cathy. The thing is witchery.

Take Heathcliff from his surroundings, and what have we? A morose, self-centred savage, who loves his fleshly idol with a passion scarcely decent. But set Heathcliff in the midst of bog and heath and waving bracken, and he's a man framed after the likeness of a god. He knows no law, save of the wind and the whistling plover; he knows no obstacle to love, save of the woman's heart; he is complete, a man in the swiftness and the surety of his passions—and yet a superhuman creature, in that he is never less than himself, never false by word or deed to the past that lies behind him, to the fate that lies ahead.

Indeed, it is this completeness of each character in the book that makes "Wuthering Heights" a masterpiece of art. The natural truth—of scene-drawing and of the play

of passion—alone would have held us spellbound ; but by its art—a delicacy of art surprising in so rough a tale—it claims our quieter love upon a second—nay, a twentieth reading. The very looseness of the narrative, the casual coming of a stranger to the moors, and his interrupted sittings with the teller of the tale, all help to conceal the steady handling of a story such as no brain but Emily Brontë's could have conceived, such as no pen but hers could have set down. It is not Heathcliff only who satisfies us ; it is not Cathy only ; it is each actor in this moorside drama, whether a farm hind or a nurse, a Squire of the valley-lands, or a hulking ploughboy of the uplands. Joseph, Pharisee, farm-hand, and misanthrope, who thrives on a sort of rough-edged joy in his own righteousness and in the sins of other folk, is as much a bit of Haworth Moor as the rocks that underlie its heather and the sleeting wind that whistles from the wastes of Stanbury. Nellie the nurse, a little prim, a little hard in the shell and vastly soft in the kernel, full of housewife's maxims and the bustling, tart satisfaction with things as they are, which distinguishes the woman of her hands—she, too, is ready at this day to greet you and to brew a cup of tea for you in that happy, storm-swept land which lies between the edge of Yorkshire and the edge of Lancashire.

And what of Cathy ? Ah, there's the south-west wind about her ! The south-west wind, that comes in summer down the wooded denes and clefts of our grim moorland, the wind that has the softness of the flowering ling about it, the bitter-sweet of peat and bogland, the nameless scents that are born every year, clean, sharp and fragrant, when the moorland flowers awake, and the primrose blows in sheltered hollows, and every mistal, shouldering green fields, gives out its witching odour of the kine. She is just this, the heroine of "Wuthering Heights," and we might as well criticise the wind of summer as take her character to pieces, bit by bit, as is our modern fashion, and set a price upon each word and action. Like Heathcliff, she is above praise or censure ; her will is the will of the moor-top and the sky, and we are satisfied. We are more ; we are enamoured, and "Wuthering Heights" is at war with womankind in that we dare not, in our ideal of her sex, stoop lower than this Cathy, with her strange eeriness and stranger warmth of breathing flesh and blood, with her perverseness that is sinless and her passion that is strained—as it were, through gossamer threads of fairy-weaving—until it seems, not passion, but

clear water from the well which is needed to dilute the rough-edged wine of Heathcliff's frenzy. She is a woman to make men lightly sell their birthright—and sell it with a laugh upon their lips. All feeling comes back ultimately to odours, and Cathy is to us what lavender is at flowering time, what rosemary is, with all its sweetness of remembrance, what wild-roses are when they flower between the drooping tendrils of the honeysuckle.

Perhaps she is the truest note in all the book, as possibly the short-lived summer of the uplands is the interpreter of storms that have gone before, of tempests that will surely follow. Amid the roughness, the violence, the blows and oaths and hardships of the tale, as we get these brief, ensnaring glimpses of the girl, as we hear the pulse of Heathcliff beat high and strong, and see the love-look in his gipsy eyes, we are aware of sunshine and the scent of hay.

Heathcliff, for his part, was not born of the moors, and in this, too, there is a strange surety of instinct. Had he been moor-born, he would have been tied by old tradition; as it was, he came, a nameless waif picked up in Liverpool, and ran wild about the heath with no responsibility to forbears or to family pride. How that picture of his coming to the Heights lives with us! A swarthy slip of Pagandom, brought home on a dark night beneath the master's cloak. Even at this first moment of our seeing him, we feel the tragedy of after-years loom mistily ahead; from the first he is at war with all upon the moor, except little Cathy and the doting master; from the first he is acquiescent under ill-treatment, so long as he wins his point at last; from the first, too, he takes up the thread of that passion for Catherine Earnshaw which is to grow to bitter fruit one day. He grows from inch to inch—good bone and muscle, all of it—and lives upon the moors, and sucks the meaning of the wind and storm as other lads suck lollipops. Nothing affrights him, except grace and gentleness; when he and Cathy roam down to Linton Manor—a well-matched pair of fly-by-nights—and the dog fixes its curved teeth in the girl's ankle, he is afraid, lad as he is, only for her pain, and tries, with a cool eye for ways and means which older men might envy, to force open the foam-licked jaws with the nearest lump of rock. When he is beaten, bruised by the master's jealous son, he never whimpers—nor forgets. He is daunted only when Cathy—little Cathy, who had been his guardian angel and his scapegrace playmate—comes back after a five-weeks' visit

to the Lintons, all dainty in her frippery, and minded to play the great lady as only a child can play it. Then, for the first time, Heathcliff is afraid, as a man is afraid of crushing a flower beneath his thick, nailed boots; for the first time he is jealous, with a premonition that she will nevermore be to him what she has been. The rift grows wider. On one side is the girl, dainty, generous, headstrong; on the other is the lad, who has never learned that even flower-like lassies are to be won by long endurance. He is as the wind and God's moorland made him; so long as he is free to blow whither he listeth, he is musical and gay; but, soon as he is thwarted, his note turns to sullen wildness, as of tempest beating on thick, hill-top walls. Wider the rift grows and wider; he sees the gentler folk from the valleys come mincing and smirking into that grim house of Wuthering Heights which asked for sterner visitors; he sees his Cathy grow daily fonder of soft speeches, and soft clothing, and soft ways; small wonder that he fled into that dismal prison-house called "Self," and showed the sullen bars of hate to all intruders, even to Cathy of the flower-like face and dancing heart.

Our love for Heathcliff would have gone had he done otherwise. The girl loved him—yes, even in those days she loved him!—and she played with her love as women will play with apple-bloom in Spring, forgetful that they are robbing earth of her just harvest. Because her love was in blossom only, not in fruit, she chose to play with it; and afterwards the dead petals showered about her, and she wondered, all in a maid's way, who had shaken the branches of that Tree of Love. And Heathcliff, meanwhile—blunt, a man—did not ask whether this were sport or earnest; all things were earnest to him—blows, and winter snow, and promise of the harvest—and he thought that Cathy was forgetting. He had a right to think so; and there was none at Wuthering Heights well-versed enough in trickery to tell him of the gulf that lies between what a woman feels and what she shows. His misery turned inward, like a malignant growth; he must have all or nothing—so much the moors had taught this gipsy—and, since he had lost some of Cathy, he would forfeit all that lay between herself and him. He ceased to wash—he did not speak when company was forced upon him—he did not trouble to un-arch his sullen, gipsy brows, nor to let his heart speak out of the dark, gipsy eyes. And most of all he showed those outward signs of inward misery when Cathy, mistress of his fate, was near. And she, who had learned no lesson such

as Eve learned after her girlhood was over and done with, must flout him for a boor. And so the gulf widened, deepened, and Edgar Linton—a toy-terrier of a man—came walking down her side of the valley.

She married Linton. It was inevitable, predestined. And she repented; that, too, was predestined and inevitable. No throstle in its wicker cage was ever wilder with its wings against the bars than Catherine Linton when she learned what wedded life must be henceforward. She had known the winds and the rains, even as Heathcliff had known them; she had lived with men, who, it is true, swore hard upon occasion, but who understood what is written upon the naked heart of life; and yet she was mated with one who, if he had gentler manners, had also a vastly tender skin. Heathcliff—her woman's instinct told her that—had loved her with a man's passion; her husband loved her as a petted spaniel loves its mistress.

And so a second rift grew wide and wider, and surely the wife was not to blame. Linton should have mated in the valleys; he had no place with such as Catherine. True, he came out in braver colours later, but over-late to convince us; and that, too, is a triumph of character-drawing, for the author never meant that we should see any mate but Heathcliff for Catherine of the Heights. Like the wind, his only tutor, Heathcliff disappears after Cathy's marriage; like the wind he reappears, and woos the sister of his rival; like the wind that riots in the autumn, he overthrows well-garnered stacks, and while he woos the sister of his enemy, he snatches a wild meeting from his enemy's wife—from Cathy, who was his by all laws of fellowship and love—and leaves poor Edgar Linton, with a flicker of late-found bravery, to marshall his gardener and his stable-boys in battle array. And through it all the author's mind is clear—she knows that Heathcliff was robbed of his mate, and she deals out the punishment, even as fate deals out its punishment, to innocent and guilty. Never, perhaps, in any book has there been less regard for obvious and untrue conclusions; there is no moralising, no appeal to blind maxims and blinder powers of vengeance, because Heathcliff comes to claim his own; the facts are stated—facts inevitable as the storms that lay the hard won harvest low—and we are left to gather in our fingers the threads of a story inevitable, true, and therefore just. What temptation would have beset a writer of weaker fibre to point, at this juncture, a moral so trite as to be wearisome! The toy terrier of a husband might have

been set in a frame of martyrdom, and all his weakness forgotten amid a lurid tale of all his wrongs and all poor Heathcliff's villainies. But Emily Brontë is above such meannesses; she tells what is, and in her heart, as we have said, she knows that Heathcliff is the worthier man. As for Cathy—unhappy, ill-mated, full of bodily weakness and aware of a new life in her, a life that is not hers and Heathcliff's, but hers and Linton's—Cathy knows not what to say when her gipsy-lover comes and shatters, with a single kiss, the mockery of wedded life which she has scarcely attempted to render real. Cathy knows not what to say; women rarely do if there is anything at stake; but what she feels is rendered clear by a hundred subtle touches.

Oh, it is wrong, according to straight lines and maxims ordered like a figure of geometry! Yet she had as little power to help her gladness as the thrush has, when for a moment it sees its cage door opened and feels the singing wind of heaven come beating in. Heathcliff was hers, and she was his; they had wedded long ago, with the hill-tops for their church, with laverock, grouse, and plover for their choir; and no haphazard marriage of the flesh could alter that.

Mark the clean way of it. This scene with Heathcliff, who comes to supplant the lawful husband; there's never a touch of squalor or of sin in it; it is no vulgar intrigue between a woman tired of constancy and a man who preys upon his neighbour's property; it is a scene of natural tempest, of unavoidable, clean storm, as when the clouds, full-charged with lightning, and weary, like the kine at milking-time for easing of their burden, break out in rain and shattered tempest-wrack. The man and the woman do not halt to ask if they love each other; as well might they question the number of their limbs, or the knowledge that they lived.

This one scene is the triumph and the key-note of the book; and after it is done, after Heathcliff has vanished, gipsy-like, into the larger spaces of the moor, after Cathy lies down upon a narrow bed and courts delirium, we realise the wonder and the witchery of this passion which is truth. Cathy has lost what little sense of worldly prudence she has known; she lies there in her weakness, and her heart is given to us, naked, plain to be read. And over that suffering, wilful, madly-beating heart, there is written, across and across, the one name Heathcliff. When she remembers her husband, she despises and is

weary of him ; and again she goes over well-remembered scenes that she and Heathcliff have lived through together. What they dreamed, of fairies and of hobgoblins on Penistone Crag ; how they had listened to the wind as it blew through the stark old house of Wuthering Heights ; little snatches of moor-lore, learned long ago in company with her mate.

Perhaps none but a moor-man can understand the feeling that one passage from this drama always wakes in one. It is after Cathy has lain long abed, fasting and fevered ; she takes the pillow between her little teeth and tears it into shreds—but the scene cannot be described in any other words but Emily Brontë's.

'Tossing about, she increased her feverish bewilderment to madness, and tore the pillow with her teeth ; then raising herself up all burning, desired that I would open the window. We were in the middle of winter, the wind blew strong from the north-east, and I objected.

'Both the expressions flitting over her face, and the changes of her moods, began to alarm me terribly ; and brought to my recollection her former illness, and the doctor's injunction that she should not be crossed.

'A minute previously she was violent : now, supported on one arm, and not noticing my refusal to obey her, she seemed to find childish diversion in pulling the feathers from the rents she had just made, and ranging them on the sheet according to their different species : her mind had strayed to other associations.

'“That's a turkey's,” she murmured to herself ; “and this is a wild duck's ; and this is a pigeon's. Ah, they put pigeons' feathers in the pillows—no wonder I couldn't die ! Let me take care to throw it on the floor when I lie down. And here is a moorcock's ; and this—I should know it among a thousand—it's a lapwing's. Bonny bird ; wheeling over our heads in the middle of the moor. It wanted to get to its nest, for the clouds touched the swells, and it felt rain coming. This feather was picked up from the heath, the bird was not shot—we saw its nest in the winter, full of little skeletons. Heathcliff set a trap over it, and the old ones dare not come. I made him promise he'd never shoot a lapwing after that, and he didn't. Yes, here are more ! Did he shoot my lapwings, Nelly ? Are they red, any of them ? Let me look.”

'“Give over with that baby-work !” I interrupted, dragging the pillow away, and turning the holes towards

the mattress, for she was removing its contents by handfuls. "Lie down and shut your eyes; you're wandering. There's a mess! The down is flying about like snow."

That gives us all the past in half-a-dozen lines. The latent cruelty of Heathcliff, the power of Cathy over his cruelty, the intimate, deep knowledge of the moors they shared—all are brought before us as the scent of heather brings back forgotten scenes, forgotten hopes, forgotten lessons taught us by our mother, Nature. That mention of the lapwing—it is almost weird in its very fitness, like the keystone of a graceful arch. The peewit is a well-nigh sacred bird to the moor-folk, for it voices their own feelings; and Heathcliff, untrammelled by tradition, is restrained in cruelty by the voice of one who has learned, from the far-off fathers, the sanctity of the shrill-piping lapwing.

What is the charm this heath-born girl holds in her pen-point? She cannot go astray; whether she pictures the strength of passion, the weakness of glad self-surrender, the least first signs of springtime or of storm upon the heath, she always satisfies. She knows, and she is true to knowledge; she gives us all the things that are, and passes by the things that valley-folk count worthy, with a courage scarcely human.

They tell us Emily Brontë never mixed with her fellows. Her own sister gravely states that she knew as little of the world's life as a nun knows of the folk who pass her convent gate. Yet they forget that smoke betokens fire, that "Wuthering Heights" could never have been written by one who did not know the secret places and the secret passions of the moor; they forget, too, that Emily Brontë, even in death, was solitary, reliant, and alone. Her own family—they have confessed it—feared to skirt the fence that she had raised between herself and her own class; yet they did not guess that she sought her own companionship in her own way, and that the farmer-folk of Haworth were more to her than all the genteel wordlings who gather round a Parsonage. She did not care for parochial life; the buzz of scandal, the clatter of tea-cups, all the polite instruments that we have devised for destroying our neighbours' happiness and our own, had neither interest nor attraction for her. She was silent, unapproachable, amid such matters; but, once her feet were set upon that narrow and that lone green way which led toward the heath, she was herself. Proof, beyond the

pages of "Wuthering Heights," is not needed to convince us that she knew, as a native knows it, that wilder world of ling, and peat, and marsh, and lone farm-steading, which lies beyond and above the world of little folk. Her dialect alone is witness to her knowledge; it is true to the old folk-speech of Haworth and Stanbury Moor, in the days before steam and all its million evils came to undo the primitive, straight honesty of the hillmen. Her knowledge of the springs of thought is true. Her instinct of the things that matter, as apart from the things that serve to pass an idle hour, is direct as a North wind blowing over winter snow.

It is part of fate's humour that truth should be late-born; it is part of fate's humour that Charlotte Brontë should have written, almost wholly in apology, her preface to "Wuthering Heights." The 'prentice hand pleaded for leniency toward his master's work, and what was written in flame and smoke of a soul's travail was sent out to the world with a fore-word written by one who, great in her own way, had yet no intimacy with the deeper springs of life, of passion and of destiny.

The book itself, by grace of fortune, is still with us. The spirit of the moors is still with us, though, like the Covenanters of old, it hides among the highest hill-tops. Perhaps it would be well to finish here, with these as our last words; yet somehow there is something left still to be said of "Wuthering Heights"—and something, too, of that hapless brother of Emily Brontë's who has found few kindly judges in the world.

Again the book must speak for itself, as a weaker page cannot speak. Soon after the crucial scene with Heathcliff, soon after those wild memories of days gone by, we find Edgar Linton in his wife's chamber.

'At first she gave him no glance of recognition; he was invisible to her abstracted gaze.

'The delirium was not fixed, however; having weaned her eyes from contemplating the outer darkness, by degrees she centred her attention on him, and discovered who it was that held her.

"Ah! you are come, are you, Edgar Linton?" she said with angry animation. "You are one of those things which are ever found when least wanted, and when you are wanted, never! I suppose we shall have plenty of lamentations now—I see we shall—but they can't keep me from my narrow home out yonder: my resting-place, where I'm

bound before Spring is over ! There it is : not among the Lintons, mind, under the chapel roof, but in the open air with a headstone ; and you may please yourself whether you go to them or come to me ! ”

“ “ Catherine, what have you done ? ” commenced the master. “ Am I nothing to you any more ? Do you love that wretch Heath—— ”

“ “ Hush ! ” cried Mrs. Linton. “ Hush, this moment ! You mention that name and I end the matter instantly, by a spring from the window ! What you touch at present you may have ; but my soul will be on that hill-top before you lay hands on me again. I don’t want you, Edgar : I’m past wanting you. ” ”

Again the true note is struck. “ What you touch at present you may have ; but my soul will be on that hill-top before you lay your hands on me again ! ” There we have the expression of wifely duty—of bodily duty, that is, because she had never had more to promise Edgar Linton. There we have the yearning for the hill-tops, always the heathery, curlew-haunted hill-tops. There, too, we have that choice of burial ground which afterwards, and in a cruder fashion, was to mark the last moments of Heathcliff. Even in death they were not divided, so far as the soul and aching heart went ; and their marriage, so far as this world went, was to be consummated up yonder on the heights, when clay met clay against the riven coffin boards. Ah, surely this was love—love of the old fashion, that dreaded neither storm nor charnel-house. We have grown too weak for such strong meat perhaps ; yet surely the dullest ears can hear the music of it, and the truth. As well deny the wind’s power, or the sun’s ; this love of Catherine and Heathcliff falls upon us, note by note, with a persuasion which is neither man’s nor woman’s, but which belongs to the singing wind, and the big, wild voice of a Nature who will have her way.

If Nature did not lead Emily Brontë—nay, rather go hand in hand with her—who did ? Follow the after-plot of “ Wuthering Heights,” and mark its conclusion, inevitable, satisfying. Cathy dies, and henceforth there is the one big figure in the book—the figure of Heathcliff, who remembers—remembers, as better men forget. There is no second love for him ; there could be none ; and again it is inevitable that he should grow soured beyond belief, savage beyond conception, when all that spells the world to him is gone. His gaze is upon this world, not upon the

promise of the next ; lose Cathy in the flesh, and he loses her for ever, is Heathcliff's guiding thought ; and again he snarls, and growls, and curses, just as the North wind does between the bleak wall-crevices of Haworth Moor.

Yet in Heathcliff, too, there is that stuff of soul which ranges out beyond the coffin, the mould, the blind worm that hides beneath the sod. We are all of us, just now and then, a little greater than the flesh that hems us in ; and Heathcliff, stronger to the last than we poor folk can be, is greatest at the moment of his death.

We will not pry upon those final scenes ; we will not dissect them, nor profane ; enough that, amid such gruesome odours of the coffin and the flesh dissolving into earth, we still hear that clear, triumphant note which Cathy sounded long ago. Their souls are on the hill tops still—hers and Heathcliff's—while Linton's crouches in the valley-lands, away out of sight of the woman he married, of the lover he had robbed of his true mate. Again and again, in these last scenes, there is that weird insistence of the spiritual, that plain, unswerving treatment of the flesh which is our prison-house. Heathcliff—Heathcliff the morose, the cruel, the Ishmael among his kind—confesses to his faith in ghosts. So does every man who has walked lonely on the lonely heath, who has felt the fret of spirit underlying the palpable, cold bluster of the storm. Heathcliff has faith in ghosts ; he has faith that spirits stalk this cruder earth ; above all, he has faith that souls can marry, though bodies have been long kept asunder. He dies, and is laid to rest, with the gorse and the waving bracken and the tough, sweet-scented hay above him, beside the body of his mate. And so this book of gloom and tragedy ends happily ; it ends, as the world of heath revolves beneath the stars, inevitably ; it ends with a sense of the world's injustice, and the hope of recompense ; and our hearts go out in yearning for the happiness of Heathcliff the misunderstood, and of Cathy, who is the daintiest heroine of fiction or of fact.

A lesser artist would have stayed here, content with her own triumph. But Emily Brontë goes further. She has finished her book ; and, yet, by quiet and quieter movements of her music she leads us into that atmosphere of peace in which she knows her favourites—Heathcliff and Cathy—must rest. Again we are compelled to reverence, not the conception alone, not the development alone, of “Wuthering Heights,” but the sure courage that will not stoop to end where recognised laws say “end”—which

goes forward to the true, inevitable finish. Lower and lower sounds the music ; gentler and gentler grows the voice of that wild tempest which has wrecked the peace of Haworth Moor ; till, at the last, we have a passage that is but a whisper of the summer breeze among the bells of heath.

“ I lingered——— ”

So the book ends, and there's never a word too much, never a word too little, in the whole of it.

Emily Brontë ! What is there more to say of her ? The bravest and the sweetest soul that ever saw the truth and wrote it down. —She is neither man nor woman ; a woman could never have conceived the book, a man could never have wrought such subtle lines of tenderness, and truth, and purity, as she has done. Like Heathcliff himself, she is above and beyond us ; she is a creature of the moors, a foster-daughter, as it were, of Nature ; and hers are the secrets that running waters murmur as they wash their peaty banks—the secrets that the lapwing shares—the secrets of things old and unalterable, hidden deep beneath the outer fret and struggle of what we call the world of progress.

She must, we are sure, have kept always a warm heart for her brother Branwell. She was not one to blame lightly, for she had watched the hill-top thorn grow crooked under stress of western gales, and she understood, as few can understand, the great primeval forces that shape both trees and men into the final mould. Talent this unhappy lad possessed ; it may be genius ; but he was cursed by waywardness, and drifted, like one lacking oars and rudder, across the waters of his days—drifted, and left a ripple here and there to mark his going, and vanished into silence. Yet he, too, has his place as a foundation-stone of all his sister's work. It was Emily's part to be steadfast, to suffer and be strong ; it was Branwell's to riot and be weak ; yet had there been no Branwell Brontë, to give a human meaning to the wild traditions, the wilder stories, on which his sister fed, there had been no “ Wuthering Heights.” Branwell is dead, and the time to judge his faults is past ; unhappy, sinning, seeking he knew not what by tangled and by miry paths, his memory has still for us some magic, some touch of spoiled romance. Nor was his life in vain ; for out of his very sins and follies his sister made more threads than one, from which to weave the finished piece called “ Wuthering Heights.”

And now to finish. To say in a word what defies the

intrusion of any spoken word. To talk of that "Spirit of the Moors" which is strong as rock, yet airy as a dream. It is a little corner of the world, this heath that lies between Wycoller and Oxenhope, between Haworth and old Hebden Brigg; yet somehow it is the touchstone of all romance, and spaciousness, and glamour. Never a swart farm-biggings, shouldering the lonely hill-top, but has its story; never a wrinkled slope of pasture but knows a Saga-tale, of hunters who hunted the forbidden hare, of keepers who came to fight, of battles that were fierce, and fair, and truculent; never a sheltered dene but smiles at memories of lad and lass, and the ways and songs of mating times long-dead. Out yonder is Wycoller Dene, whither the wooers used to walk, once upon a day, from distant Oxenhope, for the Dene was full of bonnie maids as a winter thorn is full of haws; and in Wycoller, we have as much of legend as would fill a country-side in any land less favoured than our Craven. The Cunliffes who lived, and feasted, and were merry in that dismantled hall—the Cunliffe who lay a-dying, and ordered his favourite pair of fighting-cocks to be brought to the bed-foot, and died cheering on the winning bird—that other far-off Cunliffe who rides on the West wind of stormy nights, rides, a ghost on a ghostly horse, all down the Dene, and between the guardian hollies of the doorway, and up the stone steps into the bedroom of the wife he loved and wronged and killed three centuries ago or so. These things are from of old, and from of old the wind brings back to us, as we stand beside Wycoller's stream, the fragrance and the strength of happier days. The violets blew softer then, the primroses looked outward from their nooks with a deeper and more wistful look in their great eyes; the blood ran redder in men's veins, for love or hate, and women were as full of panting life as thorn-set roses are when the sun is in their hearts. Forgotten now, as a dead man out of mind, is old Wycoller Dene; so much the better, for we have time—as love has time among the ruins—to sit and dream, and let that old-time madness of the blood rise once again and take us captive. The crowded ways of men—the street's confusion, the statesman's harvest of clapping hands, the hard-won ease of houses bigger than our needs—all these are blown away like smoke by the winds of Wycoller, and our eyes are opened, and we know. Winter, or pride of summer, all is one. There is never a day so stark, so sleety, or so dread, in Wycoller Dene, but has its steady sunshine—the sunshine

of Romance, who is man's best friend on earth.

Yet we can leave Wycoller, and go east across the pathless moor, and yet have witchery with us like a constant friend. Here the moor-fowl nested yester-year, and there the bog has tales of death to tell, if it could but open its dumb, greedy mouth; up yonder, where the heather hugs the sky, there was treasure hid when Prince Charlie came marching west of Pendle Hill, and when the Stanbury folk were doubtful lest he and his Hielandmen should come nearer still. Yonder again, where the sunset flames, and pales, and flames again, there is the dreary tavern whence a man went outward to his death, the murderers stealing shadow-like behind him. Here the old Squire fought with his own keepers, and worsted them for sport; down in the hollow there, where oak-fern trembles in the breeze, there was a great and tender passion brought to ripeness; in yonder strip of intake, hard won from the heath, a man worked lonely, worked eagerly, worked till he dropped in his own paces, faithful to the labour he had set himself. See the deep cleft there, hidden by its beard of ling and bilberry; go back a space of fifty years or so, and count the poachers as they come—ten, twenty, thirty—grim-visaged men and dour, who march together, their will the wind's will, to forage where they list. The Squire has keepers—true, but over-few to match these stalwart enemies of written law. The Squire, the Parson, and the Lawyer may drink their wine below there in the sheltered valley-lands; but the poachers are the magistrates on Haworth Moor, and the unwritten law they follow says that all which flies, or swims, or runs upon four legs, is any man's to take.

Watch them go up and up, their dogs beside them. Watch the last flicker of the dying moon light up their swarthy faces. Then let the stillness fall, the starshine and the silence, broken only by the bark of farmers' dogs, the fretful protest of the grouse. Sit down awhile upon a clump of ling—the season of the year is dry enough—and let the past and present mingle, with the reek of hay and mistal-sweets to help the reverie.

About you, where you sit, is Haworth Moor, ripe-rich in story before the Brontës knew it. About you are the old, unconquerable tales, the old, unconquerable roughness of the heath; and truth, like a wistful, homeless maid, sits hand in-hand with you. Yet about you, as you sit, there is the nearer presence of the Brontës. Visions come and go upon the smooth night-wind—of Emily striving to endure, and to perfect her masterpiece—of the old father,

querulous amid the genius he has begotten—of Branwell, escaping from the tavern window with a skin too full of wine and foolishness.

It is enough. Let the dreams die down, and hearken to the lowing of the kine, and sup the satisfying fragrance of the mistals and the heath. This is Haworth Moor, and until time is not, and the world is crumpled into primeval space, the moor-born heart will neither waver nor forget.

Listen again, now that the peevish wind gets up to scatter peace. What is the cry that comes across the bracken and the ling? It is the cry of Cathy, beating with frail hands against the window-bars. "I want to come in. I'm come home. I lost my way on the moor. Let me come in!"

Louder the wind grows, and louder still. It is Heathcliff's voice. He is lying prone in the little chamber, sobbing his heart out, and crying on the ghost that once was flesh and blood.

Again the wind dies down. And from a neighbouring mistal comes the honey-hearted scent of kine.

BRONTË SOCIETY PUBLICATIONS.

PART XIV.

TRANSACTIONS:

CONTAINING

REPORT OF PROCEEDINGS

AT DEWSBURY AND KEIGHLEY,

AND

PAPERS READ BEFORE THE SOCIETY.



PRINTED FOR THE SOCIETY BY
M. FIELD & SONS, SOUTHGATE, BRADFORD.

FEBRUARY, 1904.

NOTE.

The Council of the Brontë Society wish it to be understood that the Authors of the various Articles printed in the "Transactions" are alone responsible for the opinions expressed therein.

CONTENTS.

	PAGE.
Ninth Annual Meeting at Dewsbury	195
“The Challenge of the Brontës,” by Mr. Edmund Gosse, M.A., LL.D. ...	195
Tenth Annual Meeting at Keighley	203
“The Place of Charlotte Brontë in Nineteenth Century Fiction,” by Dr. Richard Garnett, C.B.	204

NINTH

ANNUAL MEETING OF THE BRONTË SOCIETY.

THE Ninth Annual Meeting of the Society was held at Dewsbury, March 28th, 1903, in the Town Hall.

The business meeting took place in the afternoon, under the presidency of the Chairman of the Council, Mr. S. P. Unwin. The Annual Report was read by the Hon. Secretary, Mr. W. T. Field, and the Balance Sheet was presented. These were adopted upon the motion of Mr. W. W. Yates, and seconded by Mr. J. Caldwell. On the motion of Mr. R. Denby, seconded by Mr. G. Day, the retiring members of the Council, Mr. W. Smith, Mr. Halliwell Sutcliffe, Mr. S. P. Unwin, Mr. W. Taylor, Mr. J. Caldwell, Mr. W. Robertshaw, and Mr. L. Hainsworth were re-elected. The Auditors, Messrs. J. A. Clapham and M. E. Hartley, were also re-elected. On the motion of Mr. F. Mossman, and the Rev. T. Shawcross, a vote of thanks was accorded to the Mayor of Dewsbury for granting the Society permission to use the Town Hall. Tea was provided in the large Banqueting Hall.

PUBLIC MEETING.

In the evening a public meeting was held, Mr. S. P. Unwin presiding. Mr. Edmund Gosse, M.A., LL.D., delivered an address, entitled, "The Challenge of the Brontës," before a large audience. At the conclusion of the meeting, the Vicar of Dewsbury, Rev. R. C. M. Harvey, proposed a vote of thanks to Mr. Gosse. This was seconded by Rev. M. Anstey, supported by Mrs. Scatcherd, and carried unanimously.

THE CHALLENGE OF THE BRONTËS.

An Address delivered at the Annual Meeting of the Brontë Society, at Dewsbury, Mar. 28th, 1903, by Mr. Edmund Gosse, M.A., LL.D., of London.

Although I possess in no degree the advantage which so many of the members of your Society enjoy in being personally connected with the scenes and even, perhaps, with the characters associated with the Brontë family, I cannot begin my little address to you to-day without some

invocation of the genius of the place. We meet at Dewsbury because the immortal sisters were identified with Dewsbury. Is it then not imperative that for whatever picture of them I may endeavour to present before you this afternoon, Dewsbury should form the background? Unfortunately, however, although in the hands of a skilful painter the figures of the ladies may glow forth, I fear that in the matter of taking Dewsbury as the background some vagueness and some darkness are inevitable. In the biographies of Mrs. Gaskell and of Mr. Clement Shorter, as well as in the proceedings of your Society, I have searched for evidences of the place Dewsbury took in the lives of the Brontës. What I find—I expect you to tell me that it is not exhaustive—is this: Their father, the Reverend Patrick Brontë, was curate here from 1809 to 1811. In 1836, when Charlotte was twenty, Miss Wooler transferred her school from Roe Head to Heald's House, at the top of Dewsbury Moor. In this school, where Charlotte had been a pupil since 1831, she was now governess, and a governess she remained until early in 1838. In April of that year Miss Wooler was taken ill and Charlotte was for a little while in charge. Then there was an explosion of temper, of some kind, and Charlotte went back to Haworth.

That, then, is in the main what the scrupulous muse of history vouchsafes to tell us about Charlotte Brontë's relation to Dewsbury. But it also supplies us with one or two phrases which I cannot bring myself to spare you. In January 1838, Charlotte reviews her experience at Dewsbury Moor; "I feel," she says, "in nothing better, nothing humbler nor purer." Again in 1841, after there had passed time enough to mellow her excerbations, she continues to express herself with vigour. Miss Wooler is making overtures to Charlotte and Emily to take over the school at Heald's House; perhaps a place might be found for Anne as well. Miss Wooler, one of the kindest of women, is most thoughtful, most conciliatory. Charlotte will have none of the idea; she puts it roughly from her. Of Dewsbury she has nothing to say but that "It is a poisoned place for me." This is all we know of Charlotte's relation to Dewsbury, yet nothing, you will tell me in Froude's phrase, to what the angels know. Well, I must be frank with you and say that I am afraid the angels have been inclined to record exceedingly little of Charlotte Brontë's residence in your inoffensive neighbourhood. I have to paint a back-ground to my picture, and I find none but the gloomiest colours. They have to be what

the art-critics of the eighteenth century called sub-fusc. But it is not the fault of Dewsbury, it is the fault, or the misfortune, of our remarkable little genius. She was here, in this wholesome and hospitable vicinity, for several months, during which time she "felt in nothing better, neither humbler nor purer," and looking back upon it, she had to admit that it was "a poisoned place" to her.

I cannot help fancying that you will agree with me, that on such an occasion as the present, and especially when dealing with a group of writers about whom so much has been said as about the Brontës, it is wise not to cover too wide a ground, but to take, and keep to, one aspect of the subject. Our little excursion into the history seems to have given us, under the heading "Dewsbury", a rather grim text from which, nevertheless, we may perhaps extract some final consolation. Let me say at the outset that for the grimness, for the harshness, Dewsbury is not at all to blame. I fancy that if, in the years from 1836 to 1838, the Brontë girls had been visitors to Kubla Khan, and had been fed on honey by his myrmidons at Xanadu, that pleasure-dome would yet have been "poisoned" to them. It was not poverty and cold and the disagreeable position of a governess, it was not the rough landscape of your moors, nor its lack of southern amenity, which made Charlotte wretched here. It was not in good Miss Wooler, nor in the pupils, nor in the visitors at Heald's House that the mischief lay, it was in the closed and patient crater of Charlotte's own bosom. And I am almost persuaded that, if you had lived in Dewsbury sixty-five years ago, you would have heard on very quiet days a faint subterranean sound which you would never have been able to guess was really the passion, furiously panting, shut up in the heart of a small, pale governess in Heald's House schoolroom.

If you accuse me of fatalism, I am helpless in your hands, for I confess, I do not see how it could be otherwise, and do scarcely wish that it could have been. Let us not be too sentimental in this matter. Figures in literature are useful and valuable to us for what they give us. The more personal and intense and definite that is, the greater the gift. But, the greater the gift, the more strenuous the toil and the more severe the initiation which lead to its expression. The Brontës had a certain thing to learn to give; what that was we shall presently try to note. But whatever we find it to be, we start with allowing that it was extremely and boldly original. It was not to be mastered by lying upon padded sofas and toying with a little Berlin

wool-work. It involved pain, resistance, a stern revision of things hitherto taken for granted. The secrets which they designed to wring from nature and from life were not likely to be revealed to the self-indulgent and the dilettante. The sisters had a message from the sphere of indignation and revolt. In order that they should learn it as well as teach it, it was necessary that they should arrive on the scene at an evil hour for their own happiness. "Jane Eyre" and "Shirley" and "Villette" could not have been written unless, for long years, the world had been "a poisoned place" for Charlotte Brontë.

It has been excellently said by Mrs. Humphry Ward that in many respects, and to the very last, the Brontës challenge no less than they attract us. This is an aspect which, in the midst of our rapturous modern heroine-worship, we are apt to forget. Thackeray, who respected the genius of the family, and was immensely kind to the author of "Jane Eyre," never really felt comfortable in her company. We know how he stole out of his own front door, and slipped away into the night to escape her. "A very austere little person," he called her, and we may put what emphasis on the austerity we will. I feel sure that any maladroit "whitewashing of Charlotte" will end, sooner or later, good natured as it may be, in a failure to comprehend what she really was, what her merit consisted in, what the element in her was that, for instance, calls us here together nearly half a century after she completed her work and passed away. Young persons of genius very commonly write depressing books; since, the more vivid an unripe creature's impression of life is, the more acute is its distress. It is only very stupid Sunday school children who shout in chorus "We are so happy, happy, happy!" Genius thrown naked, with exposed nerves, on a hard indifferent world, is never "happy" at first. Earth is a "poisoned place" to it, until it has won its way and woven its garments and discovered its food.

But in the case of Charlotte Brontë, unhappiness was more than juvenile fretfulness. All her career was a revolt against conventionality, against isolation, against irresistible natural forces such as climate and ill-health and physical insignificance. Would this insubmissive spirit have passed out of her writings, as it passed for instance, out of those of George Sand? I am not sure, for we see it as strongly, though more gracefully and skilfully expressed, in "Villette" as in the early letters which her biographers have printed. Her hatred of what was

commonplace and narrow and obvious flung her against a wall of prejudice which she could not break down. She could only point to it by her exhausting efforts; she could only invite the generation which succeeded her to bring their pickaxes to bear upon it. Hence, to the very last, she seems, more than any other figure in our literature, to be for ever ruffled in temper, for ever angry and wounded and indignant, rejecting consolation, crouched like a sick animal in the cavern of her own quenchless pride. This is not an amiable attitude, nor is it historically true that this was Charlotte Brontë's constant aspect. But I will venture to say that her amiabilities, her yielding moods, are really the unessential parts of her disposition, and that a certain admirable ferocity is the notable feature of her intellectual character.

Her great heart was always bleeding. Here at Dewsbury, in the years we are contemplating, the hemorrhage was of the most doleful kind, for it was concealed, suppressed, an inward flow. When once she became an author the pain of her soul was relieved. She said, in 1850, looking back on the publication of the hapless first volume of poems, "the mere effort to succeed gave a wonderful zest to existence." Then, a little later, when no one had paid the slightest attention to the slender trio of maiden voices, "Something like a chill of despair began to invade their hearts." With a less powerful inspiration, they must have ceased to make the effort, they must have succumbed in a melancholy oblivion. But they were saved by the instinct of a mission. It was not their private grief which primarily stirred them. What urged them on was the dim consciousness that they gave voice to a dumb sense of the suffering of all the world. They had to go on working; they had to pursue their course, though it might seem sinister or fatal their business was to move mankind, not to indulge or please it. They "must be honest; they must not varnish, soften or conceal."

What Charlotte Brontë was learning to do in her grim and, let us admit it, her unlovely probation on Dewsbury Moor, was to introduce a fresh aspect of the relations of literature to life. Every great writer has a new note; hers was defiance. All the aspects in which life presented itself to her were distressing, not so much in themselves as in herself. She rebelled against the outrages of poverty, and she drunk to its dregs the cup of straitened circumstances. She was proud, as proud as Lucifer, and she was forced into positions which suppleness and cheerfulness might

have made tolerable, if not agreeable. She wrung from these positions their last drop of bitterness. A very remarkable instance of this may be found in her relation to the Sidgwick family, who, by universal report, were generous, genial and unassuming. To Charlotte Brontë, these kindly, if somewhat commonplace folk grew to seem what a Turkish pacha seems to the inhabitants of a Macedonian village. It was not merely the surroundings of her life, it was life itself, in its general mundane arrangements, which was intolerable to her. She fretted in it, she beat her wings against its bars, and she would have done the same if those bars had been of gold, and if the fruits of paradise had been pushed to her between them. This, I think, is why the expression of her anger seems too often disproportionate, and why her irony is so often preposterous. She was born to resist being caged in any form. Her defiance was universal and often it was almost indiscriminate.

Do not let us presume to blame this insubmission. Still less let us commit the folly of minimising it. A good cheerful little Charlotte Brontë, who thought the best of everybody, who gaily took her place without a grudging sigh, whose first aim was to make those around her happy and to minister to their illusions, would have been a much more welcome inmate of Miss Wooler's household than the cantankerous governess whom nobody could please, whose susceptibilities were always on edge, whose lonely arrogance made her feared by all but one or two who timidly persisted in loving her. But such a paragon of the obvious virtues would have passed as the birds pass and as the flowers. She would have left no mark behind. She would never have enriched the literature of England by one of its master evidences of the force of human will. She would never have stirred hundreds of thousands of consciences to a wholesome questioning of fate and their own souls.

Let us endeavour to pursue this inquiry a few steps further. It is impossible to separate the ethical conditions of an author's mind from the work that he produces. The flower requires the soil; it betrays in its colour and its perfume the environment of its root. The moral constitution of the writer is reflected in the influence of the written page. This is the incessant contention; on one hand the independence of art asserts itself; on the other, it is impossible to escape from the implicit influence of conduct upon art. There have been few writers of any age in whom

this battle raged more fiercely than it did in Charlotte Brontë. Her books, and those of her sisters, seem anodyne enough to-day; to readers of a sensitive species they seemed, when they were published, as dangerous as *Werther* had been, as seductive as *The Nouvelle Heloise*. The reason of this was, in the main, the spirit of revolt which inspired them. There was something harsh and glowing in their landscape; there was that touch of Salvator Rosa which one of their earliest critics observed in them. But more essential was the stubbornness, the unflinching determination to revise all accepted formulas of conduct, to do this or that not because it was usual to do it, but because it was rational, and in harmony with human nature.

Into an age which had become almost exclusively utilitarian, and in which the exercise of the imagination, in its real forms, was sedulously discountenanced, Charlotte Brontë introduced passion into the sphere of prose fiction, as Byron had introduced it in the sphere of verse thirty years earlier. It was an inestimable gift; it had to come to us, from Charlotte Brontë or another, to save our literature from a decline into triviality and pretention. But she suffered, as Byron had suffered, in the direct ratio of her originality. If a writer employs passion in an age which has ceased to recognise it as one of the necessities of literary vitality, he is safe to be accused of perverting his readers. Balzac says, "when nothing else can be charged against an author, the reproach of immorality is thrown at his head." When we study the record of the grim life of the sisters at Haworth, like that of three young soldiers round a camp-fire with the enemy prowling in the darkness just out of their sight, when we think of the strenuous vigil, the intractable and indomitable persistence, the splendour of the artistic result, we may console ourselves in our anger at the insults they endured, by reflecting how little they cared. And their noble indifference to opinion further endears them to us. We may repeat of them all what Charlotte in a letter once said of Emily "A certain harshness in her powerful and peculiar character only makes me cling to her more."

This insubmissiveness, which was the unconscious armour given to protect her against the inevitable attacks of fortune, while on the one hand it was the very sign manual of Charlotte's genius, was on the other a drawback from which she did not live long enough to emancipate her nature. It is responsible for her lack of interest in what is delicate and complex; it excused to herself a narrowness

of vision which we are sometimes tempted to find quite distressing. It is probably the cause of a fault that never quits her for long, a tendency to make her characters express themselves with a lyrical extravagance which sometimes comes close to the confines of rodomontade. Charlotte Brontë never arrives at that mastery of her material which permits the writer to stand apart from his work, and sway the reader with successive tides of emotion while remaining perfectly calm himself. Nor is she one of those whose visible emotion is nevertheless fugitive, like an odour, and evaporates leaving the writings works of art which betray no personal agitation. On the contrary, her revolt, her passion, all the violence of her sensibility, are present in her written page, and we cannot read it with serenity or with a merely captious curiosity, because her own eager spirit, immortal in its active force, seems to throb beside it.

The aspect of Charlotte Brontë which I have tried to indicate to you to-day, and which I have sketched thus hastily and slightly, against the background of her almost voiceless residence in Dewsbury, is far from being a complete or unique one. I offer it to you only as a single facet of her wonderful temperament, of the rich spectacle of her talent. I have ventured to propose it, because, in the multiplication of honours and attentions, the tendency to deify the human, to remove those phenomena of irregularity which are the evidence of mortal strength, grows irresistible, and we find ourselves, unconsciously, substituting a waxen bust, with azure eyes and golden hair, for the homely features which (if we would but admit it) so infinitely better match the honest stories. Let us not busy ourselves to make excuse for our brilliant little genius of the moors. Let us be content to take her exactly as she was, with her rebellion and her narrowness, her angers and her urgencies, perceiving that she had to be this sorrowful offspring of a poisoned world in order to clear the wells of feeling for others, and to win from emancipated generations of free souls the gratitude which is due to a precursor.

TENTH ANNUAL MEETING OF THE BRONTË SOCIETY.

The Tenth Annual Meeting of the Brontë Society was held at the Temperance Institute, Keighley, on January 23rd, 1904, and was largely attended by members from many parts of the West Riding, and by a large number of Keighley friends.

During the afternoon, the business meeting was held. Mr. S. P. Unwin, who presided, stated that recently a deputation from the Haworth District Council waited upon the Council of the Society, in reference to the proposed free library which is to be built out of the grant by Mr. Carnegie. The District Council suggested that if the Society were willing to take two rooms in the new building for the Brontë Museum, they could have them at a rental of not more than that which is now being paid for the present premises. The Council had fully discussed the matter, and had unanimously come to the conclusion that for various reasons it would be inadvisable to remove the museum from its present quarters.

Mr. Butler Wood moved the adoption of the annual report, which was seconded by Mr. Jonathan Caldwell, and agreed to. The seven members of the Council whose turn it was to retire this year were re-elected. It was decided that in the spring an excursion should be made to Cowan Bridge and Kirkby Lonsdale, and in the autumn to Hartshead and Kirklees.

Through the kind invitation of Mr. John Brigg, M.P., over a hundred members and friends took tea.

PUBLIC MEETING.

There was a very large audience in the evening to hear an address from Dr. Richard Garnett, C.B., the former Keeper of the Printed Books at the British Museum Library. Mr. John Brigg, M.P., presided.

The Chairman, in opening the meeting, said that some of those present were living in Keighley when the Brontës were living in Haworth, and had heard that there were some girls up there who had written books which many people thought were important. But he did not know that they in Keighley thought anything of them. He remembered the late Mr. Richard Butterfield telling

his (Mr. Brigg's) father, with amusement, that some people from America were so excited about the books written by the parson's daughters at Haworth that they had actually come over from Cockhill on purpose to see the place where the books were written. It seemed to Mr. Butterfield a very absurd thing. The people of that district could not claim much credit for having found out the merit of the Brontë books until strangers came to tell them. He was not sure that the old spirit of indifference was altogether gone yet. Referring to Mr. Keighley Snowden's "Tales of the Yorkshire Wolds," Mr. Brigg said that he had told a man living up in one of the villages described that a famous man had been writing books about his village, and very good stories they were, too. "Aye," said the man, "I have heard something about them, but they are not all true" (laughter). Mr. Brigg proceeded to say that he thought the worship of the Brontë books was distinctly beneficial. They in that district did not all know much about literary taste. It did not thrive among them. But their devotion to the Brontë writings was a valuable corrective to the harder, harsher, more "money-fied" spirit in which they generally indulged.

Dr. Garnett then read his paper on "The place of Charlotte Brontë in Nineteenth Century Fiction."

On the motion of Alderman B. S. Brigg, seconded by the Rev. H. J. Palmer, thanks were accorded to Dr. Garnett for his address; and on the motion of Mr. S. P. Unwin, seconded by Mr. J. Caldwell, a similar compliment was paid to the chairman.

THE PLACE OF CHARLOTTE BRONTË IN NINETEENTH CENTURY FICTION.

An Address delivered at the Annual Meeting of the Brontë Society by Dr. R. Garnett, C.B., at Keighley, on January 23rd, 1904.

The invitation to address, on the subject of Charlotte Brontë, an audience of Charlotte Brontë's country people, who, if her life could have been prolonged to the present day, would have been her friends and neighbours, and failing that are her sincere venerators and admirers, may well be regarded as both an honour and a pleasure by any to whose lot it may fall. In my case it is attended with peculiar gratification, inasmuch as, though not a native or an inhabitant of the Brontë country, I may claim some

affinity with it. My ancestors, when I first encounter them, are found dwelling in the little moorland hamlet of Eldwick, in the neighbourhood of Bingley, and I was myself baptised in Bingley Parish Church. The possibility of walking from Bingley to Haworth and back in a long summer morning, was, when I was younger and more active than I am now, victoriously demonstrated by myself. I feel, therefore, that I am not altogether among strangers, and that I may claim some little participation in the honour which the birth of Charlotte Brontë at Haworth reflects upon the district. Happy the district which does possess a minor tutelary divinity, or at least a local hero or heroine! Daniel Webster, addressing the citizens of Rochester in the State of New York, a place celebrated for its lofty waterfall, informed them that no people had ever lost their liberties who had a waterfall forty feet high. A tall statement; taller, some think, than the waterfall. But it is perfectly true that a community with a great memory of person or event to which it can and does look up is more certain than a community less fortunate in this particular of retaining its self respect.

The very fact, however, that I share in the patriotic feeling which has founded and which maintains the Brontë Society, admonishes me to be cautious in my treatment of Charlotte Brontë. Among the reports of the proceedings of previous meetings which have been kindly sent me for perusal I observe an excellent remark, not emanating from a distinguished visitor but from one of yourselves, that there is a danger attending all societies formed for the study and celebration of particular authors, the danger, namely, that the author in question may come to be regarded as the centre, so to speak, of a solar system, around whom all other authors revolve like minor luminaries. This would be a wrong position even for a Shakespeare or a Dante, or a Goethe, not to say a Spenser or a Chaucer. There is no centre for the universe of Literature but the ideal of Literature herself, the light that never was on sea or land. Especially is this danger aggravated when, as in our case, patriotic fervour blends with æsthetic admiration. Within due limits this fervour is a most excellent thing. It supplies warmth and colour; to vary slightly a saying of Emerson's, it sets criticism aflame with emotion: nay, it aids the shortcoming of the critical faculty. As so finely said by Shelley, "Love where Wisdom fails makes Cythna wise." But, carried to excess, it affixes a note of provincialism upon the ad-

mirers, and, which is much worse, upon the object of their admiration also. This imputation of provincialism may be extremely unjust, but so long as it adheres it is fatal, and rightly so, for provincialism in the sense in which I am employing the term, denotes a stratum of mind below the region of the highest excellence, permanently and irretrievably at a lower level. It is not like a stain upon a fine stuff, it is a stuff of inferior texture throughout; and in worse plight than material stuff inasmuch as it cannot be converted into a finer material by mechanical process, as Sir John Cutler's worsted stockings became silk stockings by assiduous darning. I will not say that it cannot be dyed to look for awhile like the better quality, but such dyes are deficient in permanence, and you cannot dye a second rate author once a fortnight, like a Persian's beard. We could not do Charlotte Brontë a greater disservice than to fix the note of Provincialism upon her. Instead, therefore, of devoting my paper to an encomium upon her, which might be perilous, I shall compare her with those great, and, as I frankly admit, in many respects greater, authors of her time with whom she admits of comparison, and endeavour to show that she has a sphere of her own independent of any of theirs, which she occupies with as much mastery as any of them occupy their own, and which but for her would have remained unoccupied by any first class writer. The sphere I mean is the sphere of subjective feeling in the narrowest sense of the term. I am not comparing Charlotte Brontë with writers like George Eliot, who delineate subjective emotion from the outside as creators or observers, and paint states of feeling most alien to their own, inspired by passions of which they themselves have had no experience. Such a method is a blending of the objective and subjective; it is subjective in so far as it delineates mental states, and only uses incident as a means of producing those states; but it is objective in so far as it describes conditions external to the author, and unshared by him. The subjectivity of Charlotte Brontë is that more intense subjectivity of which, when fictitious narrative is its medium, Byron is perhaps the most conspicuous example in our literature, where fictitious narrative is merely the means of expressing the writer's own personality, and, substantially, story and character and reflection are but the external projection of his own being. In making the round of Charlotte Brontë and those of her contemporaries who have pretensions to stand in the first rank, I think we shall find that she is the

only one who absolutely conforms to this model: and if so, she has a sphere of her own; and if this is the case, and if she fills this sphere with no less power and mastery than her most eminent contemporaries fill theirs, she is no less entitled to first class rank than they are, even though her sphere may be considerably more restricted. Of course she was very far from having the field of subjective fiction of the intenser type entirely to herself. The number of novels of this type published in the early and middle Victorian periods was very great, and many of them were very excellent fictions, but I do not think that there are any beside hers for which anyone at the present day would be disposed to claim the attribute of genius. One result of this method of treatment must be that we shall have less to say of Charlotte Brontë herself and more of her contemporaries than might be expected in a discourse of which she is the professed subject. But it is well in her own interest to turn aside for awhile from the direct contemplation of her as an isolated literary phenomenon, and note how she stands with reference to those kindred geniuses who share with her the admiration of posterity. If she appeared as the satellite of any of these she would have to be content with a secondary position. But I think it will appear that she occupies quite a distinct position of her own, and fills a place to which they do not pretend. I do not, of course, intend by this a merely local position as the laureate of the moorlands, or even as the literary representative of the great West Riding of Yorkshire. It is here that the caution which I have ventured to give against provincialism is applicable. The West Riding may and should glory in her; but if she is to rank among great writers, it must be shown that her West Riding tales are as fit for universal humanity as George Sand's idylls of Berrichon country life, no less steeped in local colouring than Charlotte Brontë's novels, but readable from China to Peru.

The great novelists of the early and middle divisions of the Victorian era, who constitute the constellation of which we maintain Charlotte Brontë to have been a bright particular star, are Dickens, Thackeray, George Eliot, Kingsley, Anthony Trollope, Mrs. Gaskell, Bulwer, Borrow and Disraeli. The list is rigidly framed, excluding writers so excellent in their respective styles as Mrs. Oliphant, Miss Yonge and Wilkie Collins. I think it will be allowed that the quality of *genius* may be predicated of them all. Some doubts might possibly arise respecting the claims of

Bulwer and Trollope to this divine attribute : but, even if the men were not in the strictest sense geniuses, their talent appears all the more prodigious, and their productiveness renders them more conspicuous in our literature than writers of finer endowments whose spheres were more limited and partial.

Dickens and Thackeray, though each had too much good taste to depreciate the other openly, neither admired nor sympathised with each other as they might have done. Nevertheless, their names are as intimately coupled in our literature as are in German literature the names of the two poets whose union in mind and heart was most perfect, Goethe and Schiller, and for the same reason, not merely because they were illustrious contemporaries, but because they are both the contrasts to and the complements of each other. Dickens is the prose poet, Thackeray the consummate master of prose. Dickens is the great painter of the teeming life of the humbler orders of society : Thackeray of the higher and of the upper middle classes and those parasitic growths of humbler origin—the valet, the bill discounter, the toady, and the like—which insinuate themselves into their sphere. Dickens is the unsurpassed master of broad humour whether jovial or grotesque, Thackeray of humour in its more refined manifestations. Thackeray is a most admirable writer both of humorous and pathetic verse, but you can scarcely call him a poet : Dickens is rarely other than a poet, though much beside, but his metrical performances are insignificant. Neither touch Charlotte Brontë anywhere, they leave the field entirely open for her peculiar gift : and, notwithstanding her enthusiastic admiration for Thackeray, she would have written as she has written if he had not existed.

It is scarcely needful to discuss the relation of Anthony Trollope and George Eliot to Charlotte Brontë, as they both came after her, and had there been any question of borrowing or of influence, they would evidently have been the indebted parties. In fact no such question arises : but it is impossible, in however brief a survey of Charlotte Brontë's position in the literature of her time, to pass over the strong affinity between her work and a portion of George Eliot's. At first sight this is not so apparent, owing to the great dissimilarity of atmosphere and environment. George Eliot never came into Yorkshire, or resided at Brussels, or was brought up at a semi-charity school, or shared the hard lot of private

school-teachers or governesses. Charlotte Brontë knew little about the Midland counties, or Florence, or political agitations, or foreign gaming tables. Nevertheless there is one fibre almost identical, or if distinction there be it is that in Charlotte Brontë's case the fibre is the whole woman, while in George Eliot's it is but one string of a most ample harp. I mean the fibre of passion. Passion is the dominant note of Charlotte Brontë's, nay it is more, it is the music. Take away this ardent, impetuous, sometimes tempestuous feeling, and little remains. But it exists equally in the rich nature of George Eliot, only in company with so many other emotions as to be much less conspicuous. Take, however, the character of Maggie Tulliver, and you will see passion fully as intense and fully as genuine as any that Charlotte Brontë ever depicted: only surrounded with such a crowd of circumstances into which passion does not enter, but which are represented with equal mastery, that it does not produce the same overwhelming effect. You cannot well think of Maggie Tulliver without the three aunts coming to mind also. The point for us, however, is that there is no trace of any direct influence of Charlotte Brontë upon George Eliot. Both drew from the book of Nature, both obeyed the precept. Look into thy heart and write. There can be no doubt that Maggie is a closer portrait of George Eliot than any of her other personages, but she is only one aspect of a various and opulent nature, while Jane Eyre and Caroline Helston, and Lucy Snowe are substantially Charlotte Brontë herself. Hence their surpassing force, they gain in intensity what they lose in breadth. In truth to nature and in the interest of person and situation, there is nothing to choose between Charlotte and her successor. It is worthy of remark that Charlotte Brontë owes much of her energy of representation to her custom of writing in the first person. Two of her three novels are so composed, and hence emotion comes straight from author to reader without the interposition of any medium. This method has its disadvantages, but is excellent for the subjective writer whose forte is passion. "The Sorrows of Werther" could not otherwise have been made impressive, but when Goethe came to give a picture of general society he dropped it: nor is it a usual method with the novelists who have given us entire worlds of personages, Scott and Dickens, and George Eliot. I might almost add Anthony Trollope, though perhaps the bulk of the latter's work might be more correctly described

as constituting not a world but a panorama. A marvellous panorama it is of "all sorts and conditions of men," and if wanting the creative breath which prevades Dickens it may at least be said that Trollope's observation sometimes aids him where Dickens's deserts him. Dickens is a poet, and a poet cannot work unless he be in some degree in sympathy with his subject. Dickens's sympathy apparently abandoned him when he came to deal with the higher classes, and his portraits of these are little better than caricatures. He is the painter, whose ability to render faithfully what he sees distinctly may be impaired by the state of his nerves, or any one of a thousand accidents. But Trollope is like a camera, fit the instrument up properly, bring the object to it or it to the object, and you may be sure of a faithful rendering, though it may depend much upon the state of the atmosphere whether bright or prosaic. It is evident therefore that he can have little in common with Charlotte Brontë, and that each is far from encroaching on the other's sphere.

In truth, three out of the four novelists who have been mentioned are parted by Charlotte Brontë by a wide and deep gulf. They are objective, that is, they describe scenes and create characters external to themselves: while she is subjective, that is, almost everything she writes is related not merely artistically but vitally to herself, and has in some sense been lived over by her. George Eliot is to a certain extent in the same category as Charlotte Brontë, but so wide is her range that the portion of the work of which this can be affirmed appears but small in comparison with that which lies outside of Charlotte's sphere: she cannot, therefore, be regarded as the especial representative of subjective passion. There is also strong evidence of a desire to make her fictions operate upon the world, and contribute to its amelioration, a feeling entirely absent from Charlotte Brontë, as it must be from every purely subjective writer. I do not think that George Eliot has carried it to any inartistic length: but this is more than can be said of the next distinguished novelist upon our list, Charles Kingsley. Kingsley's earliest novels are written to recommend the ideas of Christian socialism: his "Hypatia" and "Two Years Ago" are manifestos of Broad Church theology; "Westward Ho!" endeavours the revival of the age of Elizabeth. All approach perilously near the region of the tract: but all are saved by the writer's energy and marvellous gift of picturesque description, as well as the fine moral tone and the

translation of the ideas of Carlyle into ordinary speech. They have this much in common with Charlotte Brontë's novels that they are works of intense passion, but hers is the passion of an individual and his the enthusiasm of humanity. A novelist of equal genius, but who appears at first sight at the opposite pole from Kingsley—Disraeli—resembles him in the extent to which he writes with a direct purpose. Long before Charlotte Brontë's time "Vivian Grey" had been written to satirise the politics of the day, and point out the possibility of the formation of a new party: and "Contarini Fleming" to idealise Disraeli himself in the character of poet, to which he then sincerely thought he had a claim. During the period of Charlotte's literary activity Disraeli produced three novels with the most unmistakable political purpose, and therefore not touching at all upon her peculiar domain. "Contarini Fleming" in some measure does so, and the contrast of method is instructive. We see Charlotte representing the heroines who impersonate her conception of herself in the simplest manner, with the least possible diversity of circumstances from her own, in a word, painting herself as she really was. Disraeli, on the contrary, envelops his childhood with picturesqueness and magnificence, places himself in ideal surroundings and in an ideal atmosphere, and, while not unfaithful to his own conception of his own character, makes his environment not what it was, but what he would have wished it to have been. This fundamental difference of method places even his subjective work in quite a different category from Charlotte Brontë's. Borrow presents a curious combination of objective and subjective tendencies. No writer can possibly be more vivid in description, or more interested in things external to himself: on the other hand his works are pervaded by his own personality, and, while most graphic in depicting salient traits of character, he gives us no whole man except himself. In both these characteristics he differs from Charlotte Brontë, upon whom he can have exerted no influence. There remain two authors of singular versatility, Bulwer and Mrs. Gaskell. Bulwer's passion was literary fame, in pursuit of this he accommodates himself with unrivalled dexterity to the taste of the day, but you never can be sure of having his real mind, unless perhaps when his novels turn upon occult studies. He cannot, therefore, be compared with Charlotte Brontë. The last great novelist on our list, Mrs. Gaskell, not the least of whose titles to fame is her admirable and classical

biography of her heroine Charlotte, was, like Bulwer, though from different motives, so versatile, that it is hard to say where the real manifestation of her individuality is to be found. All her books are masterly, but no two are alike. It is difficult, therefore, to parallel her with an authoress so thoroughly self-consistent as Charlotte Brontë.

This hasty and imperfect review of the characteristics of the chief writers of Charlotte Brontë's period who have any claim to be accounted her rivals should at all events suffice to establish that she occupies a niche of her own, and cannot be classified with any of them. This is enough to rescue her from the charge of provincialism. She is not merely the representative of a particular district, but occupies a place in the great Pantheon of English literature which but for her would have remained unfilled. If I were now writing a history of English literature it would be needful to define this place, and vindicate by examples her right to hold it. This is unnecessary on the present occasion, when I am addressing an audience well read in her writings and patriotically interested in them, and which has, moreover, frequently had the advantage of hearing them discussed by critics of eminence. We may assume as generally admitted that the predominant characteristic of Charlotte Brontë's writings is Passion—whether the passion of love or the passion of hate, or local or patriotic enthusiasm, or any other by which her intense and indomitable nature might at the time be actuated. None of her contemporaries are open to the impressions of powerful feeling in an equal degree, and none are so exclusively possessed by them. Her sphere, therefore, while it has many points of contact with theirs, especially with George Eliot's, is nevertheless dissimilar. This is to say that she is original, and indeed I can hardly think of any writer of her day, except Borrow and Browning, of whom absolute originality can be so unequivocally predicated. A considerable affinity to Byron may be traced. Like him she possessed

“A fount of fiery life
Which served for a Titanic strife.”

But while Byron marred splendid work by frequent affectation and insincerity, nothing is more characteristic of Charlotte Brontë than her absolute truthfulness. Some of her pictures, especially of the schools where she was pupil and teacher, have been taxed with inaccuracy. This may be the fact, but none can doubt that she described

them as they appeared to herself. She would not for the world have debased her art to a manufacture, or put pen to paper in the absence of a definite call. Once, indeed, she was prevailed upon to lengthen by an episode a novel which had fallen short of the regular three volume quantum, but the episode is one of the best things in the book. As this austere conscientiousness is one of her glories, so it is correlated with her principal shortcoming, not a shortcoming which in any way detracts from the merits of the novels which she has given us, but one which prevented her from giving us many more. She is deficient in invention and creative imagination: she can only speak of what she has realised by her personal experience. Hence all three novels are mainly autobiographical. She is indeed fully capable of drawing portraits of persons external and even distasteful to herself with startling effect, witness the wonderful picture of Madame Beck in *Villette*, but they must be people she has known, and who have come within her own sphere. She cannot create a character by sheer force of imagination, nor can she devise a set of circumstances out of which to construct a story. The consequence was a great limitation in her powers of production. She had by no means worn her mind out, but she had exhausted her material; and as she would not condescend with many another novelist to use the old material over again, it is probable that even if her life had been prolonged she would have written little more. If, like George Sand, while retaining unimpaired the passion which first set her pen in motion, she had been able to devise an endless series of novel scenes and incidents, she might, with life and health, have filled a prodigious place in our literature. As it is, her praise must be the reverse to have produced a greater effect than almost any other novelist whose production is limited to three books.

It is not easy to speak of Currer Bell without naming Ellis and Acton. Anne Brontë lives by her sisters, a single lyric reveals the poetess. Some distinguished critics have preferred Emily to Charlotte. I should deprecate the comparison: their genius and their spheres are dissimilar. Charlotte is not a poet, and Emily is not an artist. The apology for the savage repulsiveness, tempered by the deepest tenderness, of her "*Wuthering Heights*" is that save in form it is a lyric, a work of poetical inspiration. It came to her, she did not plan or scheme it. The same is true of her better poems, especially of her masterpiece, the lines beginning, "No coward soul is mine," one of the

very few examples of the sublime in English poetry of the Victorian era, and in intensity of feeling and magnificence of expression surpassing every other lyric of an English poetess. Had she lived and had this inspiration continued to be vouchsafed to her, whether in prose or verse, her place must have been high indeed. But it was fitful and capricious, independent of her own will, and might never have revisited her. In any case, neither with it nor without it, would she have emulated the more disciplined genius of her sister, any more than the latter would have rivalled her as a poetess.

I am about to conclude my discourse by reading an anecdote of Charlotte Brontë from a book which, being privately printed, is probably unknown to you, supplemented by some reflections and reminiscences by the writer, a man of the most delightful nature and the highest culture. He is the late William Johnson Cory, dear to some few as a poet, appreciated by still fewer as an historian, though without a rival in pregnancy and conciseness; the most efficient Eton master of his day and the best modern writer of Latin verse; the reformer of King's College, Cambridge, in conjunction with Henry Bradshaw; and who nevertheless with all these titles to distinction, has remained almost unknown. I will endeavour to make him known here as an admirer of Charlotte Brontë. He says in the privately printed book to which I have alluded, the "Extracts from his Letters and Journals," printed after his death, describing a visit paid to Haworth in 1867:—

"Went to Haworth with the three Butlers. Glad to find Arthur Butler thinking as I do about "Shirley," the best of books. They told me what Richmond told them about Charlotte Brontë's portrait. She was very shy, and for two sittings he was out of hope; but the third time she met the Duke of Wellington's servant leaving the house, which made Richmond say, 'if you had been here a quarter of an hour sooner you would have seen the Duke of Wellington.' Whereupon she broke out into eager asking about the Duke; and so the painter caught the eager expression given in his portrait, of which I bought a photograph in Keighley. When Richmond was getting on well with the portrait she stood behind him looking at it: he heard a sob—she said, 'Excuse me—it is so like my sister Emily.'"

Mr. Cory visited the parsonage, which he describes as a miserable homestead, and he adds:

"Out of that prison the little Charlotte put forth a hand to feel for the world of human emotion, I wish she would come back to us, and count up the myriads to whom she has given new souls.

Now I remember reading 'Jane Eyre' straight through at a sitting in my home drawing-room, and again on the black, gnarled wreathed rocks of Bude (1850) where there was a lowering stormcloud and a sunset on a distant sail, and a hollow roar in the reefs, and the reading broken off by a queer rattle of shingle which turned out to be a sheep fallen from the cliff: the last summer holidays spent with my mother."

There is a peculiar propriety in Mr. Cory's record of his having read "Jane Eyre" upon the cliffs at Bude, for you will remember that Charlotte Brontë's mother was a Cornish woman. I do not think however, that her Cornish ancestors were, like her father's family, Celtic. Much of her genius may be traced with probability to the happy mixture of blood, connected with the environment of her youth, peculiar, independent, original, but much less rough than Emily Brontë and Mrs. Gaskell between them have made it out to be. I will not suppress Mr. Cory's pretty compliment to the fair sex of these parts. "The women," he says, "talk most musically." When he speaks of having read "Jane Eyre" straight through at a sitting, we must conclude that he had the day before him when he began. This is not quite my experience. When I first read "Jane Eyre" my days were given to official work, and I could read only in the evening. I remember how the book kept me up to two o'clock in the morning, and how I closed it at the end of that thrilling passage where Jane proves to Mr. Rochester that an evil thing has really been near her by showing him that her veil has been torn from the top to the bottom. Fame might be founded on this incident alone: but it is a stronger proof of Charlotte's genius that her work and life as a whole should be able to awaken intense interest in readers so cultured and refined, so tender and manly and sweet-natured as Mr. Cory's letters and journals show him to have been.

Will she retain this power? I think so. It is a remark of Aubrey, writing three quarters of a century after Shakespeare, that Shakespeare's dramatic contemporaries, frequently preferred to him in his own age, are already out of date because they merely depict contemporary manners, while Shakespeare depicts universal manners. This is just what Charlotte Brontë does in her far more

limited sphere; she gives us the emotions which will be always true, always living, and her work owes little or nothing to the merely accidental and temporary. Works which reproduce "the very form and pressure of the time," and deal with the questions, momentous as these may be, which principally interest the time, are inevitably doomed to dwindle in attractiveness—although, if true works of genius, they cannot die—until their abiding worth comes to be mainly historical. They may in this stage be compared to fossils, the imposing skeletons of grand and gigantic creatures whose softer parts have undergone decomposition: while the simply subjective romance, derived from a source of perennial feeling, reaches posterity like the pebble, which the everlasting roll of Time's ocean has only served to polish.



BRONTË SOCIETY PUBLICATIONS.

PART XV.

TRANSACTIONS:

CONTAINING

REPORT OF PROCEEDINGS

AT BATLEY AND HAWORTH,

AND

A PAPER READ BEFORE THE SOCIETY.



PRINTED FOR THE SOCIETY BY
M. FIELD AND SONS, LTD., SOUTHGATE, BRADFORD.

JANUARY, 1906.

NOTE.

The Council of the Brontë Society wish it to be understood that the Authors of the various Articles printed in the "Transactions" are alone responsible for the opinions expressed therein.

CONTENTS.

	PAGE.
Eleventh Annual Meeting at Batley	223
“Wuthering Heights,” by Mrs. Humphry Ward ...	227
Commemoration of the Fiftieth Year after the Death of Charlotte Brontë	232
“The Genius of the Brontës,” by Ernest de Selincourt, M.A. ...	234

ELEVENTH ANNUAL MEETING OF THE BRONTË SOCIETY.

The Eleventh Annual Meeting took place at Batley, on the 14th of January, 1905, in the Town Hall.

A Public Meeting was held at 3 p.m., for the purpose of hearing an address by Mrs. Humphry Ward, on *Wuthering Heights*. Mr. Walter Bagshaw, J.P., presided over a crowded meeting, and he was supported by Mr. S. P. Unwin, Dr. J. A. Erskine Stuart, Mr. C. A. Federer, the Rev. O. K. Hobbs, M.A., Mrs. John Stubley, Miss Elsie Taylor, Miss Cockshott, Mrs. C. E. Sugden, Mr. Butler Wood, Mr. W. T. Field (secretary), Councillor W. W. Yates, Mr. J. J. Stead, and others.

The Chairman extended a very cordial welcome on behalf of the people of Batley to the members of the Brontë Society. He was sorry that they, locally, had not been entrusted with some of the arrangements for that meeting, as he felt sure that they would have been enabled to extend hospitality on a more liberal scale than would be given that day. Some of them, he believed, were that day visiting Batley for the first time. They had no beautiful buildings to show them, and nothing much of historic interest, at least none they could find out during the short interval between the afternoon and evening meetings. As they knew, the trade of the town was the utilization of wastes. They gathered up the rags and tatters from all parts of the globe and utilized them in their manufactures. The thought suggested itself to him that if some genius could utilize the great waste in the literary world there was a fortune at his disposal. What an amount of literary effort was put into the waste paper basket every week. If someone could utilize it and produce some good readable matter from it he would make a fortune.

He was sorry that in Batley they did not possess a Philosophical Society for the encouragement of literature, science and art; but with the establishment of their new Free Library he hoped that Batley would be better equipped in the future for the study of literature. At times he was impressed with the idea that they had the yellow peril in their midst—he did not mean the influence of Asiatic labour—but the search after the yellow metal, gold.

In modern times the struggle for wealth was so keen that men were casting on one side almost everything of a higher nature in the pursuit of gold. Rarely nowadays did business men devote themselves to serious reading, and especially to poetry. Their reading was of a lighter kind, and that was one reason why, personally, he was grateful to the Brontë Society for holding its meeting at Batley that day. He thought it would stimulate the reading of literature of a healthy and pure character.

Then Batley was so near the Brontë district that they ought on that account to take a deep interest in the Brontë works. From his window he could see Oakwell Hall, Birstall Church, Rydings, Red House, and other scenes mentioned in *Shirley*. He was first interested in Brontë literature through living near to Miss Nussey, and he had the privilege of seeing her in many moods. He had seen her when she was a cheerful, charming, and fascinating English lady, and he had seen her in her eccentric mood—very eccentric—and he had seen her when she was in trouble. It was through Miss Nussey that he learned his faults, and he was gratified to find that he had only one and it was that he was a Radical. Sometimes he teased her on her state of single blessedness, and she assured him it was not the fault of the men. One could readily imagine that in her younger days she must have been a most attractive person, in fact she was so in her old age. Some amount of ridicule had been cast upon such organizations as the Brontë Society, which were said to exist for hero worship. Well, Carlyle placed amongst his heroes the man of letters. It seemed strange that these literary heroes should rule the world much more after they were dead than when they were alive. That afternoon they had with them Mrs. Humphry Ward, a lady whose fame was known to them all, so that anything he could say would be like gilding refined gold. Before inviting Mrs. Ward to deliver her address, he asked Miss Taylor to perform an interesting ceremony.

Miss Elsie Taylor then stepped forward, and handed a bouquet of flowers to Mrs. Humphry Ward, who thanked her for the gift.

After Mrs. Ward had read a paper on *Wuthering Heights*, Mr. T. C. Taylor, M.P., responded to the call of the chairman to move a vote of thanks to the reader of the paper. He addressed himself first to the members of

the Council of the Brontë Society, whom he thanked for having brought them there, and provided the great treat they had enjoyed in listening to Mrs. Humphry Ward. She said that though horror and extravagance characterised *Wuthering Heights*, they were not the great characteristic notes of Emily Brontë's genius. He dare not differ from so eminent a craftswoman, and so great a critic as Mrs. Ward, but if he might go back to the time of his boyhood, when he first read *Wuthering Heights*—and he had read it since—he would say that horror and extravagance impressed his mind very deeply. When one became more matured in life and experience, one found what looked like her extravagances had sometimes their counterpart in real life, but, after all, one must admit that there was in the book a great deal of what one might call exaggerated reality. There was also a great deal in *Wuthering Heights* that was true to life. He thought that if Emily Brontë, undoubtedly the ablest of the three sisters, had lived to have a wider outlook and a wider experience of life than could be gained in the narrow circle in which she moved, we should have had work of gigantic power, of greater coherence and certainly of more finish than *Wuthering Heights*. The book had afforded Mrs. Ward a text upon which she had discoursed sweet literary music, and he felt grateful to her for that visit. His grandfather and grandmother lived for forty years in Briarfield Hall, a cousin of his now resided at Fieldhead, and, therefore, he felt, somehow, quite connected with the Brontës himself. At all events, they were proud of the Yorkshire features of the Brontë writings. Mr. Taylor also referred to the literary work of Mary Taylor—no relation of his, unhappily for him—a friend of the Brontës, who died a few years ago at Cleckheaton after a very eventful and almost romantic career. Miss Taylor wrote a book which he claimed they ought to know better, as it deserved, in his opinion, to rank along with,—although not quite equal to—the books of Charlotte and Emily Brontë. He esteemed it a great privilege to be allowed to move a vote of thanks to so eminent an authoress as Mrs. Humphry Ward, and to have heard a criticism by so able a lady.

Mrs. John Stubley seconded the proposition, which was carried unanimously.

Mrs. Ward thanked them for the kind reception accorded her. With respect to Mr. Taylor's remarks,

what she wished to say was, that while the horror and extravagance of Emily Brontë's work were to some extent the literary fashion, the truth and reality were all her own.

Mr. S. P. Unwin proposed a vote of thanks to the Mayor and Corporation of Batley for the use of the hall. He remarked that they were always welcome wherever they went, and they had been welcomed at Batley. It was also his duty, on behalf of the society, to offer its tribute of thanks to Mrs. Ward for having come down to Batley. They had had a rare and exceptional opportunity which the people of Batley had not failed to appreciate.

Mr. Butler Wood seconded the motion which was carried.

Mr. W. W. Yates moved a vote of thanks to the chairman, which was seconded by the Rev. O. K. Hobbs, and duly acknowledged by the chairman.

MEMBERS' ANNUAL MEETING.

After tea, the annual meeting took place, Mr. S. P. Unwin presiding.

Mr W. T. Field (Bradford), corresponding secretary, read the report, which showed a membership of about 350. The amount taken for admission to the museum at Haworth, had been £29 17s. 2d.

Mr. J. J. Stead (Heckmondwike), hon. treasurer, submitted the balance-sheet, shewing the receipts to have been £90 5s. 6d., and the expenditure £83 7s. 10d., leaving a balance of £6 17s. 8d.

The Chairman pointed out that the balance was £9 less than last year, but it must be remembered that over £10 had been spent on Brontë books, photos, and relics. With regard to the big scheme—the purchase of Haworth Vicarage for the purposes of the museum—that would be a separate undertaking of the society, and with separate subscriptions. There was very little doubt, considering the interest taken in the Brontë Society, its popularity not only in this country and in America, but elsewhere, that a determined effort would be made to raise money to purchase the property if it could be obtained at a reasonable price.

Mr. R. Denby (Bradford) formally moved the adoption of the report and balance-sheet.

Mr. W. W. Yates (Dewsbury) seconded, and the motion was agreed to.

The Right Hon. the Earl of Crewe was re-appointed president.

Mr. Field reminded the meeting, that on the 31st of March, 1905, it would be fifty years since Charlotte Brontë died, and a discussion took place with respect to the desirability of commemorating the event.

Mr. J. J. Stead thought it might be a good thing to have a service in the church at Haworth, and to endeavour to get Mr. Bradley (the "Mr. Sweeting" of *Shirley*) to speak. Mr. Bradley was now living at Richmond, in Surrey.

The preceding has been reproduced from the account given by the *Dewsbury Reporter*.

"WUTHERING HEIGHTS."

The substance of a paper read at the Annual Meeting of the Brontë Society, held at Batley, January 14th, 1905, by Mrs. Humphry Ward.

Mrs. Ward said it was delightful to find herself in Yorkshire, in the Brontës' own county. At the same time, she confessed that it made her very nervous, because she was among the descendants of those who knew the sisters Brontë personally. Although she could not plead that, yet in her early childhood she was within touch of those who had known them—Mr. and Mrs. W. E. Forster and her own people, the Arnolds of Fox Howe. In dealing with the books of the Brontë sisters it was always best to endeavour to speak, not the language of mere panegyric, but that natural to a reader whose critical sense, no less than his sense of enjoyment, shared in the general stimulus which was derived from the power and vitality of the books themselves. The Brontës, continued Mrs. Ward, are searching personalities. They challenge no less than they attract. Their vigorous effect upon the reader's sympathies and judgment has been always part of their ascendancy and one great secret of their enduring fame. To handle their work in a spirit of flat eulogy and recommendation would be an offence to it and to them. Its technical faultiness, moreover, is an element of its charm.

The romantic inequalities, the romantic alternations of power and weakness which these books show, appeal to those deep and mingled instincts of the English mind

which have produced our rich, violent, faulty, incomparable English literature. In each of her novels, as it were, Charlotte Brontë touches the shield of the reader; she does not woo or persuade him; she attacks him, and, complete as his ultimate surrender may be, he yields fighting. And if this is the case with Charlotte Brontë, it is still more so with Emily. Emily's genius was the greater of the two, yet of a similar quality and fibre. It provokes even more vivid reactions of feeling in the reader, and yet in those who have felt her spell she wins an ultimate sympathy and compels an ultimate admiration so strong that no one wishes to examine the stages of his own conquest. We passionately accept her or we are untouched by her. If the former, we are apt to forget our own critical wrestles by the way; we are impatient of demurs, of half words, and all mere ingenuities of opinion concerning her and that work which is her direct and personal voice.

Nevertheless, criticism has still a real work to do with the strange novel of *Wuthering Heights*, and the few passionate poems of Emily Brontë. The novel had not yet taken the place which rightly belonged to it, though in recent years it had advanced in popularity. She recalled the disparaging estimate of the late Sir Leslie Stephen, who called it a "baseless nightmare." Mrs. Ward further pointed out with regard to early criticisms of the book, that one heard in these sentences, with their note of protesting emotion no less than in Charlotte's tender and dignified defence, the echo of an angry public opinion, indignant in the typical English way that any young woman and especially a clergyman's daughter, should write of such unbecoming scenes and persons as those which form the subjects of *Wuthering Heights*, and determined if it could to punish the offender. But for us fifty years later, she continued, how irrelevant are both the attack and the defence. *Wuthering Heights* lives as great imagination of which we must take the consequences—the bad with the good, and will continue to live whether it pleases us personally or no.

Moreover the book has much more than a merely personal or local significance. It belongs to a particular European moment, and like Charlotte's work though not in the same way, it holds a typical and representative place in the English literature of the century. Emily Brontë, like her sister, inherited Celtic blood together with a stern

and stoical tradition of daily life. She was a wayward, imaginative girl, physically delicate, brought up in loneliness and poverty amid a harsh, yet noble landscape of hill, moor, and stream. This child of genius had from the beginning a certain access to good books, and through books and newspapers to the central world of thought and affairs.

In 1827, when Emily was nine, she and her sisters used to amuse themselves in the wintry firelight by choosing imaginary islands to govern, and peopling them with famous men. In 1829 Charlotte describes the newspapers taken by the family and lets us know that a neighbour lent them "Blackwood's Magazine." It was indeed, by the reading of "Blackwood" and later of "Frazer" (from 1832, apparently), that the Brontë household was mainly kept in touch with the current literature, criticism, poetry, and fiction of their day. During their eager, enthusiastic youth the Brontë sisters were readers of Christopher North, Hogg, De Quincey, and Maginn in "Blackwood," of Carlyle's early essays and translations in "Frazer," of Scott and Lockhart, no less than of Wordsworth, Southey, and Coleridge. There can be no question that the influences of youth were romantic influences, and it can be easily shown that among them were many kindling sparks from that "unextinguished hearth" of German poetry and fiction which played so large a part in English imagination during the first half of the century.

In 1830, Carlyle, measuring the progress of English knowledge and opinion, reports triumphantly "a rapidly growing favour for German literature." In 1839, "Blackwood" published a translation of Tieck's "Pietro d'Abano," a wild robber and magician story of the type which spread the love of monster and vampire, witch and werewolf, through a Europe tired, for the moment, of the eighteenth century commonsense, and more important still, a long section, excellently rendered from Goethe's "Dichtung und Wahrheit." In that year Emily Brontë was alone with her father and aunt at Haworth, while her two sisters were teaching as governesses. "Blackwood" came as usual, and one may surely imagine the long, thin girl bending in the firelight over these pages from Goethe, receiving the impress of their lucidity, their charm, their sentiment, and "natural magic," nourishing from them the vivid and masterly intelligence which eight years later produced *Wuthering Heights*. But she was to make a

nearer acquaintance with German thought and fancy than could be got from the pages of "Blackwood" and "Frazer." In 1842 she and Charlotte journeyed to Brussels, and there a certain divergence seems to have declared itself between the literary tastes and affinities of the two sisters. While Charlotte, who had already become an eager reader of French books, was carried, by the teaching of M. Héger acting upon her special qualities and capacities, into that profounder appreciation of the French romantic spirit which shows itself thenceforward in all her books, Emily set herself against French models that M. Héger was constantly proposing to the sisters. Emily learnt German diligently, and there were indications that the small library Emily left behind her contained much German literature,

For a year and a half *Wuthering Heights*, in common with *Agnes Grey* and *The Professor*, travelled wearily from publisher to publisher. At last Messrs. Newby accepted the first two, but they lingered in the press for months, and *Wuthering Heights* appeared after the publication of *Jane Eyre*, and amid the full noise of its fame, only to be received as an earlier and cruder work of Currer Bell's for which even those who admired *Jane Eyre* could find little praise and small excuse. Emily seemed to have shown not a touch of jealousy or discouragement. "Stronger than a man, simpler than a child"—these words were Emily Brontë's true epitaph both as an artist and as a human being. Her strength of will and imagination struck those who knew her and those who read her as often inhuman or terrible: and with this was combined a simplicity partly of genius, partly of a strange innocence and spirituality, which gave her a place apart in English letters. But though Emily, had she lived, might have chosen many happier subjects, treated with a more flowing unity than she achieved in *Wuthering Heights*, the full competence of genius was already present in her book. The common, hasty, didactic note that Charlotte often struck was never heard. She was pure mind and passion; no one from the pages of *Wuthering Heights* could guess at the small likes and dislikes, the religious or critical antipathies, the personal weaknesses of the artist who wrote it. She had the highest power—the power which gave life, intensest life, to the creatures of imagination, and in doing so endowed them with an independence behind which the maker was forgotten.

Wuthering Heights is a book of the later romantic movement, betraying the influences of German romantic imagination. The love of violence in speech and action, the preference for the hideous in character and the abnormal in situation—of all these there are abundant examples in *Wuthering Heights*. Mrs. Ward gave examples of these, and remarked that they would not have been written precisely as they were written but for the "Germanism" of the thirties and forties, and but for the German tales which Emily Brontë read. Nevertheless, horror and extravagance were not really the characteristic mark and quality of the book. As in the case of Charlotte Brontë, the peculiar force of Emily's work lay in the fact that it represented the grafting of a European tradition upon a mind already richly stored with English and local reality, possessing at command a style at once strong and simple, capable of both homeliness and magnificence.

Emily is never flurried, never self-conscious; she is master of herself at the most rushing moments of feeling or narrative; her style is simple, sensuous, adequate, and varied from first to last: she has fewer purple patches than Charlotte, but at its best her insight, no less than her power of praise, is of a diviner and more exquisite quality. *Wuthering Heights* was the product of imagination working probably under influences from German literature, and marvellously fused with local knowledge and a realistic power, which within its own range has seldom been surpassed. Its few faults are soon enumerated. The tendency to extravagance and monstrosity may be taken to some extent as belonging more to a literary fashion than to the artist. Then there is a certain awkwardness and confusion of structure; a strain of ruthless exaggeration in the character of Heathcliff, and some absurdities and contradictions in the character of Nelly Dean. There are speeches and actions of Catherine's which have no relation to any life of men and women that the true world knows. Nevertheless, there are whole sections of the story during which the character of Heathcliff is presented to us with a marvellous and essential truth. The third and last act of *Wuthering Heights* which extends from the childhood of the younger Catherine to the death of Heathcliff is no less masterly than the first section of the book, and much more complex in plan. Never for a moment do you lose hold upon the Yorkshire landscape and the Yorkshire folk.

But death came, swift and unforeseen. The artist sank

“Baffled, unknown, self-consumed,”

and her place has but slowly defined itself among us. To its final determination we have to bring, of course, not only *Wuthering Heights*, but the poems which were in the volume of 1846, as well as those which Charlotte selected and published after Emily's death. It is now recognised that at least six or seven belong—in spite of some technical blemishes—to what is noblest and most vital in English verse. In the two noble poems, “Remembrance” and “Death” we have her gift at its greatest. Emily's religious faith was a mystery in life, but in dying she gave it voice, and it is the voice of her century—a cry in which is summed up, as it were, the sound of many waters, and the last but sufficient consolation of innumerable souls.

The Address is in substance Mrs. Ward's Preface to “Wuthering Heights” (Haworth Edition).

COMMEMORATION OF THE FIFTIETH YEAR AFTER THE DEATH OF CHARLOTTE BRONTË.

The Special Meetings arranged for Saturday, October 7th, 1905, to “commemorate the fiftieth year after the death of Charlotte Brontë,” were a marked success. There was quite a pilgrimage to the village which has become famous from its association with the name of the sisters whose genius has won for them an enduring place in the records of English literature. Some thousands of admirers of the Brontë genius travelled Haworth way, and in the early afternoon there was a continuous stream of visitors, rich and poor, cultured and simple, fashionable and otherwise, slowly making their way up the narrow lanes and winding streets to the handsome church which stands amid its cluster of houses right on the brow of the hill, with the Worth Valley on one side, and the lonely moors on the other, seemingly more bleak and lonely than ever in the grey light of a chill October afternoon. In the pretty churchyard, which, with its rich growth of trees and shrubs and herbage, presents a striking contrast to the bare, bleak moorlands above, and conveys an appropriate

and pleasing impression of shelter and peace, the pilgrims gathered in little groups, calling to mind possibly scenes and incidents from the writings and the lives of the sisters who must have spent many hours, sad and happy, amid these same surroundings. Then they filed into the church, which, fairly spacious though it is, was scarce large enough to accommodate the congregation of two thousand or more which filled every available bit of space, even to the marble chancel parapet and the edge of the little memorial tablet to Emily and Charlotte, strewn with white flowers and over which had been set a freshly cut cypress wreath.

SERVICE IN HAWORTH CHURCH.

In the church a short service was conducted. Hymns written by Charlotte and Anne Brontë were sung, while a sermon bearing on the life and the struggles of the famous eldest daughter of the Haworth parsonage was preached by the Rev. Samuel Bickersteth, D.D. (vicar of Leeds). He took for his text the eleventh verse of the fourth chapter of the Epistle to the Hebrews—"Let us therefore labour to enter into that rest." Men well qualified for the task, he said, had often touched on the artistic and literary genius of Charlotte Brontë. His duty that afternoon was, however, not to lecture but to preach, and to try to derive some lesson from his subject that would send men and women back to the battle of life determined to fight the battle more manfully and bravely. The words which he had chosen for his text, strangely enough, brought into relationship terms which were ordinarily used in contrast—labour and rest. But both labour and rest were of different kinds, and the highest form of rest was really that which came to him whose labour had been so perfected that it ceased to be labour. When it reached that stage it became one of the most beautiful and beneficent forms of rest. And it was the lesson which in a spiritual and intellectual sense they learned from the life and the writings of Charlotte Brontë.

EVENING MEETING.

Tea was served to the members of the Society in the Old Church School-room. Subsequently a public meeting was held in the new School, which has recently superseded the old building in which Charlotte Brontë herself taught as a Sunday-school teacher; the purpose of the meeting

being to hear an address from Mr. Ernest de Selincourt, lecturer in Modern English Literature to the University of Oxford. The chair was occupied by Sir Swire Smith, and among those present were Mr. George Smith (ex Mayor of Halifax) and Mrs. Smith, Mr. Sydney Marriott, of London (treasurer of the Dickens Fellowship), Mrs. Stubley (Batley), Miss Florence Balgarnie (Scarborough), Mr. J. J. Brigg (Keighley), Miss de Selincourt, Mrs. Galloway, Mr. S. P. Unwin (Bradford), Miss Cockshott (Oakworth), Mr. W. W. Yates (Dewsbury), Mr. W. T. Field (hon. secretary). There was a large attendance, the hall being crowded.

After an able and interesting address from the chairman, Mr. Ernest de Selincourt read a paper on the "Genius of the Brontës." At the conclusion of the meeting, on the motion of Mr. S. P. Unwin, seconded by Mr J. J. Stead, thanks were accorded to Mr. de Selincourt for his address, and on the motion of Mr. J. J. Brigg, seconded by Miss Balgarnie, supported by Mrs. George Smith, a similar compliment was paid to the rector of Haworth and his assistants for their co-operation with the society in the memorial festival. Mr Unwin moved a vote of thanks to the chairman.

Mr. W. T. Field, the hon. secretary, read a letter which he had received in reference to the health of the Rev. C. B. Nicholls, the husband of Charlotte Brontë, who is still living in Banagher, Ireland, and is in his eighty-ninth year. The letter, which was written by Mrs. Nicholls, the second wife of the venerable gentleman, stated:—"Mr. Nicholls has been very infirm and weakly for some time, and we are obliged to keep him very quiet and free from the least excitement, as his heart is very weak, but, thank God, he suffers little pain, and goes out a little every day. Still, we let him see few people, nor allow even our own relations to talk very much to him. We read for him, but only things of common interest. We never give him letters or anything likely to excite him or set him thinking."

From the Yorkshire Daily Observer.

THE GENIUS OF THE BRONTËS.

An Address delivered at Haworth, October 7th, 1905, in commemoration of the Fiftieth year after the death of Charlotte Brontë, by Mr. Ernest de Selincourt, M.A., of Oxford University.

When your Committee did me the honour of inviting me to address you on this great occasion, I gladly accepted, but without realising, as vividly as I do at this moment, the difficulties of the task. The ordinary aim of a lecturer is to impart knowledge and to stimulate enthusiasm; but it is not open to me to pursue such a course. For nothing but a love for the Brontës could have brought you to this celebration to-day; their work is as familiar to you as it is to me, and many of you have, doubtless, a fuller intimacy than I can claim with the details of their life, and with that country which is not so much the background of their art as the very stuff from which they fashioned it. It only seems left, therefore, for me to tell you that I share your enthusiasm, and to explain why I share it, by recounting to you what appear to me the salient features of the genius of Charlotte and Emily Brontë.

Few responsible critics, asked to name the chief novelists of the nineteenth century, would hesitate before they mentioned seven as standing out high above the rest, —two in the early nineteenth century, Scott and Jane Austen, two in the later nineteenth century, George Eliot and George Meredith, and three in the mid-Victorian era, Dickens, Thackeray, and the Brontës. By the Brontës they would mean Charlotte and Emily (for Anne shews but slight traces of the family genius), and they might class the writings of both sisters together because, much as they differ when studied in detail, yet, if compared with any other novels, they seem drawn into so close a relation as almost to appear the product of the same mind.

Into this glorious hierarchy the Brontës are admitted upon the smallest number of novels, Charlotte with three (for *The Professor*, whatever its merits, could hardly win a place among the foremost) and Emily with one; and this not for their promise, but for their achievement alone. There is in their writing a quality that is unique among our novelists, and is of a priceless kind. By the passionate intensity with which they reveal their inner experience, they give to their work an essentially lyrical character, raising it to the realm of poetry. Other novelists have, it is true, used their experience in a more or less disguised form, as material for their books, and are, in a measure, consciously or unconsciously autobiographical. Experience, or sympathy born of experience, is the only touchstone by which they can test the reality of their creations; but for the very reason,

perhaps, that their own world is more comprehensive than that of the Brontës, it has made a less vivid impression upon their work. They dissipate their energies; the richer their knowledge of other men than themselves, and the broader their sympathies, the less vividly is their personality revealed, till they come to lose themselves in characters widely different from their own; and however individual their style and mannerisms as authors, they are able to baffle our search for themselves. In other words, the ideal of narrative with most writers tends towards the ideal and methods of the drama. With the Brontës it is otherwise. Whatever their theme we never get far away from their haunting presence. Though they may never draw upon the facts of their lives with the same literalness that distinguishes *David Copperfield*, for example, among the works of Dickens, we feel the restless soul of Emily on every page of *Wuthering Heights*, of Charlotte in *Jane Eyre*, *Shirley* and *Villette*. In their work we are admitted to the heart of the writer in a manner which has no parallel outside lyric poetry.

The fact is all the more striking in that they had little of the actual gift of the poet. Of the volume of verse with which they made their first appearance as authors, two copies were sold, and I do not think the world left it alone with undue severity. There is little in the volume of originality, little of distinction. Those few poems of Emily's that are fit to stand beside *Wuthering Heights* were not published until after her death; and no one could detect in the earlier book the sign of that power which was soon to manifest itself in the novel. Theirs was a genius which found no scope in the accepted forms of poetic expression; just as, on the other hand, the intense passion of their conceptions was beyond the ordinary limit of prose narrative.

The poetic atmosphere which broods over their writings is not usually characteristic of the novel. Jane Austen is totally deficient in it, as, perhaps, pure comedy must always be. Scott, in some of his scenes and characters, has certainly attained to it—far more often, I think, in his novels than in his tales in verse—but his great sphere is, after all, the prose Epic. Dickens often attempted it, but his touch was not sure and he often failed to gain it; and Thackeray, intensely critical of his character as of his art, only allowed himself to enter it in

moments of intense dramatic climax. Of Meredith and George Eliot much the same is true. Meredith, a genuine poet, with superb mastery of metrical form and expression, had no need to use his novel for the purposes of lyrical utterance; George Eliot, who in this matter is certainly nearest to the Brontës, had yet a wider sphere than theirs. The poetry of her novels, like that of other novelists, is for the most part objective; it rises out of the dramatic situation, and with that situation departs. But the works of the Brontës are conceived in that rarer atmosphere of high intellectuality, impregnated with deep passion, in which great poetry has its source, and it is only there that they can breathe freely and be at home.

It would be vain to deny that as novelists they pay dear for this peculiarity. Emily's one novel is not free from glaring improbabilities and crudities of detail, patent enough to the least critical observer, proving her to be often incompetent to portray the more pedestrian side of life. "I wonder if the analysis of other fictions read as absurdly as that of *Jane Eyre* always does?" wrote Charlotte with engaging frankness (*Charlotte Brontë and her Circle*, p. 335), and the answer to her query seems to be that *Villette*, with its flimsy ghost episode, much too slight to bear its emotional weight in the story, runs it very hard. I doubt whether in the whole of our classic fiction there are any speeches so truly ludicrous as those in which Mr. Rochester lays bare his character to Jane, except the conversations of Lady Ingram to her "queenly Blanche." Miss Brontë had seen quite enough, even of high life, to know better than this. Her conception of her *dramatis personæ* is nearly always true; the manner she chooses to reveal them is often false to life and crudely inartistic. With her searching gaze she has plucked the heart out of their mystery; she knows them for what they are, and knowing them, she is often careless as to the means she takes to delineate them to us. The greatest artist submits to the conditions of his material; he is infinitely careful of his detail, and like the dyer, subdues his hand to what it works in. Charlotte Brontë was too little of an artist for this, and her books are only redeemed from falsity by the essential truth of her imaginative conception. The whole tenour of her works, in its defects as in its merits, is summed up in the impatient exclamation of Shirley to her horrified and worldly-minded uncle: "Oh, Uncle!

there is nothing really valuable in this world, there is nothing glorious in the world to come, that is not poetry" (*Shirley*, ch. xxxi.) Hence the whole drama of her books is woven around characters and situations through which she is able to express with absolute directness her own conceptions of life, so that the emotion of her novel often passes into a strain of pure lyric song, in which the author, speaking of her inner experience, interprets the passion that inspired her works. Consequently these novels, except in form, have far more affinity with the writings of the early 19th century, a period that Charlotte herself regarded as "the golden age of poetry," than with any contemporary literature. For a parallel to the wild intensity of this lyrical cry which rings through them, we may look in vain since Shelley died. Nothing like their fearless contempt of convention or shams, their blazing scorn of injustice, their passion for freedom, had been written since Byron. Nor, since Wordsworth, had any treatment of nature, which even among the poets of their own day seemed little but an accidental picturesque background, been so deeply impregnated with mysticism and spirituality. Whether they had actually read Shelley or not matters little to us now. But Branwell, apparently, used to quote Shelley's poems, hence we may infer that his sisters knew them also (*v. Shorter's Life of Charlotte Brontë*, 1905, p. 97). Certainly they knew Byron well, and Charlotte had the courage, in a not too liberal age, to recommend his poems to a youthful friend; whilst we can well believe that both sisters shared the feelings of Branwell when he addressed Wordsworth as one "whose works I have most loved in our literature and who most has been with me a divinity of the mind." Yet there is nothing in them of imitation; for in none of these things did they need a master. In their attitude to nature they are not disciples of Wordsworth, but living illustrations of the vital truths that Wordsworth was born to reveal. Again for themselves they had to fight out that battle for freedom and for nature, fought, each in his own way, by the poets who preceded them; and if, in their own isolated home, they received no outward impulse to inspire them, they found food in plenty for

The passion and the life, whose fountains are within.

Their life at Haworth is familiar to you all, but you must pardon me if I recall to you, for purposes of illustration, some of its main features.

I will ask you to picture them first in the year 1824, when Charlotte, the third of a family of six, is eight years old. They have no mother; her place is supplied, as far as a mother's place can be supplied, by an aunt, for whom we are told they "had that kind of affection which is generated by esteem." (Mrs. Gaskell, *Life*, ch. iv.) Their father, affectionate and proud of his offspring in his own strange way, is nevertheless little able to enter into their lives, or to understand and take his share in the trivialities that form so important a part of their interests. A scholar and a recluse, one, moreover, chastened by indigestion, he even takes his meals alone, isolated from his family at the one time when easy conversation is possible, simply because conversation is not the primary object of the gathering; though a man of strong passions, inheriting, with his first blood, that weird Celtic imagination which he transmitted in due course to his son and two of his daughters, he practised a stern self-repression, and thereby only intensified the feeling for which his strong sense of duty allowed him no outlet. And the kitchen affords the children no freer intercourse than the study. It is presided over by a cook possessed of all those admirable qualities that the name of Tabitha inevitably suggests, and devoted to the family, especially to Charlotte (who was already remarkable for her sweetness of temper and her unselfish thought for others), but "always on her guard in what she said before such a clever little child." (*Ibid*, ch. iii.)

No society from without comes to swell the little circle. Mr. Brontë seems to receive no guests but curates, and apparently there are no other children within miles. What wonder, then, that the brother and sisters are all in all to one another, that their affections, losing nothing by dissipation, are intenser than ordinary, and become so deeply rooted that no later ties can take their place. And if, thus circumstanced, they care little for toys, but delight prematurely in literature and spend their time and imaginations in writing and acting little plays for their own delectation, they are as bright and happy, in their own way, as other and more normal children are in theirs. They are left alone, and they early learn that passion for liberty which was the master passion of their lives. And when they feel the need of fresh air, they can sally forth hand in hand for walks on the solitary moors, white with snow in winter and in the summer brilliant with purple

heather. The picture which they present perforce to the mind is strikingly Wordsworthian in its pathos and in its beauty. The loneliness, the isolation of the scene, suggests the character of the world the little pilgrims were soon to traverse, and not a little of its spirit passes into their souls.

Let us glance at them again some six years later. The bitter experience at Cowan Bridge has intervened; they have learnt something of the cruelty and injustice of the world, something too of the remorseless and inexplicable hand of fate. Two of their number have been removed by death, and Charlotte is now the eldest, with those responsibilities of motherhood that the protective instincts of an elder sister are ever ready to assume. No outward change in her life is visible. But sorrow has matured her already precocious genius beyond her childish years, so that she spends her time with the dead almost as much as with the living; for her vivid imagination lends reality and horror to the dreams in which, after long years, she seems to meet her lost sisters, whom Time has changed so that they cannot greet her with the ready sympathy of old. For the rest, the home circle is as self-contained as ever—its one relaxation the ceaseless rivalry in literary composition—poetry, romance and political article alike appealing to their youthful fancies; whilst they now find a deeper and more mysterious echo to their natures in the hills and moors over which they roam.

Let us picture them once more some fifteen years later, about the time at which their great works were first conceived. Their life is still outwardly uneventful and commonplace, and the casual visitor to Haworth Vicarage would merely regard them as silent, somewhat colourless young women, punctilious in the performance of every household duty, but otherwise without distinction, shy and awkward in company, and to all appearance completely limited by the narrow interests of their home. But years ago their battle with life had begun in bitter earnest, and the sufferings which they have undergone are redoubled in intensity by the fierce imagination which consumes them and the quick sensibilities with which they are endowed. Conscious that if they would be provident for the future they must set about earning a livelihood, they have turned to literature, their sole ambition; but they have only met with discouragement and disappointment, and they have been obliged to resort to governesship

the only profession for which they were technically qualified, the one for which they were by disposition and inclination absolutely unfit. To Emily indeed it has proved impossible. Three times in her life has she been absent from home and obliged to return, broken down in health with longing for Haworth and the moors. Charlotte and Anne have been able physically to stand the test of separation, and Charlotte has even made friends, but these cannot take the place in her heart of her absent sisters, nor understand, as they alone could understand, the hidden depths of her nature. "I am not like you" she writes to the dearest of her friends, whose character differed from hers something as Horatio's from Hamlet's, "if you knew my thoughts, the dreams that absorb me, the fiery imagination that at times eats me up and makes me feel society, as it is, wretchedly insipid, you would pity and I daresay despise me." (Letter to Miss Nussey quoted by Mrs. Gaskell, *Life*, ch. viii.) And she often suffered, among strange faces, untold anguish of loneliness. But now the sisters are at home together, and they lie awake through many a stormy winter's night listening in terror to the fury of their drunken brother, on whose brilliant genius the family hopes had once been centred; conscious of their own frailty of body, which might at any time summon another of themselves away from that narrow circle which seemed as though it could bear no further loss. What must have been their mood as they reviewed the sorrows of the past and of the present, not daring to expect a better lot in the future? Well might they fall into utter despair. But their nature was too deep for that. Their unflinching faith, if it could not save them from a constant morbidity of mind, itself the inherent defect of their great qualities, gave them a profound belief in the spiritual value of suffering. Emily's courage, we are told, was invincible, and her mind grew in force as her body weakened. Charlotte wrote in her hour of deepest anguish, "How I pity those whom sorrow stuns instead of rousing!" (Letter to Miss Nussey, quoted in Mrs. Gaskell's *Life*). To them as to all great souls, life was an activity, and emotion its greatest stimulus. "Your heart is a lyre," said Caroline to Robert Moore, in *Shirley*, "but the lot of your life has not been a minstrel to sweep it, and it is often silent." Theirs might have been silent too, had not Our Lady of Sorrow plagued them until she had unfolded the capacity of their spirit. In their own life, partly through duty to those they loved, partly through

courage, partly through independence, they practised a stern repression; in their art alone they revealed their exultations, their agonies, their unconquerable mind.

"This hag, this Reason," says Charlotte under the guise of Lucy Snowe, "would not let me look up, or smile or hope; she could not rest unless I were altogether crushed, cowed, broken-in, and broken-down. According to her, I was born only to work for a piece of bread, to await the pains of death, and steadily all through life to despond. Reason might be right; yet no wonder we are glad at times to defy her, to rush from under her rod and give a truant hour to Imagination—*her* soft, bright foe, *our* sweet Help, our divine Hope. We shall and must break bounds at intervals, despite the terrible revenge that awaits our return. Reason is vindictive as a devil. . . . Long ago I should have died of her illusage: her stint, her chill, her barren board, her icy bed, her savage, ceaseless blows; but for that kinder Power who holds my secret and sworn allegiance. Often has Reason turned me out by night, in mid-winter, on cold snow . . . —harshly denied my right to ask better things. . . . Then, looking up, have I seen in the sky a head amidst circling stars, of which the midmost and the brightest lent a ray sympathetic and attent. A spirit, softer and better than Human Reason, has descended with quiet flight to the waste . . . —bringing perfume of flowers which cannot fade—fragrance of trees whose fruit is life; bringing breezes pure from a world whose day needs no sun to lighten it. My hunger has this good angel appeased with food, sweet and strange, gathered amongst gleanings, garnering their dew-white harvest in the first fresh hour of a heavenly day; tenderly has she assuaged the insufferable tears which weep away life itself—kindly given rest to deadly weariness—gently lent hope and impulse to paralyzed despair. Divine, compassionate, succourable influence! When I bend the knee to other than God, it shall be at thy white and winged feet, beautiful on mountain or on plain." (*Villette*, ch. xxi.)

It is natural for such natures to seek relief in the literary expression of those aspirations which in their life find little scope for fulfilment. They "borrow of Imagination what Reality will not give," and work out for themselves that emancipation from harassing convention, from the "weary weight of all this unintelligible world," which found but little utterance in their own time.

What had they in common with contemporary novelists, who for the most part drew their materials from the conventional society of the day—critical of it, doubtless, but in the main accepting its limitations with equanimity, as adequate for their purposes? What wonder that their writings throb with the passion which is from within? Their conception of art indeed is clearly enunciated in Caroline Helstone's criticism of Cowper's tragic poem, *The Castaway*, for obvious reasons a favourite with all the Brontës. "Cowper was nearly broken-hearted when he wrote that poem, and it almost breaks one's heart to read it. But he found relief in writing it—I know he did: and that gift of poetry—the most divine bestowed on man—was, I believe, granted to allay emotions when their strength threatens harm. It seems to me, Shirley, that nobody should write poetry to exhibit intellect or attainment. Who cares for that sort of poetry? . . . And who does not care for feeling—real feeling—however simply, even rudely expressed?" (*Shirley*, ch. xii.)

"Feeling, real feeling," is the domain in which the Brontës hold sway. To them all great art was poetry, and only poetry was worthy the name of art. When Lewes recommended Charlotte Brontë to study Jane Austen as "one of the greatest artists, of the greatest painters of human character and one of the writers with the nicest sense of means to an end, that ever lived," her reply was characteristic. "That last point only will I ever acknowledge. Can there be a great artist without poetry? . . . What I will bend to, as a great artist . . . cannot be destitute of the divine gift" (Letter to G. H. Lewes, quoted in Mrs. Gaskell's *Life*, ch. xvi.), and in a letter to Williams, her more sympathetic correspondent, she writes at greater length.

"Miss Austen does her business of delineating the surface of the lives of genteel English people curiously well. . . . She ruffles her reader by nothing vehement, disturbs him by nothing profound. The passions are perfectly unknown to her; she rejects even a speaking acquaintance with that stormy sisterhood. . . . What sees keenly, speaks aptly, moves flexibly, it suits her to study; but what throbs fast and full, though hidden, what the blood rushes through, what is the unseen seat of life and the sentient target of death—this Miss Austen ignores. She no more, with her mind's eye, beholds the heart of her race than each man, with bodily vision, sees the heart in

his heaving breast. Jane Austen was a complete and most sensible lady, but a very incomplete and rather insensible . . . woman. If this is heresy, I cannot help it. If I said it to some people, they would directly accuse me of advocating exaggerated heroics, but I am not afraid of your falling into any such vulgar error." *Charlotte Brontë and her Circle*, pp. 399-400).

Let us not fall into it either. It was the peculiar appeal which art made to her nature that led her to write as she did, so that she might ease her heart in writing. Indeed, in contrast with Miss Austen, the genius of the Brontës stands out in most striking relief. Doubtless each might have learnt something from the other; but it was essential to the genius of each that she should be incapable of learning the lesson; and instead of deploring the lack of depth in *Pride and Prejudice*, and the lack of artistic finish in *Jane Eyre*, we are better employed in appreciating them for what they are and trying to understand the causes of the contrast between them. It was not wholly due to environment. Different as were the Yorkshire towns and villages, known to Miss Brontë, from the village of Steventon in Hampshire and from Bath, they might have afforded opportunities for art of a similar kind. The models on whom Charlotte Brontë drew for her Wynnes, her Sykeses, and her Ingrams could equally well have served Jane Austen for her Thorpes, Bertrams, and Dashwoods. Curates, pompously vulgar as Mr. Collins, pretentious as Mr. Elton, in whose society Jane Austen would have been equally at ease, lay thick upon the hills of Yorkshire. But characters completely satisfying to that genius for delicate and humorous observation in which Miss Austen has no rival, move Miss Brontë to a laughter never for long unmingled with scorn. She is revolted by their dull animal insensibility and she repays them with no light chastisement, using them as a foil to set off her deeper purpose and to enforce in deadly earnest the contrast between their lower level and her world of high passions and searching meditation. As an illustration of this, let us refer to that inimitable seventh chapter of *Shirley*. Its title, "The Curates at Tea," at once brings to the mind situations in which we have all of us delighted. We have visions of the three curates drinking wine with Mr. Helstone, the vacant cackle of their voices penetrating the closed door. We are present with Caroline at the arrival of Mrs. Sykes, the tall bilious woman who made an

ample and not altogether insincere profession of piety, and of the three showy Misses Sykes, on all of whose faces was stamped the characteristic mark of an English country gentlewoman, a certain expression which seems to say, "I know, I do not boast of it, but *I know* that I am the standard of what is proper." We listen to their conversation of Jew baskets and the missionary address delivered by Dr. Broadbent, such a beautiful speaker, though he *was* like a butcher in appearance, and watch their preparation for departure and their rapid change of front when they hear that there is other company, for they "always like to meet the clergy." We move to the kitchen, and mark the perturbation of the worthy cook Eliza; taken unawares, yet nobly rising to the occasion, with a timely addition to her store of muffins from round the corner, and we sit down with the company to a good Yorkshire tea, taken round the table, sitting well to it, with our knees duly introduced under the mahogany. We can hardly listen to the courteous banter with which our host entertains his lady guests, for our delight in watching the attempts of the various curates to shew themselves to advantage. Nor do we hesitate in awarding the palm of absurdity to Mr. Donne, who keeps us all waiting long after signs of impatience have been manifested all round, till the chairs have been pushed back and the talk has flagged. "He seemed to think that this isolated position of his gave him somehow a certain importance; that it was dignified and stately to be the last; that it was grand to keep all the others waiting. So long did he linger, that the very urn died: it ceased to hiss." At length, however, the old Rector got impatient. "For whom are we waiting?" he asked. "For me, I believe," returned Donne complacently; appearing to think it much to his credit that a party should thus be kept dependent on his movements. "'Tut," cried Helstone: then standing up, "Let us return thanks," said he, which he did forthwith, and all quitted the table." How vivid it all is, how Jane Austen would have revelled in it! nay, if she had been called upon to rewrite it, we doubt whether she would have added much to its charm. But whereas in her the absurdity of the Sykeses, and the Donnes would have been shown against the absurdity of others; the only contrast lying in our power, if we possess it, of observing a contrast between themselves and us; to Charlotte Brontë it is but a comic interlude in a chapter of far more serious import. It opens with a

characteristically beautiful lament on the contrast between the illusions of youth and the realities of life.

“ Caroline Helstone was just 18 years old ; and at 18 the true narrative of life is yet to be commenced. Before that time, we sit listening to a tale, a marvellous fiction ; . . . our world is heroic ; its inhabitants half-divine or semi-demon ; its scenes are dream-scenes ; darker woods and stranger hills ; brighter skies, more dangerous waters . . . drearier deserts, sunnier fields than are found in nature, overspread our enchanted globe. What a moon we gaze on before that time ! How the trembling of our hearts at her aspect bears witness to its unutterable beauty ! As to our sun, it is a burning heaven—the world of gods.

At that time—at 18 . . . Elf-land lies behind us, the shores of Reality rise in front. These shores are yet distant : they look so blue, soft, gentle, we long to reach them. . . . Could we but reach this land, we think to hunger and thirst no more ; whereas many a wilderness, and often the flood of Death, or some stream of sorrow as cold and almost as black as Death, is to be crossed ere true bliss can be tasted. Every joy that life gives must be earned ere it is secured ; and how hardly earned, those only know who have wrestled for great prizes. . . . At 18, we are not aware of this. Hope . . . is implicitly believed ;—Love, when he comes wandering like a lost angel to our door, is at once admitted, welcomed, embraced : his quiver is not seen : if his arrows penetrate, their wound is like a thrill of new life : there are no fears of poison, none of the barb which no leech’s hand can extract . . . in short, at 18, the school of Experience is to be entered. . . . Alas, Experience ! No other mentor has so wasted and frozen a face as yours : none wears a robe so black, none bears a rod so heavy. . . . It is by your instructions alone that man or woman can ever find a safe track through life’s wilds ; without it, how they stumble, how they stray ! ”

And the main object of this chapter, entitled “ The Curates at Tea,” is to lead Caroline Helstone from the dreamland of youth into the bitter world of reality. Yesterday, it seemed that her cousin, Robert Moore, returned her love, and her thoughts turn naturally to the fulfilment of her dream in marriage ; but a conversation with her cynical uncle, who reckons the performance of

the nuptial ceremony as the most hateful of his parish duties, "because one does not like to act as accessory to the commission of a piece of pure folly," leads on to another meeting with Robert, who repels her naïve affection with coldness and indifference. And again the lyrical note breaks out—its theme the anguish of a slighted woman's love. "You held out your hand for an egg, and fate put into it a scorpion. Show no consternation: close your fingers firmly upon the gift: let it sting through your palm. Never mind: in time, after your hand and arm have swelled and quivered long with torture, the squeezed scorpion will die, and you will have learned the great lesson how to endure without a sob. For the whole remnant of your life, if you survive the test—some, it is said, die under it—you will be stronger, wiser, less sensitive."

From reflections such as these, we are roused by a ring of the bell, and the heavy tread of the first curate is heard upon the stair. The scene follows which I have already described, continuing till Caroline forsakes her duties as hostess to this distasteful company, and seeking refuge in the dining room, again meets Robert Moore. But experience has taught her her first lesson, and she realises now that he is to be only 'cousin' Robert; and as the chapter closes, we feel the pathos of the fading from a foolish, but innocent and beautiful life, of the buoyancy of youthful hope.

Into such an atmosphere, pregnant with deep feeling, are the curates introduced. It is no wonder that they cut a poor figure in it, that the humour with which they are invested slips not seldom into irony, that our laughter at them is tinged with satire. For they belong to that dull insensible section of the world—a large section—which Miss Brontë views with unmitigated scorn.

"The true poet," she writes, "quiet externally though he may be, has often a truculent spirit under his placidity, and is full of shrewdness in his meekness, and can measure the whole stature of those who look down on him, and correctly ascertain the weight and value of the pursuits they disdain him from not having followed. He is happy that he can have his own bliss, his own society with his great friend and goddess, Nature, quite independent of those who find little pleasure in him, and in whom he finds no pleasure at all. It is just, that while the world

and circumstances often turn a dark, cold side to him—and properly too, because he first turns a dark, cold careless side to them—he should be able to maintain a festal brightness . . . in his bosom. . . . Even when utilitarians sit in judgment on him, and pronounce him and his art useless, he hears the sentence with such a hard derision, such a broad, deep, comprehensive, and merciless contempt of the unhappy Pharisees who pronounce it, that he is rather to be chidden than condoled with.” (*Shirley*, ch. iv.)

The intimacy with which the poetic temperament is here revealed and the very limitations of conception, with emphasis laid upon the poet’s isolation and his contempt for the Pharisee, proclaim it a piece of indubitable autobiography. It would hardly explain the comprehensive and widely tolerant art of Shakespeare, who turned a dark, cold, careless side to no one, and found pleasure in all, but it is true enough of the Brontës, and it explains much both in their lives and their writings.

Yet it is well for us that poets differ in kind and not merely in degree. It was this intolerance, this “truculent spirit beneath her placidity,” which joined Miss Brontë to the ranks of those heroic souls who, in whatever time, have fought the great battle for freedom. Her impatience against the absurdities of conventional opinion, her hatred of the cant and hypocrisy by which society bolsters up its tottering respectability, her rebellion against its injustice, are dictated by the same spirit as inspired “a man’s a man for a’ that” and the address “to the unco guid.” She might call herself a Tory, and be faithful throughout life to her hero-worship of the Duke of Wellington—politics were not her sphere—but the only aristocracy to which her heart paid homage was the aristocracy of passionate souls. She drew no perfect character, and did not desire to draw one; but her heroes and heroines are all redeemed in her eyes by their great capacity for love.

They who inspire it most are fortunate,
 . . . ; but those who feel it most
 Are happier still, after long sufferings.

And so, for the conventional ordinances prescribed by man she would substitute the laws of divine and natural instinct. This is the motive of *Jane Eyre*. Everyone remembers the burning words with which Jane addresses Mr. Rochester on what she believes to be the eve of his

betrothal to Miss Ingram.—“I tell you I must go!” I retorted, roused to something like passion. “Do you think I can stay to become nothing to you? Do you think I am an automaton?—a machine without feelings? and can bear to have my morsel of bread snatched from my lips, and my drop of living water dashed from my cup? Do you think, because I am poor, obscure, plain and little, I am soulless and heartless? You think wrong!—I have as much soul as you,—and full as much heart! And if God had gifted me with some beauty, and much wealth, I should have made it as hard for you to leave me, as it is now for me to leave you. I am not talking to you now through the medium of custom, conventionalities, or even of mortal flesh:—it is my spirit that addresses your spirit: just as if both had passed through the grave and we stood at God’s feet, equal—as we are!” (*Jane Eyre*, ch. xxiii.).

In the realm of passionate love, ardent as the flame, and as the flame pure, consuming all grosser earthly passion till it becomes something essentially spiritual in its nature, the effluence of soul to soul, Charlotte Brontë stands supreme. There is nothing like it in any other novelist, for no other had felt it as she had done. Hence she does not approach life from the conventional standpoint of society, and if we so approach her we fail to catch the inspiration of her ideal. But she has seen enough of the world to discover what ails it, she has passed through enough sorrow to know where alone is consolation, she has been curbed, baffled, constrained enough to know where lies the only escape from the fetters of cruel circumstances. Love is to her the consummation of all that man can dream of for earth—a foretaste of all that he may hope for hereafter. It is the atmosphere

Of the sun’s fire, filling the living world.

But society thinks otherwise; it has its own ideals of prudence, and peerages, and worldly advancement and commercial prosperity, and it stigmatises enthusiasm for an ideal which is not its own as melodramatic fustian and bad taste, if nothing worse. The *Quarterly Review*, you will remember, that organ of respectable opinion which had denounced all the greatest poets of the preceding age, was quick in falling upon the Brontës.—“We do not hesitate to say,” so ran its verdict, “that the tone of mind and thought which has overthrown authority and violated every code, human and divine,

abroad, and has fostered Chartism and rebellion at home, is the same which wrote *Jane Eyre*." And if you see no distinction between the human and the divine code, at the same time refusing to recognise the right of rebellion to those who do see it, I do not think you have any reason to quarrel with the *Quarterly Review*.

But the idealist, finding little sympathy with his aspirations and little support in his revolt in the world about him, is always prone to take refuge in nature; and so to gain the solace that is elsewhere denied him. The Brontës were no exception; their innate passion for nature, elsewhere without parallel in our literature outside its acknowledged poets, was a dominant characteristic of their childhood and ever gained over them a deeper and more mysterious sway.

"My sister Emily," wrote Charlotte, "loved the moors. Flowers brighter than the rose bloomed in the blackest of the heath for her; out of a sullen hollow in a livid hillside her mind could make an Eden." (Preface to *Poems* of Ellis and Acton Bell). And again, "her native hills were far more to her than a spectacle; they were what she lived in and by as much as the wild birds their tenants, or as the heather their produce." (Preface to *Wuthering Heights*). And upon the elder sister, despite her wider vision and more varied experience, the effect of the moors was in nowise different. It is not without significance that when *Jane Eyre*, by loyalty to her highest instincts, has become an homeless outcast, with no place to lay her head, she is guided to a moorland country.

"I touched the heath; it was dry and yet warm with the heat of the summer day. I looked at the sky; it was pure; a kindly star twinkled just above the chasm ridge. The dew fell, but with propitious softness; no breeze whispered. Nature seemed to me benign and good; I thought she loved me, outcast as I was; and I who from man could anticipate only mistrust, rejection, insult, clung to her with filial fondness . . . Beside the crag, the heath was very deep; when I lay down my feet were buried in it; rising high on each side, it left only a narrow space for the night air to invade . . . Night was come, and her planets were risen: a safe still night; too serene for the companionship of fear. We know that God is everywhere,

but certainly we feel His presence most when His works are on the grandest scale spread before us; and it is in the unclouded night sky, when His worlds wheel their silent course, that we read clearest His infinitude. His omnipotence, His omnipresence. I had risen to my knees to pray for Mr. Rochester. Looking up, I, with tear-dimmed eyes, saw the mighty Milky way. Remembering what it was—what countless systems there swept space like a soft trace of light—I felt the might and strength of God I again nestled to the breast of the hill, and ere long, in sleep, forgot sorrow" (*Jane Eyre*, ch. xxviii). These are the words of Jane Eyre, but the soul is the soul of Charlotte Brontë. It is indeed among the magnificent forces of nature that the sense of infinity is most truly felt, that we may cry with Emily:—

Vain are the thousand creeds
That move men's hearts—unutterably vain.

that our petty ambitions seem most trivial, that the road of sorrows that weighs us down is unaccountably lifted, so that we see into the life of things, and thereby learn humility and gain consolation.

But most of us miss the great lessons of nature by declining to submit to her conditions. We too often take into the country the associations of the town, and refusing to cast them off, do not allow nature the sole place in our regard. "Imprimis" Miss Brontë tells us "we forget nature; and then nature forgets us; covers her vast calm brow with a dim veil, conceals her face, and withdraws the peaceful joy with which, if we had been content to worship her only, she would have filled our hearts." (*Shirley*, ch. xii.) The Brontës knew better than this. Their sole companion as Charlotte has beautifully put it was Solitude, "Solitude descending from lone mountain passes—something of the blue mist of the hills in her array, and of their chill breeze in her breath—much also of their solemn beauty in her mien." (*Shirley*, ch. xxix) And they had their reward. In fact, these moors, with the winds that swept them, and the sky above their head, with its ever-shifting lights and shadows, and their colours, changing with the season, but always beautiful, always impressive, were the one vital influence upon the lives of the Brontës; that potent force which, combining, and combining with singular fitness, with the chastening experience of sorrow, made up their education. Books in comparison were nothing to them—society was nothing to them, and

their deep religious sense, as we have seen, cannot be separated from them. It was this that made the Brontës true daughters of Yorkshire. How is it that you in Yorkshire regard them as peculiarly your own? Surely it is not the mere accident of their birth-place. No drop of north country blood coursed in their veins. It is not even their loyalty to the land of their birth, their love of its people, their rage at the impertinences of those who thought themselves more refined. It is rather that their genius, receptive of impression, as is all genius, drank in the spirit of the place, so that in their single life-times they obtained the virtue from it, which slowly through generations has made you what you are. "Poets" says Shelley "the best of them, are a very cameleonic race; they take the colour, not only of what they feed on, but of the very leaves under which they pass." But the genius which made this possible for the Brontës led them far deeper into the mysteries of nature. Not only freedom, independence of thought and action, hatred of all pretence and sham, came to them from this communion, but by reason of their closer intimacy they learnt to associate the stern hand of fate that often lay heavy upon their heads with the immutable laws of nature, and to see in both the same divine mind working out its inexorable intent. Duty, to them so stern a law-giver, was but the conscious submission on the part of man to the same laws as give to nature her beauty and her strength; and with Wordsworth they could cry aloud, with no mere idle fancy, but as a vital truth—

Thou dost preserve the stars from wrong
And the most ancient heavens thro' Thee are fresh
and strong.

Thus they drew the worlds of nature and of man closer together: nature to them became instinct with life, and its spirit capable of definite communication with man, sympathising with him, chastening him, exalting him, exercising a potent sway over the moulding of his destiny, becoming, if not a conscious, at least a definite and a palpable actor in the drama of human life. In *Villette* the death of Lucy's early protectress is heralded by the storms which after a calm winter were ushering in the spring, and this wind now wailing at her windows is but the prelude to that storm with which *Villette* closes; when the destroying angel of tempest achieved his perfect work; and the sun returned and brought no light for Lucy, for the

ocean held fast Paul Emanuel, her lover, her only friend. So in *Jane Eyre*, Rochester, triumphant in his newly gained love, defies what seems to him merely the judgment of a world which he contemns. "But what had befallen the night? The moon was not yet set, and we were all in shadow: I could scarcely see my master's face, near as I was. And what ailed the chesnut tree? it writhed and groaned; while the wind roared in the laurel walk, and came sweeping over us. . . . Then a livid vivid spark leapt out of a cloud at which I was looking, and there was a crack, a crash, and a close rattling peal: and I thought only of hiding my dazzled eyes against Mr. Rochester's shoulder" (*Jane Eyre*, ch. xxiii.) And that same mysterious power which gave this warning, at first unheeded but afterwards obeyed by Jane with heroic resolution called her at last to join her master, delivering her before it was too late from a sacrifice of natural instincts upon the altar of mistaken duty. Over many miles there came to her upon the winds a voice "Jane, Jane, Jane," nothing more. "'Oh! God, what is it?' I gasped. I might have said, 'Where is it?' for it did not seem in the room—nor in the house—nor in the garden; it did not come out of the air—nor from under the earth—nor from overhead. I had heard it—where, or whence, for ever impossible to know! And it was the voice of a human being—a known, loved, well-remembered voice—that of Edward Fairfax Rochester; and it spoke in pain and woe, wildly, eerily, urgently.

'I am coming,' I cried. 'Wait for me. Oh! I will come.' I flew to the door and looked into the passage—it was dark: I ran out into the garden: it was void. 'Where are you?' I exclaimed.

The hills beyond Marsh Glen sent the answer faintly back—'Where are you?' I listened. The wind sighed low in the firs: all was moorland loneliness and midnight hush.

'Down, superstition' I commented, as that spectre rose up black by the black yew at the gate.—"This is not thy deception nor thy witchcraft: it is the work of nature. She was roused and did—no miracle—but her best." (*Jane Eyre*, ch. xxxv.)

And so Jane goes once more to seek her master.

It is deeply characteristic of Charlotte Brontë that when this supernatural episode was somewhat harshly criticised she defended it as a part of her own experience. "But it is a true thing, it really happened."

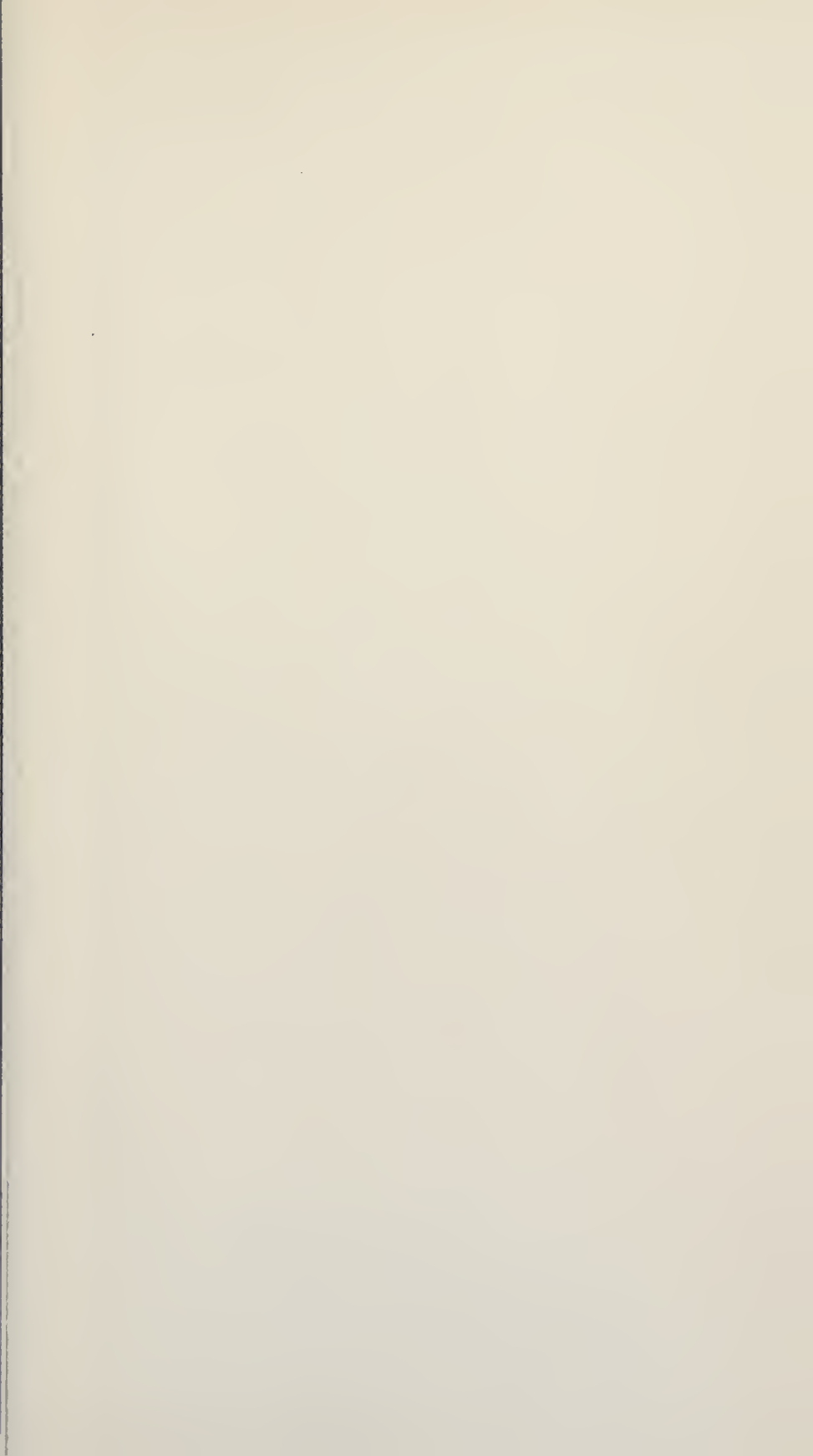
And Emily Brontë had long shared this belief. As a child "at twilight in the schoolroom, when the leisure of the evening play hour brought back in full tide the thoughts of home," (*Preface to Selected Poems of Ellis Bell by Charlotte Brontë*), she wrote verses in which "the genius of a solitary region seemed to address his wayward votary and to recall within his influence the proud mind which rebelled at times even against what it most loved," and again to the night wind "which visits an ear which discerned language in its whispers and roused the sleeper on her pillow till the wakened soul struggles to blend with the storm by which it is swayed." Later she pictures herself, again at night, when the house is silent, trimming her lamp to guide to her chamber no earthly lover, but that strange power which comes upon the wings of the wind. From a mind like this, the 'visionary' as she herself calls it, emanated that Titanic work *Wuthering Heights*, in which the characters of Heathcliff and Catherine seem to partake of the elemental forces of nature, wrecking themselves and others in their inability to exercise that control by which the impartial hand of the great mother nature governs her own exclusive domain. It is a tragedy of character as vital in its imaginative truth as it is vivid in its emotional appeal. What scene in our literature is more impressive than the desolate farm house on the Heights with the wind sounding in the blasted fir by the lattice, and the weird voice borne in upon it: "Let me in, let me in, I am Catherine Linton, I have lost my way upon the moor." (*Wuthering Heights*, ch. iii.) And if we would find any fitting parallel for the intense reality with which, in this wonderful book, the worlds of nature and man are brought into harmony like antiphonal strains in a great symphony, the passion within answering to the storm and desolation without, I know not where to seek it save in the scene upon the heath in Shakespeare's sublimest tragedy. This is indeed the work of one who had, as her sister tells us, "a secret power and fire that might have informed the brain and kindled the veins of a hero." And with *Wuthering Heights* in our mind an added significance is given to that superb tribute to her character, "stronger than a man, simpler than a child." For the strength is, as it were, the strength of the tempest, and the simplicity is of the moorland and the stars.

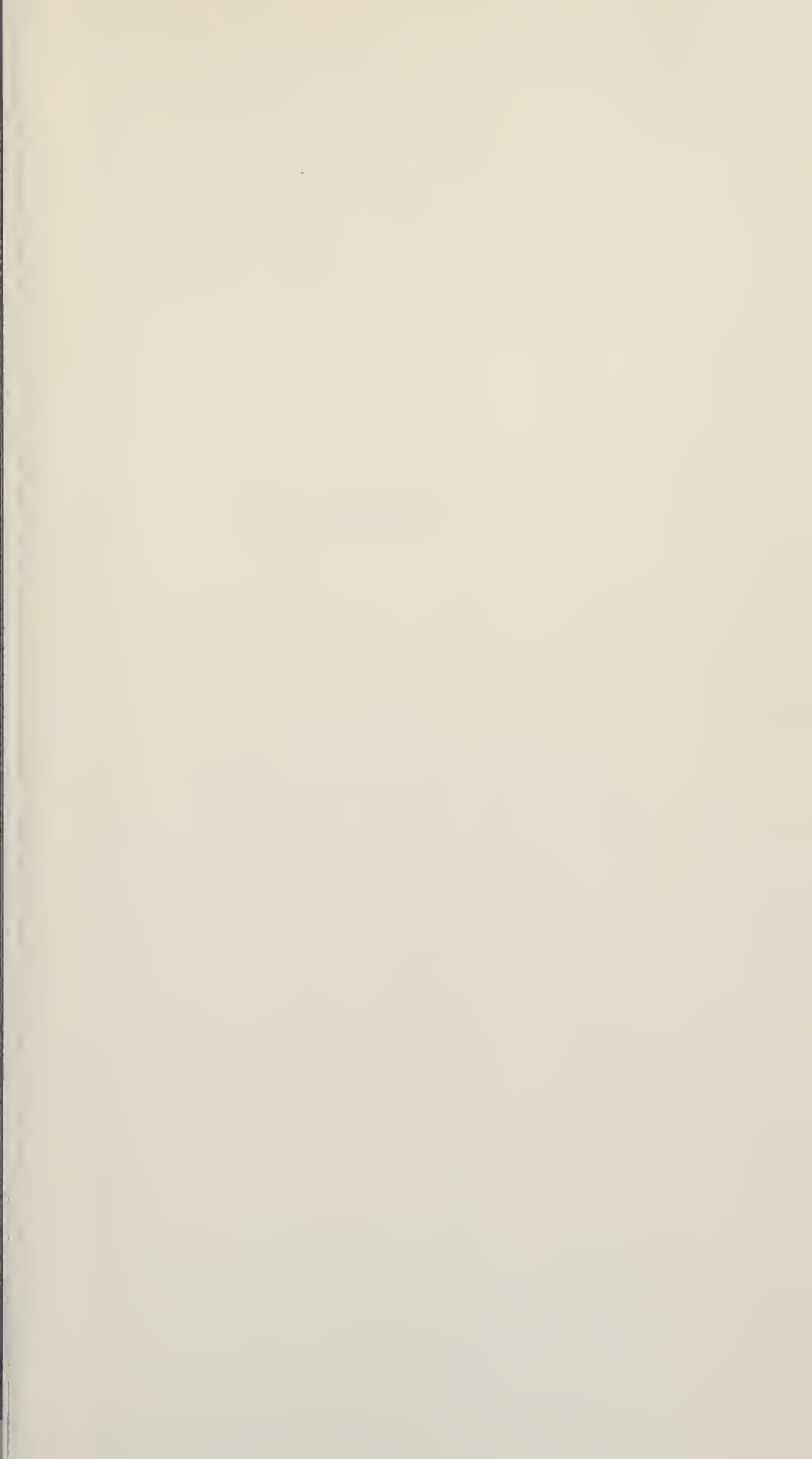
To many readers this poetic treatment of nature seems far from the truth; and assuredly it is very far from

what they see of the truth. But I question whether they have ever given themselves a fair opportunity for forming an opinion—whether, in fact, they are as intimate with nature as, for example, Shelley was, or Wordsworth, or the Brontës. The ordinary argument, supposed to clinch the matter, is that many of those who live in the country are least susceptible to its influence, but this argument is without validity. The ordinary chemist makes no discoveries in chemistry nor the ordinary mechanic in mechanics. It is only genius that is susceptible to new truth and capable of communicating it; and the genius of the Brontës is rich in revelation, not only of the elementary passions of humanity, but also of the mysterious beauty and the significance of the natural world. And this seems to me, at least, their most unique achievement, that they have knit together, as no other novelist has done, the passion of human souls and the world of nature around and beyond them—that world which to them was the unquestionable revelation of Divine power and mystery. Hence, when I call to mind the tempest of their lives, imaged so vividly in their immortal writings, and remember the unfailing refuge and consolation which Nature vouchsafed them, I feel that there is a peculiar suggestiveness in those words with which the imaginary narrator of *Wuthering Heights* recounts his last visit to the graves of Heathcliff and Catherine: “I lingered round them, under that benign sky; watched the moths fluttering among the heath and harebells, listened to the soft wind breathing through the grass and wondered how anyone could ever imagine unquiet slumbers for the sleepers in that quiet earth.”

Cons. H.C. (4) 5

1166 - B-19





Date Due

[illegible]



0 1164 0116838 4

PR4168 .A4 v.1-2 1895-1906
Bronte Society
Transactions and other
publications

131422

DATE	ISSUED TO
------	-----------

PR4168

.A4

v. 1-2

1895-1906

131422

